

37
3 Feb 7

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.
WITH
REMARKS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY
GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.
AND LATE FELLOW OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WARRINGTON,
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY W. EYRES,
AND SOLD BY PAYNE, AT THE MEWS-GATE; EGERTON,
WHITEHALL; SHEPPERSON AND KEYNOLDS, N^o. 137,
OXFORD-STREET; AND KEARSLEY, FLEET-
STREET, LONDON.

MDCCXCIV.



ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the expensiveness of the present undertaking renders it necessary for me to make the experiment of the public disposition in detached volumes, I shall reserve the general remarks, which I intend to offer on the poetical character of my author to a future occasion. In the mean time, it is proper that I should advertise the reader, that my notes are intended to recommend Mr. Pope as an English classic to men of taste and elegance; and that they pretend to no subtleties of investigation, no profundities of criticism, no grand discoveries of refined argumentation and curious coherence. It has been my resolution to present to the world as much originality as possible; and I shall be found to have borrowed very little from other commentators; and that little has been conscientiously assigned to its proper owner. I never could approve of the too common practice of swelling books with the reiterated labours of other critics; a practice not honourable as it regards our own fraternity of writers, nor respectful to the community. The text is taken from Bishop Warburton's

ADVERTISEMENT.

Warburton's edition; a man, for whose talents and penetration I entertain the highest reverence; and whose powers of intellect have been surpassed by very few individuals of his species, in any age or nation. All communications relative to this work, conveyed to the publishers, whether of historical anecdote, or literary remark, will be thankfully received, and faithfully acknowledged.

I submit this work with diffidence and solicitude to the judgement of the candid and intelligent: and, if I should be fortunate enough to meet with their countenance on this occasion, the succeeding volumes, if life and health permit, will speedily appear: though the editor thinks it proper to acknowledge, that Dr. War-ton's intention of executing the same work, of which he was unapprised before the completion of this volume and the printing of the greater part, has somewhat diminished his ardour. The genius and learning of that gentleman, in union with a superior knowledge of English literature, more experience, more leisure, and more accidental advantages of every kind, render him a most formidable competitor in this province; especially to one, who is labouring for a subsistence:

..... neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio, thyrsūve potest contingere, sana
Paupertas, atque æris inopæ; quo nocte dieque
Corpus eget.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

(BY THE AUTHOR HIMSELF.)

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as, on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe, that writers and readers are under equal obligations for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error?

B

For

For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.*

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill placed; poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.†

Yet, sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic:‡ for a writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper. ||

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and, if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the

* In the former editions it was thus — "For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation."

† So *Horace* declares in his *Art of Poetry*,

---- animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,

that "the origin and end of poetry is simply the delight of the mind:" a position which confines it's utility in it's proper character to the men here specified by our poet.

‡ In the spirit of this remark, *Mr. Gray* says in one of his letters, "he should prefer the worst verse, that ever was written, to the best observation, that could be made upon it."

|| He again institutes the comparison between *bad poetry* and *bad criticism* (which is here supposed to be *malignant* also) in the introductory verses of the *Essay on Criticism*, with a similar decision on the subject.

experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others. Now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself), he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting to write. And this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have, are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense), his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from praise; since,

if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery; and, if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared, that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.*

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way), one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should

* He forgot two reasons, which he alledges in his *prologue to the satires*.
 The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife;
 To help me through this long disease, my life.

P R E F A C E.

find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biased by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses.* I confess, it was want of consideration that made me an author: I writ, because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write;† and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant. I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short, not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains,

* To this purpose Dr. *Johnson* observes, with a pregnant energy of expression and a full harmony of period, which defies comparison: "His effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. He never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. He suffered coronation and royal marriages to pass without a song; and derived no opportunities from recent events, or popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers.—*Pope* never set his genius to sale: he never flattered those whom he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem."

† These two circumstances, of *writing for amusement* and *correcting for pleasure*, not disputable in themselves, are proved by the perfection of his poetry; to which perfection these motives were essential. It is then only that genius has leisure and scope to elaborate and refine its productions. In this lay the capital advantage of our poet over his master *Dryden*.

and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: though if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.*

All that is left us, is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the

* These and the subsequent remarks, which appear to me unexceptionably just, loudly proclaim the extraordinary candour and magnanimity of the author, and evince a judgment superior alike to *personal vanity* and *national prejudice*. The attention paid by the *Greeks* to works of *art* was trivial, compared with that bestowed on their *language* and *composition*; but the remains of their inferior performances in the former province of ingenuity are the admiration and instruction of posterity; what then must be the excellence of their writings? See a most eloquent testimony to the merit of the ancients in the *Essay on Criticism*, verse 184, and the following lines,

ancients,

ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers. And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess, that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies. But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together;* and what critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, That I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable.† I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the

* This is, if not affectation, at least, in my opinion, an erroneous judgment. Of what mighty service could our author have been to the world by *action*? But certainly it is for their own good, through benevolence and service to others, that men exist. And who shall be justified in the neglect of a strong and curious propensity implanted in him by the divine Author of his being?

† Alluding to various translations from the ancients, *panegyrics*, and other attempts, both *epic* and *dramatic*, which his improving judgment thought proper to suppress and destroy.

sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; * and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so; but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. † I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies, or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of

* Agreeable to this remark is that observation on *Dryden*, in the *satires*:

E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

“His publications, says Dr. *Johnson*, were never hasty. He ventured nothing without nice examination. He desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best. He retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.”

† He laments this hardship in the *prologue* to his *satires*:
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own.

PREFACE.

public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered, that it is what no man can do without good sense; a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And, if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But, if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known, that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion: That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print; believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended: That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreiated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language, or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude: if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them, that when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have
been

been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.*

Nov. 10, 1716.

VARIATIONS

IN THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT PREFACE.

After *pag. iv. lin. 22.* it followed thus. — For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency. But, when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself; or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and Nature, that I was born † with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet*

* When we consider the superior talents of the writer (from which a consciousness of *big desert* seems to be inseparable), and his *youth*, a time when *vanity* is usually predominant, we must, I think, allow this preface, taken altogether, to be a master-piece of *moderation* and *good sense*. The *simplicity* and *perspicuity* of the *composition* constitutes only its *second praise*.

† An assertion almost literally true: of which early affection he elsewhere beautifully says,

I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

usque

usque (minus via ledet). 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The muses are, *amicæ omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write,

At *pag. vii. lin. 5.* In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces; that I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies; and that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring

furing syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

JUVENILE

JUVENILE POEMS.

PASTORALS,

WITH A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amni;
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius.* VIRG.

(Me, unambitious, in ignoble ease,
May rural scenes of life sequester'd please!
The stream, the grove, the valley, and the plain;
With all the glories of the silvan reign. G. W.)

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.*

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called *pastorals*;† nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprize in this short

* Written at sixteen years of age. P.

† This is true of our own country in particular. They are plentiful not only in our native tongue, but are thickly interspersed in the dead languages through the *Lausus* and *Gratulations* of our two universities.

paper

paper the substance of those numerous dissertations* the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ; and a few remarks, which I think have escaped their observation.†

* This omission of the *relative* for "those numerous dissertations which the critics have made," though perpetual even in our greatest authors, is, I think, an unpardonable impropriety; and tolerable only in verse, as one of those licences in which the coercions of the subject incline us to indulge the poets.

† The variations in this *discourse*, inserted below, and those in the pastorals not marked P. are from "the first copy of the pastorals," written in Mr. Pope's own hand, and communicated to me in the most ready and obliging manner by THOMAS BRAND HOLLIS, Esq. On the first page are found the words in the inverted commas above, and on the second the following memorandum in the same hand:

"Mem: This Copy is that wch. past thro. ye. hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Mainwaring, Dr. Garth, Mr. Granville, Mr. Southern, Sr. H. Sheers, Sr. W. Trumbull, Ld. Halifax, Marq. of Dorchester. D. of Bucks. &c. Only ye. 3rd. Eclog was written since some of these saw ye. other 3. wch. were written as they here stand wth. ye. Essay, anno 1704. Ætat. mex, 16.

The alterations from this copy were upon the objections of some of these, or my own."

"The next leaf, on which probably nothing was written of importance, has been torn out: then on the third page is in large printed characters "An Essay on Pastoral;" which regularly commences with the following paragraph: The original, &c. The whole of which essay, as well as the *pastorals*, is most beautifully written in imitation of print: on which subject Dr. Johnson has the following remark. "He first learned to write "by imitating printed books; a species of penmanship in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand "was not elegant." Elegant, perhaps, it may not deserve to be called in comparison with the other; but regular, distinct, and legible it certainly is, as it can possibly be. The variations shall be noticed with all the brevity, that a proper specification of them will admit.

The

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and, as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral.* It is natural to imagine, that, the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence† a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And, since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons; from whom it received the name of *pastoral*.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of

VARIATION.

Line 1. of *poesie* is attributed to that age of *innocence* which the feeding of flocks shepherds required some diversion; and none was so proper to that solitary life as singing. These songs were adapted to their present circumstances; and in these they took occasion which by infusing into us an esteem might recommend the same to the present the life, of a shepherd was attended with most tranquillity, the poets retained their persons.

* Fontenelle's *Dis. on Pastorals*. P.

† From hence. This barbarism is extremely frequent in modern authors. Hence is from this place; so that from hence, from whence, and from thence are phrases most improperly redundant.

VARIATION.

Line last. dramatic, narrative, or *mixt*. And, as a note to the next sentence, was subjoined:

Hor. *Ar. Poet.* ver. 23.

Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat, et unum.

both;

A DISCOURSE ON

both; * the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, † brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short,

* Heinsius in Theocr. P.

VARIATION.

Line 1. nor yet too rustic: in order to a just representation of which, they are represented according to the genius of the golden age. Conformable to the manners, the thoughts are plain and pure; yet..... neat, but not exquisite, easy, but yet lively.

† Rapin de carm. past. p. 2. P.

VARIATION.

Line 11. If we design to copy nature..... this consideration along with us, that pastoral properly belongs to the golden age.

..... when a notion of equality was annexed to the name, and the best of men followed that employment.

..... to give the shepherds some skill in astronomy.

..... to the gods, which is so visibly diffused through all the works of antiquity, should shine throughout the poem. Above all, a pastoral ought to preserve

short,* and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.†

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered.‡ This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest, by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight:§ for what is inviting in this sort of poetry, proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion, to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side

preserve some relish of the ancient way of writing. For which reason the connections should be loose; the narrations and descriptions little; and the periods short.

VARIATION.

Line 4. the recreation *used* at vacant hours.

Line 11. we destroy the delight. For what is inviting in this poetry, proceeds not so much from the idea of a country life itself, as *from that* of its tranquillity.

* Rapin reflex. sur l'art. poet. d'Arist. p. 2. reb. 27. P.

† It does not appear to me incumbent on my present undertaking to discuss the rules here delivered for the conduct of *pastoral poetry*: but some of them are, in my judgement, whimsical, others unimportant, others unsatisfactory.

‡ Pref. to Virg. past. in Dryd. Virg. P.

§ He has adorned this precept with all the graces of poetry in his *Essay on Criticism*, verse 74.

Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp presides.

only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries.* Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety.† This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing, imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And, since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of

VARIATION.

Line 4. discoursing together, but a regard must be had to the subject. *First*, that it contain and *secondly*, that it be Besides, in *every one* of them to our eyes, which should also charm by its variety. This grace is obtained inanimate, in which the delicacy of pastoral is chiefly comprized by enlarging a little themselves, they are properly but the smoothest.

Line 18. It is by rules like these, which are but nature reduced to method, ‡ that we ought

* Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals. P.

† See the forementioned preface. P.

‡ He probably omitted this clause in deference to the opinion of some friend less judicious than himself. He thus delivers this just remark in his *Essay on Criticism*.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature still, but nature methodis'd.

necessity

necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen* as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his *descriptions*; of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the *manners* he seems a little defective; for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points where *judgment* is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful *varisty* in

VARIATION.

Line 3. the only *uncontested* authors concerning it. *Perhaps a word of those poets in this place may not be impertinent.*

..... fishermen *among* his shepherds in the first *Idyll* to rusticity. But 'tis enough that all others *learned* † (with a reference to Idyl fourth and fifth).

Virgil is certainly the copy, but then he is such an one as equals his original. In all points where judgment has the principal part but only appear to be such

* *Θερισται*, idyl. 10. and *Αλιεις*, idyl. 21. P.

† This is the proper *perfect tense*, and was wrongly changed for what is really the *participle*.

them, which the Greek was a stranger to.* He exceeds him in *regularity* and *brevity*, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity, and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But, as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil;† not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not

VARIATION.

Line 2. "..... brevity, and is perfect in the manners (with a marginal note; He is not so in his *Eneis*). And falls short..... the first of which was the fault.

Line 9. Tasso in his *Aminta* is said to have as far excelled all the pastoral poets of his nation, as in his *Jerusalem* he has outdone the *Epicks*. But as this piece was the original..... he thought a copy..... he may be thought imperfect..... are generally too long. Some of them contain two hundred lines, and others considerably exceed that number. He has employed..... the practice of the ancients.....

* Rapin refl. on Arist. part 2. refl. 27. — Pref. to the ecl. in Dryden's *Virg. P.*

† Dedication to *Virg. ecl. P.*

still

still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; * though, notwithſtanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons: whereas the old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spenſer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides the general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other authors of paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf: he compares human life to the ſeveral ſeaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous divi-

C 3

ſion

VARIATION.

Line 2. is not *often* concise enough to *ſpin out* his ſenſe to the *compaſs* of four lines, which *had* been:

Line 6. *For* the manners in his dialect. The addition is beautiful in the *biggeſt degree*. *For* by this, beſides other authors, he has one He compares *the* life of man in their various aſpects and conditions.

* Timidity and a reverence for a great name of eſtabliſhed reputation betrayed our author into theſe candid criticiſms: for what *Engliſhman*, who can read *Theocritus*, will be ſo blinded by national prejudice, as to endure the wretched coarſeneſs of his countryman in competition with the ſweetneſs and elegance of the *Sicilian* bard?

sion of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass, that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident; because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, That these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: That in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season, or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments;

conditions. 'Twas from hence I took my first design of the following eclogues. For looking upon Spenser as the father of English pastoral, I thought myself unworthy to be esteemed even the meanest of his sons, unless I bore some resemblance of him. But as it happens with degenerate offspring, not only to recede from the virtues, but to dwindle from the bulk of their ancestors: so I have copied Spenser in miniature, and reduced his twelve months into four seasons. For his choice of the former has either obliged him to repeat the same description for three months together; or when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it. Whence

Here another leaf is wanting, and on the next is the beginning of the pastorals themselves.

The variations of the *pastorals* I shall distinguish with all possible accuracy and zeal, as of great importance; as far as importance can be assigned to works of taste and fancy. Hence we shall discover the diligence of revision incessantly exercised by our poet, the fastidious delicacy of his ear, and the correctness of his judgement: and hence future adventurers for the favour of the Muses may learn to regulate their attempts by the standard of the most polished and elaborate poet of modern times.

not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.*

* By this ingenuous and judicious confession he precludes the cavil of his adversaries, who would be ready to exclaim, that these *pastorals* were mere translations from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*. This is true; for the original thoughts are by no means numerous: but these imitations are transfused with such a classical spirit, and not unfrequently with such elegant improvement, as none but *Pope*, young as he was, could have compassed. The truth is: Nature, in her form and operations is the same through all ages. The first observers anticipate all their successors in a faithful delineation of her features, and thus preoccupy the praise of originality, by leaving but few discoveries even for unwearied and accurate inspection. And this remark, without recurring to the erroneous and injurious supposition of the superiority of ancient genius, will sufficiently apologize for modern poetry; not to mention, that the habit of attending to the ancients from early initiation, not only inspires a reverence for their works, but renders it difficult for new adventurers to deviate with success from the paths already made, and which they themselves have so long trodden with rapture and admiration.

1870
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education since the last meeting of the Board.

1. Mr. J. H. Smith
2. Mr. J. H. Smith
3. Mr. J. H. Smith
4. Mr. J. H. Smith
5. Mr. J. H. Smith
6. Mr. J. H. Smith
7. Mr. J. H. Smith
8. Mr. J. H. Smith
9. Mr. J. H. Smith
10. Mr. J. H. Smith
11. Mr. J. H. Smith
12. Mr. J. H. Smith
13. Mr. J. H. Smith
14. Mr. J. H. Smith
15. Mr. J. H. Smith
16. Mr. J. H. Smith
17. Mr. J. H. Smith
18. Mr. J. H. Smith
19. Mr. J. H. Smith
20. Mr. J. H. Smith
21. Mr. J. H. Smith
22. Mr. J. H. Smith
23. Mr. J. H. Smith
24. Mr. J. H. Smith
25. Mr. J. H. Smith
26. Mr. J. H. Smith
27. Mr. J. H. Smith
28. Mr. J. H. Smith
29. Mr. J. H. Smith
30. Mr. J. H. Smith
31. Mr. J. H. Smith
32. Mr. J. H. Smith
33. Mr. J. H. Smith
34. Mr. J. H. Smith
35. Mr. J. H. Smith
36. Mr. J. H. Smith
37. Mr. J. H. Smith
38. Mr. J. H. Smith
39. Mr. J. H. Smith
40. Mr. J. H. Smith
41. Mr. J. H. Smith
42. Mr. J. H. Smith
43. Mr. J. H. Smith
44. Mr. J. H. Smith
45. Mr. J. H. Smith
46. Mr. J. H. Smith
47. Mr. J. H. Smith
48. Mr. J. H. Smith
49. Mr. J. H. Smith
50. Mr. J. H. Smith
51. Mr. J. H. Smith
52. Mr. J. H. Smith
53. Mr. J. H. Smith
54. Mr. J. H. Smith
55. Mr. J. H. Smith
56. Mr. J. H. Smith
57. Mr. J. H. Smith
58. Mr. J. H. Smith
59. Mr. J. H. Smith
60. Mr. J. H. Smith
61. Mr. J. H. Smith
62. Mr. J. H. Smith
63. Mr. J. H. Smith
64. Mr. J. H. Smith
65. Mr. J. H. Smith
66. Mr. J. H. Smith
67. Mr. J. H. Smith
68. Mr. J. H. Smith
69. Mr. J. H. Smith
70. Mr. J. H. Smith
71. Mr. J. H. Smith
72. Mr. J. H. Smith
73. Mr. J. H. Smith
74. Mr. J. H. Smith
75. Mr. J. H. Smith
76. Mr. J. H. Smith
77. Mr. J. H. Smith
78. Mr. J. H. Smith
79. Mr. J. H. Smith
80. Mr. J. H. Smith
81. Mr. J. H. Smith
82. Mr. J. H. Smith
83. Mr. J. H. Smith
84. Mr. J. H. Smith
85. Mr. J. H. Smith
86. Mr. J. H. Smith
87. Mr. J. H. Smith
88. Mr. J. H. Smith
89. Mr. J. H. Smith
90. Mr. J. H. Smith
91. Mr. J. H. Smith
92. Mr. J. H. Smith
93. Mr. J. H. Smith
94. Mr. J. H. Smith
95. Mr. J. H. Smith
96. Mr. J. H. Smith
97. Mr. J. H. Smith
98. Mr. J. H. Smith
99. Mr. J. H. Smith
100. Mr. J. H. Smith

SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

OR, DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains.

Fair

These pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbull, Dr. Garth, Lord

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. In the first copy, thus:

First in these fields I *sing* the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's *peaceful* plains.

The address from ver. sixth to ver. seventeenth does not appear, and was a subsequent addition. Then follows:

*Daphnis and Strephon led their flocks along,
Both fam'd for love, and both renown'd in song;
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
In flow'ry plains they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side*

Ver. 1. *Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.* Ecl. 6.

This is the general exordium and opening of the pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of Virgil, which some have therefore not improbably

Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing:

Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement; and particularly Mr. Walsb, whom Mr. Dryden, in his postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age. "The author," says he, "seems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. His preface is very judicious and learned." Letter to Mr.

Wycherley,

improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three pastorals, he imitates expressly those which now stand first of the three chief poets in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus.

A shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name) —

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays, —

Thyrsis, the music of that murm'ring spring, —

are manifestly imitations of

— A shepherd's boy (no better do him call)

— *Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.* Ecl. 1.

— Ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιδύρισμα καὶ ἂ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τήνα. P.

Ver. 3. Evidently imitated from Spenser's *Prothalamion*:

Sweet Themes runne softly 'till I end my song.

Gay, in his *Rural Sports*, canto i, pays our poet a deserved compliment, alluding to this charming passage, in a flow of harmonious versification little inferior to the subject of his commendation:

Thames listens to thy strains and silent flows,

And no rude wind, through rustling osiers blows;

While all his wond'ring nymphs around thee throng,

To hear the syrens warble in thy song.

Let.

Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, 5
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

Wycherley, Ap. 1705. *The Lord Lansdown*, about the same time, mentioning the youth of our poet, says (in a printed letter of the character of Mr. Wycherley) "that if he goes on as he hath begun in the pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these pastorals. They were not printed till 1709. P.

The striking excellencies of these early productions, are a delicacy of expression and a melody of verse, which not only much exceeded every preceding specimen of English poetry, but furnish a model, from which every successor has profited, and which none, perhaps, will be ever able to surpass. Some new pastoral ideas, but these certainly not numerous, unborrowed either from Theocritus or Virgil, are occasionally interspersed, which the classical reader will easily discover: and the most glaring impropriety seems to be an incongruous mixture of ancient and modern thoughts and images throughout the set.

Sir William Trumbull.] Our author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years. He was under sixteen; but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to king William. P.

Ver. 5. Not unlike a line in Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria*:

The winds within the quivering branches play'd.

Ver. 6. Imitated from Roscommon's *Essay on translated verse*:

Ver. 19.

And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.

You,

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost ! 10
 O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
 So, when the nightingale to rest removes,
 The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves ;
 But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' æreal audience clap their wings.

Ver. 7. The expression in this verse is poetically beautiful, and philosophically just. True *wisdom* is the *knowledge of ourselves* ; which terminates in a conviction of our *absolute insignificance* with respect to God and superior intelligences, and our *relative inferiority* in many instances to the accomplishments of our own species : and *power* is encompassed with such a multiplicity of dangerous temptations, as to be almost incompatible with *virtue*, if we may believe the testimony of a most unexceptionable witness upon this point : see *Lord Chesterfield's twenty-fourth letter to Mr. Dayrolles*, and the note at the *tenth letter to the Bishop of Waterford*.

The whole of this exordium is truly admirable, and little inferior to the most finished efforts of his maturer years.

Ver. 12. *in your native shades.*] Sir W. Trumbull was born in Windsor forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to king William III. P.

Ver. 16. He probably had in view the end of *Dryden's* verses to the *Duchess of York* :

Each poet of the air her glory sings,
 And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

Soon

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair: 20

Ver. 17. &c.] The scene of this pastoral a valley, the time the morning. It stood originally thus:

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
Both warm'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,

Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd. P.

There is a general resemblance in this passage to the fine opening of *Congreve's pastoral*, "The tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas."

'Twas at the time, when new-returning light
With welcome rays begins to cheer the sight,
When grateful *birds* prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail *the dawning day*;
When woolly *flocks* their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy sides first *shake* the silver dew:
'Twas then that Amaryllis, heav'nly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
Forsook her myrtle bow'r and rosy bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.

But he had *Virgil* also in his sight: Ecl. viii. 14.

Frigida vix cœlo noctis decesserat umbra,
Cum ros in temerâ pecori gratissimus herbâ.

Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew,
Scarce were *the flocks* refresh'd with morning dew.

Dryden.

Ver. 19. The epithet *whit'ning* most happily describes a *progressive* effect.

Ver. 20. So *Dryden*, in his *Palamon and Arcite*:

Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair.

The

The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing; 25
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

VARIATION.

Ver. 23. Hear how the larks

Ver. 25. when early turtles sing

Ver. 22. He should have said, Thus Daphnis *spoke*: which, I apprehend, is the proper *past tense* of *speak*; as *spoken*, or the abbreviated *spoke*, is the *participle past*. Such a remark would appear trifling, if the inaccuracies of great authors did not encourage the use of such gross improprieties, and contribute to promote and perpetuate the ungrammatical usage of our language; in which respect our compositions at present are so infinitely inferior to the finished models of *Greece* and *Rome*.

This verse, moreover, is taken from the following of *Virgil*, *Ecl. vii. 20*.

Hæc Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis.

Ver. 23. He probably had in view the *sixteenth* stanza of *Cowley's Hymn to Light*:

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy *waken'd* head,

Out of the morning's *purple* bed,

The choir of *birds* about thee play,

And all the *joyful* world salutes the rising day.

A parallel passage in the *Paradise Regained*, ii. 279. is inexpressibly delicious, for beauty of thought, sweetness of numbers, and simplicity of diction.

Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark

Lest his ground-nest, high-tow'ring to descry

The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.

Why

Why fit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.

I'll

VARIATION.

Ver. 31. *There the pale Primrose and the Vi'let grow ;
There western winds on beds of roses blow :
I'll stake my lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And his own image from the bank surveys.*

Ver. 28. In this and the following verses, he owes some obligations to *Dryden* in his *Cock and Fox*.

Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my dear !
How *lavish nature* has adorn'd the year ;
How the pale primrose and the violet spring,
And birds essay their throats disus'd to sing.

Or to *Waller*, Of the misreport of her being painted :
When *lavish nature* with her best attire

Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.

And this application of the epithet *purple* is one of the innumerable beauties derived from ancient poetry. *Pindar* has *φοινικανθεμον* *προς*. the *purple-flowered spring*: *Pyth.* iv. 114. *Virgil* after him, *vere rubenti*, the *red spring*: *Georg.* ii. 319. *Tibullus* *perpureo vere*, the *purple spring*: iii. 5. 4. And *Mr. Gray*, the *purple year*; in his *Ode on Spring*.

Ver. 32. This elegant use of the word *breathe* occurs in *Par. Lost*, ii. 244.

..... his altar *breathe*s

Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers.

And is exquisitely employed by *Gray* in the *Elegy*:

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.

And

I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines : 36
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year ;

And

And Collins :

And rise all the *breathing* spring.
Our poet again in the *Messiah*, with incomparable beauty :
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the *breathing* spring.

VARIATION.

Ver. 36. And clusters *lurk beneath* the curling vines.

Ver. 35, 36.

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,

Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos. Virg. Ecl. 3. P.

Ver. 38. *The various seasons*] The subject of these pastorals, engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The shepherd's hesitation at the name of the zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

..... *Et quis fuit alter,*

Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem ? Ecl. 3. P.

One of Dryden's lines in the translation of the passage in *Virgil*, which our poet has pointed out, is the following :

And shew'd the *seasons of the sliding year* :

as the 40th verse is also shadowed from Dryden's translation of the *first Georgic*, ver. 328.

And cros's their limits cut a sloping way,

Which the *twelve signs in beauteous order* sway.

He judiciously altered ver. 36. displeased, I presume, with the vulgarity of it's expression :

And clusters *lurk beneath* the curling vines :

which

And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees and flow'rs adorn the ground:
Begin; the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

which also he found in *Dryden*:

The ivy's stem, it's fruit, it's foliage lurk
In various shapes around the curious work.

VARIATION.

Ver. 44. Begin, the vales shall echo to the sound.

STREPHON.

*Ye Fountain Nymphs, propitious to the swain,
Now grant me Phæbus' or Alexis' strain:
My fairest bull shall at your altars stand,
With butting horns, and heels that spurn the sand.*

Ver. 41. *Then sing by turns*] Literally from Virgil,
Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camænæ:
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbor;
Nunc frondent silvæ, nunc formosissimus annus. Ecl. 3. P.

Ver. 44. *The vales.* This is from Virgil, Ecl. x. v. 8.

..... respondent omnia silvæ:

more accurately than our poet; because the woods, or elevated ground, are better calculated to reverberate the pulses of the air, than the vales. But he seems to have followed *Dryden's* beautiful version of the original passage in *Virgil*:

The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
And echo from the vales the tuneful voice rebound.

Virgil, however, has the same impropriety, if it be one, in another place: Ecl. vi. 84.

..... pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles.

D

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
 Thy victim, Love! shall be the shepherd's heart.

Ver. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems; most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model. P.

Ver. 47. *A milk-white bull*] Virg.—*Pascite taurum, Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.* Ecl. 3. P.

Ver. 48. *Dryden*, *Æneid*, ix. 859.

*A snow-white steer before thy altar led:
 And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.*

VARIATION.

Ver. 49. Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
 Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
 But if I conquer, and augment my fold,
 Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.
 Which he had formed on *Dryden's* version of *Virgil's* lines:
*But if the falling lambs increase my fold
 Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.*

This reply of *Daphnis* is much improved from the original four lines in the *variations*, which were a close imitation of *Virgil*; whereas the present thoughts are altogether new, and not less observable for their elegance than their novelty.

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain;
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies:
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bless'd

VARIATION.

Ver. 53. *Me lovely Sylvia* beckons from the plain,
Then *bides* in shades from her *desuded* swain.

Ver. 57. *Coy Amaryllis* trips

Ver. 55. He owes this thought to *Horace*, Ode i. 9. 21.

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo

Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo.

The grateful laugh, that willingly betrays

The hidden fair one to her searching swain.

Ver. 57. This answer of *Daphnis* is varied with uncommon
happinefs and dexterity: the last couplet in particular is turned
with great ingenuity, and is perfectly original to me.

Ver. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil,

Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella;

Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri. Ecl. 3. P.

VARIATION.

Ver. 61. Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show:

Bless'd Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield;
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;

Then die; and dying teach the lovely maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song;
To heav'n, arising, then her notes convey,
For heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

Then followed the two parts from verse 76 to verse 85. with only this variation of verse 81. *My love's* like Autumn, ripe after which verse 61. thus:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast;
Blest Thames's shores

Ver. 62. The expression of this verse is very happy, not only as *amber* was fabled to arise from the tears of *Phaëton's* sisters weeping for his loss, but because the ancients called the *oozings* of trees and the *dew* of flowers their tears. *Pliny the naturalist* has a very elegant passage to this effect, xii. 54. Succus è plagâ manat, quem opobalsamum vocant, suavitatis eximiae, sed tenui gutta ploratu. "A juice flows from the wound, called balsam; of exquisite sweetness, but dropping in a thin stream of sorrow." And it is evident from the mention of the *golden sands* of *Pactolus*, and the *amber* of the poplars in connection with *Thames*, that he had in view *Denham's* fine description of this river in *Cooper's Hill*:

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is *amber*, and their gravel gold.
So *Chaucer* in the *Black Knight*:

The gravill gold, the watir pure as glasse.

VARIATION.

Ver. 66. Ceres *Ætna* loves
.....
Cynthus and *Ætna* stoop to Windsor shade.

If Windfor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windfor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs;
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Ver. 67. This and the following verse are a palpable imitation of *Virgil*, *Ecl. vii. 67.* though the poet has omitted to point it out:

*Sæpius at si me, Lycida formosæ, revisas,
Fraximus in filvis cedat tibi, pinus in hortis.*

Ver. 69. All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing. P.

These four verses are wanting in my MS.

Aret ager, vitio moriens fuit æris herba, &c.

Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit. *Virg. Ecl. 7. P.*

This part of *Strephon* and the correspondent reply of *Daphnis*, for unaffected facility of verse and elegant simplicity of sentiment, could not, in my opinion, have been wrought up to greater perfection. The last verse in particular,

“And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more,”
is superlatively excellent. It is, however, not improbable, that our poet was somewhat indebted to the following fine passage, with pauses similarly varied, in Lord *Lansdown's* epilogue to the *British enchanters*, which still more resembles the passage as it originally stood in the MS.

Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

So in his *Eloisa*:

You rais'd these hallow'd walls: *the desert smil'd.*

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair ;
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air :
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love ;
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove ;
 But Delia always : absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May ;
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day ;
 E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here ;
 But blest'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears 85
 A wondrous tree, that sacred monarchs bears :
 Tell

VARIATION.

Ver. 85. Say Daphnis, say, what region canst thou find,
 In which by thistles, lilies are outshin'd ?
 If all thy skill can make the meaning known,
 The prize, the victor's prize, shall be thy own.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what new grove appears
 A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears ?
 With the present readings written over, excepting that verse 88
 begins thus : And yield the conquest

Ver. 81. He might have Cowley under contemplation here :
Davidis, iii. 553.

Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields: 90
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

Hot as ripe noon, sweet as the blooming day,
Like July furious, but more fair than May.

Ver. 86. *A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears:]* An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester. P.

A dextrous use is made of the ambiguity of the term *bears*, *supports* or *produces*. In the former sense of the word, the poet's position is true; in the latter, ænigmatical.

Ver 87. This contraction *Pll*, which often occurs in these *pastorals*, is familiar and undignified. He might have easily avoided the vulgarity on this occasion:

..... and I disclaim the prize.

Ver. 90. *The thistle springs, to which the lily yields:]* Alludes to the device of the Scots monarchs, the thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. 3.

Dis quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum

Nascentur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto. P.

D 4

DAMON.

DAMON.

Cease to contend ; for, Daphnis, I decree
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee :
 Bless'd swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel! 95
 Bless'd nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so
 well !

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
 For see ! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

VARIATION.

Ver. 93. *I've heard enough ; and Daphnis*

Ver. 95. *Ye gentle swains, let this exchange suffice,
 That each may win, as each deserves the prize.
 Now haste, ye shepherds, to my beechen bow'rs,
 A safe retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
 The turf with vernal dainties shall be spread,
 And twining trees with branches shade your head.
 For see, the gath'ring flocks to shelter bend*

Ver. 93. This is from *Virgil*, *Ecl.* iii. 111.

Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic :

whom *Gay* has parodied with incomparable humour, at the conclusion of his *first pastoral* :

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains ;
 An *oaken staff* each merits for his pains.

Ver. 94. This beautiful line exactly resembles one of *Tickell's* in his *Prospect of Peace* :

The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.

Ver. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
 And trees with twining branches shade your head. P.

SUMMER

SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL.*

OR, ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.

Soft

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition.

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,

Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;

Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads

Through verdant forests, and through flow'ry meads. P.

Ver. 3. The scene of this pastoral by the river's side; suitable to the heat of the season; the time noon. P.

VARIATION.

Ver. 3. There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,

And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

Ver. 4. This resembles *Virgil*, *Ecl.* v. 5.

.... sub incertis zephyris motantibus umbras.

But

* This *pastoral* is, in my opinion, not equal to the preceding, and the least excellent of the whole set.

Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The

But the imitation of *Dryden's Theodore and Honoria* is more obvious :

'The winds within the *quiv'ring* branches *play'd*,
 And *dancing* trees a mournful music made.

Spenser, in his *Colin Clout's come Home again* has :

..... the cooly *shade*
 Of the *green alders*.

The variations in the MS. of the *third* and *fourth* verses are very beautiful, but he probably was induced to alter them on account of their close imitation of two passages in *Virgil*, and *Dryden's* version of the first.

VARIATION.

Ver. 5. *For him the lambs* a dumb compassion show,
 The *list'ning* streams forget a *while* to flow ;
Relenting Naiads wept in ev'ry bow'r

The address from verse eighth to verse thirteenth is wanting.

The ideas are borrowed also from *Virgil*, Ecl. viii. 2.

Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
 Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces,
 Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.
 To which the savage lynxes list'ning stood,
 The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood.
 The hungry herd their needful food refuse. *Dryden*.

But our poet has made a noble improvement on this thought at verse 84.

And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall :
 which presents an image of true sublimity, much superior to that of *Congreve* in the *Tears of Amaryllis* :

" And rapid rivers listen'd at their source."

Milton's exhibition of this sentiment is less grand, but comes arrayed in a genuine *doric* simplicity of language : *Comus*, ver. 494.

Thyrsis ?

The Naiads wept in every wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.

Our author may also have had in view a passage in *Virgil's tenth Eclogue*, ver. 16.

Stant et oves circum

The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies. Dryden.

Ver. 8. *And Jove consented*]

Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri. Virg. Ecl. 7. P.

Ver. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. P.

Ver. 10. This is taken from *Virgil*, Ecl. viii. 12.

..... accipe jussis

Carmina cœpta tuis, atque hanc sine tempora circum

Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.

Ver. 12. This is a handsome compliment to the professional merit of his poetic friend; but the original occurs in a most admirable *idyllium* of *Theocritus*, xi. 1. inscribed also to a *physician*.

Οὐδεν ποτ' ἰον ἔρωτα πεφυκει φαρμακον ἄλλο,

Νικία, ἔτ' εὐχριστον, εἰμὴν δοκεῖ, ἔτ' ἐπιπαστον,

Ἡ ται Πιερίδες.

No remedy the power of love subdues,

No medicine, dearest Nicias, but the muse. Fawkes.

To

To you I mourn ; nor to the deaf I sing, 15
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay ;
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they ?
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
 The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
 While your Alexis pines in hopeless love ?

VARIATION.

Ver. 19. *And with my cries the bleating flocks agree.*

Ver. 22. *But in thy heart*

Where are ye, Muses

Ver. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing.]*

Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ. Virg. Ecl 10. P.

Ver. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.]* Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion. P.

Ver. 23. *Where stray ye, muses, &c.]*

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ

Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret ?

Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi

Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virg. out of Theocr. P.

These four lines are, in my judgement, truly poetical and of great beauty, particularly the last. The parallel passage in *Lycidas* is well known ; the imagery of which gives it a preference, perhaps, both to the *English* poet and the *Latin* : but all must yield to the harmony and simplicity of their original, *Theocritus*.

In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
 Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
 As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
 Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
 To cure thy lambs; but not to heal thy heart!

VARIATION.

Ver. 26. his laurel banks divides?
 with the present alteration beneath.

*Oft in the spring I cast a careful view,
 And rival'd Daphnis, if the glass be true;
 But now those graces meet my eyes no more*

Ver. 27. *Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
 And equall'd Hylas, if the glass be true:
 But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
 I shun, &c. P.*

Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus.

*..... nuper me in littore vidi,
 Cum placidum ventis staret mare; non ego Daphnim,
 Judice te, metuum, si nunquam fallat imago. Ecl. 2. P.*

Ver. 32. Milton, Penferoso, ver. 172.

And every herb that sips the dew.

Ver. 33. This is an obvious imitation of those trite lines in
Ovid:

*Hei! mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis,
 Nec profunt domino, quæ profunt omnibus, artes.*

Let

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear :
 But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death : 40
 He said ; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name :

VARIATION.

Ver. 35. Let those who list attend

.....
 But nigh that mountain

.....
 Of slender reeds a tuneful flute I have,
 The tuneful flute, which dying Colin gave ;
 And said

Ver. 35. This is a pretty, but inferior, imitation of a most elegant passage in *Theocritus*, viii. 53.

Μη μοι γὰρ Πελοπ^{ος}, μη μοι χρυσεία τάλαντα

Εἶη εἶεν, μηδὲ προσθεῖν θέρειν ἀνεμῶν·

Ἀλλ' ὑπο τὰ πείρα τὰδ' ἄσσομαι, ἀγναῖς ἔχων τυ,

Συννομα μάλ', ἐσπορῶν τὰν Σικελίαν τ' ἐς ἄλλα.

Nor spacious lands, nor stores of gold my mind

Engage, nor speed to outstrip the lagging wind :

But in this grot, my love ! encircling thee,

To pipe ; my flocks in view, and fair Sicilia's sea.

Ver. 39. *Colin.*] The name taken by Spenser in his eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of *Rosalinda*. P.

Ver. 40. *bequeath'd in death, &c.*]

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis

Fistula, Damætas dono mihi quam dedit olim,

Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum. Ibid. P.

Ver. 42. From *Virgil*, *Ecl.* i. 9.

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida filvas.

And teach the woods fair Amaryllis' name.

But

But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.

Oh! were I made, by some transforming pow'r, 45
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 50
The

VARIATION.

Ver. 43. But *soon* the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
If once their music sound not *sweet* to thee.
Some pitying God command me to be made
The bird that sings within thy *secret* shade:
Then might my voice thy *willing* ears employ
with the present readings written over the second couplet.

Ver. 49. the sylvan throng;
..... Pan attends the song;

And

Ver. 43. Imitated from *Virgil*, Ecl. vii. 24.

Hic arguta sacra pendebit fistula pinu.

Here on the sacred pine my pipe shall hang.

Ver. 45. This thought is formed on one in *Theocritus*, iii. 12.
which Mr. *Wharton* has also observed:

..... αἰθε γένοιμην

Α βομβέυσσα μέλισσα, καὶ εἰς τέον αἶθρον ἰκοίμην.

Oh! by some transformation were I made

A buzzing bee, to pierce thy grotto's shade!

Our poet had before him *Dryden's* translation of that *Idyllium*:

Some god transform me by his heavenly power

E'en to a bee to buzz within your bower.

He seems to have thought the image of the *bee* not sufficiently dignified; if so, his taste in this respect is not to be applauded in this instance.

Ver. 49. This passage also must pay its acknowledgments to
Virgil, Ecl. ix. 33. who indeed follows *Theocritus*, but is the
more

The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring.

Each

VARIATION.

And nymphs

Of fruits and turtles rural presents bring

Ab wanton nymphs, your rural gifts are vain ;

My Amaryllis wins them all again.

..... their choicest flow'rs design,

.....

Accept a wreath

..... are combin'd in one

Nor scorn a shepherd ; beav'n's immortal pow'rs

For sylvan scenes have left their blissful bow'rs ;

In woods

..... shade

Oh deign a while to bless our humble seats,

Our mossie fountains and our green retreats.

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,

But love the serpent in my breast abides.

Here Tereus mourns, and Itys tells his pain ;

Of Progne they, and I of you complain.

Here bees

..... no sweet but you.

Come lovely maid, and crown the silent hours,

When swains

..... reapers leave

While to the groves your presence you deny,

Our flow'rs are faded, and our floods are dry ;

Tho' with'ring herbs lay dying on the plain,

At your return they shall be green again.

In

more probable source of our poet's obligations ; according to his own confession in the *third* pastoral :

Ye Mantuan nymphs ! your sacred succour bring.

..... me quoque dicunt

Vatem pastores.

E'en me the rural throng a poet call.

Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain;
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join;
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
 Descending gods have found Elysium here. 60
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from shearing seek their nightly bow'rs;
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
 And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.

VARIATION.

*In shady forests I may waste my days,
 and proclaim
 Your praise in songs the birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And wolves grow milder when the sound they hear.
 Such magic music dwells within your name,
 The voice of Orpheus no such pow'r could claim;
 Had you then liv'd, when he the forests drew,
 The trees and Orpheus both had follow'd you.
 But see the setting sun displays his beams;
 See Tityrus leads his herd to silver streams,
 To closer shades*

Ver. 60. *Descending gods have found Elysium here.*]

..... *Habitarunt di quoque sylvas* Ecl. 2.

Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Ecl. 10. P.

Ver. 66. This line is harsh in numbers, and prosaic in expression.

E

This

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats !
 Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade :
 Where-e'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes. 75
 Oh ! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise !

Ver. 67. He had in his mind that fine verse in *Virgil*, *Ecl. iii.* 93. where the irregular insertion of a clause so happily represents the eagerness and alarm of the speaker :

Frigidus, O ! pueri fugite hinc ! latet anguis in herba.

Ver. 72. *Virg. Ecl. vii. 45. Muscosi fontes*—*mossy fountains.*

Ver. 73. These two verses are elegant and animated ; and, to the best of my recollection, perfectly original.

Ver. 74. This thought occurs in several authors. *Perfius*, *Sat. ii. 39.*

.... quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat.

Ben. Johnson, at the beginning of his *Sad Shepherd* :

And where she went the flowers took thickest root.

Our author again in the following *pastoral* :

..... where-e'er my Delia flies,

Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise.

Butler finely ridicules this trite fancy of the poets :

Where-e'er you tread, your foot shall set

The primrose and the violet.

Ver. 76. He had in view a passage of exquisite tenderness in *Virgil*, *Ecl. x. 43.*

.... hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.

Your

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for love?

Ver. 79. 80. Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.
So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as
he was, soon found the absurdity, which Spenser himself over-
looked, of introducing wolves into England. P.

Ver. 80. And winds shall waft, &c.]

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures. Ecl. 3. P.
This verse is excellent, but not superior to *Dryden's* version of
the original in *Virgil*, which happily retains the vivacity of the
address, not preserved by *Pope*:

Winds, on your wings to heaven her accents bear.

Ver. 82. This verse is debased, in my judgement, by the
word *dance*. I should have preferred

The wond'ring forests soon should *move* again;

The *loos'ning* mountains hear the powerful call,

but he followed *Dryden* in the *third eclogue*:

Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,

With beasts encompass'd, and a *dancing* grove.

The word has a good effect in the *Messiah*, where *joy* is the pre-
dominant idea.

See nodding forests on the mountains *dance*.

Ver. 88. *Ye gods*, &c.]

Me tamen uris amor; quis enim modus adfit amori? Ecl. 2. P.

But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends : 90
 On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey ;
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATION.

Ver. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

Ver. 90. The phrase, *where his journey ends*, is mean and prosaic, nor by any means adequately conveys the sentiment required; which is this: "The sun grows milder by degrees, and "is at length extinguished in the ocean; but my flames know "neither abatement nor intermission." Thus?

Soon will the sun diffuse a milder beam,

And quench his ardours in the ocean stream.

Our poet had *Dryden's* translation of the passage, imitated in *Virgil*, before him.

Cool breezes now the raging heats remove:

- Ah, cruel heaven! that made *no cure for love!*

And the termination of this *pastoral* in our poet is more abrupt than his original.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.

This pastoral consists of two parts, like the eighth of Virgil :
the scene, a hill ; the time at sun-set. P.

VARIATION.

Ver. 3. *To whose complaints the list'ning forests bend,
While one his mistress mourns, and one his friend :
Ye nymphs of Thames, your kind assistance bring.*

The address from ver. 6. to ver. 13. is wanting.

Ver. 1. Formed on Dryden's version of the original :

Beneath the shade, which beechen boughs diffuse.

The exordium of this *pastoral* has all that ease and simplicity,
which is characteristic of this species of poetry.

Ver. 4. The elision at *Doris'* was quite unnecessary, as in
verse fourteenth of the former *pastoral* :

Defence from *Phæbus'*, not from Cupid's beams :
and an ancient would have gladly accepted such a variety of con-
struction, as presented itself on this occasion.

Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring; 5
Hylas' and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains, 11
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;

VARIATION.

Ver. 13. Now *golden* Phœbus *set* serenely bright.

Ver. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of comedies; of which the most celebrated were, the *Plain-dealer* and *Country-wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve; though with a little more correctness. P.

Ver. 10. This uniformity of pause with a sameness of expression, instructs *us*,—sways *us*, is inelegant and languid. He should have omitted the *pronoun* in the latter verse:

Whose judgement *governs*, and whose spirit warms!

Ver. 13. The phrase *serenely bright* happily describes that state of the sun so well represented by Prior:

His beams entire, his fierceness lost.

Mr. Gray is equally successful in depicting the *mild* radiance of the *pearl* in those strains of immortality:

Full many a gem of *purest* ray *serene*.

When

When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan, 15
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn, 21
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny: 25
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.

VARIATION.

Ver. 16. Made *vales resound*, and hollow mountains groan.
Go *whisp'ring* gales and bear my *plaints* away;
To *Thyrsis'* ear

Ver. 21. Thus *to the groves, the fields, and floods*, I mourn,
Like her deserted, and like her forlorn.

Ver. 24. For *him*

Ver. 15. In this fine passage, and below, verse twenty-first, he was not unmindful of his two great masters, *Virgil* and *Dryden*:
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani.

And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and *mountains* made his *moan*.

Ver. 24. This section is exquisitely beautiful, and is much recommended by the repetition of the terms, in the stile of that celebrated passage in the *Paradise Lost*, iv. 641.

"Sweet is the breath of morn."

The seeds of which beauty were planted by the *Sicilian* bard, as Mr. *Warton* has well observed in his edition of that poet.

Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring;
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove;
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away;
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go,

VARIATION.

Ver. 27. Ye flow'rs that *languish when forsook* by spring,
 Ye birds that cease *when summer's past* to sing.

Ver. 35. where'er my friend remains,
 Let flow'rs and blossoms purple all the plains.

Ver. 37. *Aurea duræ*.
Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus;
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ. Virg. Ecl. 8. P.

Our poet has himself pointed out the place in *Virgil*, which more exactly resembles this; but his obligations are also due to *Dryden's* admirable version of the following lines, Ecl. iv. 28.

Molli paullatim flavescet campus aristâ,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.
 Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
 And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn:
 The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
 And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.
 He

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning-song, 40
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

He seems to have had in view also the *third eclogue of Walsh* :
Upon hard oaks let blushing peaches grow,
And from the brambles *liquid amber* flow :
a melodious and graceful epithet, which the delicacy of his taste
justly preferred to the coarseness of *Dryden's FAT amber*.

VARIATION.

Ver. 42. With him through Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow ;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

Ver. 41. The epithet *waving* is very improper on this occasion, as it anticipates the affection predicated of the *woods*. He might have written,

The winds to breathe shall cease, the woods to move ;
with more propriety, and an agreeable variation of the pause.

Ver. 42. The four verses in the MS. that follow this line, are excellent, in my opinion ; and I wonder at his suppression of them. The *second* verse is majestic and sublime :

On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow.

There is a pathos wonderfully grand and solemn in his use of the word *eternal*, of which he was very fond.

Those tears *eternal*, that embalm the dead

That something still, which prompts th' *eternal* sigh :
and many other passages. In the present instance he had in view a line of *Dryden's* version of *Virgil's tenth eclogue* :

And climb the frozen *Alps*, and tread th' *eternal snow*.

Not

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, 45
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear^a my sighs away !
 Come, Delia, come ; ah, why this long delay ?
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds ;
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind !
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind ?
 She comes, my Delia comes ! — Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next Ægon sung, while Windfor groves admir'd ;
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd. 56

VARIATION.

Ver. 53. *But see, my Thyrsis comes ! now cease my song,*
And cease, ye gales, to bear my plaints along.
..... and Windfor groves.

Ver. 43. &c.] *Quale soper fessis in gramine ; quale per æstum*
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo. Ecl. 5. P.

This and following couplet in my MS. come after verse 48.
 and from verse 48. to verse 53. is wanting.

Ver. 44. Faint with *pain*, is both flat and improper. It is
fatigue, and not *pain*, that makes them *faint*. At least the *plural*
 only seems allowable, and that is inelegant. So *Dryden*, *Virg.*
Geo. iii. 793.

His *pains* by day secur'd him rest by night.

Ver. 51. *Pleasing frenzy.* The *amabilis insania* of *Horace*,
Ode, iii. 4. 5.

Ver. 52.

.... *An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt ? Virg. Ecl. 8. P.*

Ver. 55. He should have written *sang*, the proper *preterite* of
 this *verb* ; but he, and other moderns are variable in this re-
 spect with perpetual impropriety.

Resound,

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying, I complain:
Here, where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies; 60
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound,

VARIATION.

Ver. 58. Of perjur'd *Phyllis*

..... *tir'd* with toil

The intermediate couplet is wanting, and occurs below at verse 95.

Ver. 64. And the fleet shades fly gliding o'er the green.

Ver. 58. He might have in view a divine passage in *Virgil*,
Ecl. viii. 20.

.... *extremâ moriens tamèn alloquor horâ* :

Yet shall my *dying* breath to heaven *complain*. Dryden.

Ver. 60. *Goldsmith* has improved the expression of this pleasing passage :

As some tall cliff, that lifts it's awful form,

Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm :

which, however, does not surpass the felicity of Mr. *Pope's* conclusion :

..... and *steal* into the skies.

Ver. 62. The unlaboured fluency of this line is well suited to the idea conveyed in it.

Ver. 63. These two verses have great beauty, but are obviously adumbrated from the conclusion of *Virgil's* first *eclogue*, and *Dryden's* version of it.

Et jam summa procùl villarum culmina fumant,

Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

For

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65
 Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day :
 Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs :
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain ;
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove : 75
 Just gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

For see yon sunny hill the shade extends,
 And curling smoke from cottages ascends.
 Our author recurs to the same passage at the end of this poem :
 And the low sun had lengthened every shade.

VARIATION.

Ver. 66. Beneath *this* poplar oft we *pass* the day.

Oft on *this* rind

which is *grammatical*, exhibiting the proper *preterite* of the verb *pass* ; and more pointed and particular in distinguishing *certain* objects.

Ver. 67. This fancy he derived from *Virgil*, who found it in *Theocritus*. Ecl. x. 53.

..... tenerisque meos incidere amores

Arboribus

The rind of every plant her name shall know.

Spenser's Colin Clout :

Her name in every tree I will endosse.

Butler ridicules the practice with his customary humour :

I'll carve your name on barks of trees

With true-love's-knots and flourishes.

Resound,

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
 The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey—
 Ah ! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
 Pan came, and ask'd, What magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move !
 And is there magic but what dwells in love ! 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forfake mankind, and all the world—but love !
 I know thee, Love ! on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
 Thou

VARIATION.

Ver. 81. Pan *comes* and *asks*, what magic *works* my smart.

Ver. 83. What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r on me !
 Oh mighty love ! what magic is like thee ?

Ver. 89. on *desart* mountains

Ver. 81. This is taken from *Virgil's* tenth *eclogue* :

Pan Deus Arcadiæ venit

Omnes, Undè amor iste, rogant, tibi ?

Ver 82. Or *what ill eyes*]

Nescia quis teneros oculus mibi fastinat agnos. Virg. Ecl. 3. P.

He has much improved on *Dryden's* version of the original :

What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,

And *what ill eyes* beheld the tender lambs ?

Ver. 89.

Nunc scio quid sit Amor : duris in cotibus illum, &c. Ecl. 8. P.

The epithet *foreign* is feeble and impertinent ; he should have retained his first reading, or have followed his master in this also,
 and

Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born !

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay ;
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day !

One

and have given *rugged* mountains. He was not unmindful of Dryden's translation :

I know thee, love ! in deserts thou wert bred,

And at the dugs of savage tigers fed.

What follows, about Ætna *whirlwinds*, and *thunder*, is hypertragic indeed, and only pardonable to the immaturity of his judgement, which failed him so egregiously but very seldom at any period of his poetical career. He had in view another passage also in the *Æneid*, iv. 366.

..... duris genuit te cautibus horrens

Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.

And Dryden's version of it :

But hewn from harden'd *entrails* of a rock,

And rough Hyrcanian *tigers* gave thee suck.

He might have borrowed *Homer's* comparison with less danger,
Il. II. 34.

..... γλαυκὴ δὲ σὲ τιντε θαλάσσης,

Πέτραι τ' ἠλίσσας.

Which take in his own excellent translation :

Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,

And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm.

Nor did our author overlook the parallel passage in *Ovid's* epistle of *Dido* to *Æneas*, verse thirty-seventh, and *Dryden's* translation there :

Te

VARIATION.

Ver. 94. *To shades unknown death summons me away :*

See where yon mountains, less'ning as they rise,

Swell o'er the vales, and steal into the skies ;

One leaf from thence shall finish all my pain :

..... my strain.

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

Te lapis, et montes, innataque rupibus altis

Robora, te sævæ progenere feræ ;

Aut mare, quale vides agitari nunc quoque ventis.

From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,

At least thou art from some fierce tigress come ;

Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,

Got by the winds, and in a tempest born.

Ver. 95. So *Virgil*, *Ecl. viii. 59.*

Præceps æri speculâ de montis in undas

Deferar.

From yon high cliff I plunge into the main. Dryden.

Ver. 100. *Virgil*, end of the first *eclogue* :

Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ :

And longer shades from lofty mountains fall.

And *Ecl. ii. 77.*

Et sol decedens crescentes duplicat umbras.

The shadows lengthen as the sun grows low. Dryden.

VARIATION.

Ver. 97. Thus sung the swains, while day contends with night,

The skies still blushing

..... had stretch'd out ev'ry shade.

WINTER.

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

OR, DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.

Winter.] This was the poet's favourite pastoral. P. It is not, in my opinion, equal to the *first*.

Mrs. Tempest.] This lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend Mr. Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last eclogue being on the same subject with mine "on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you "to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same "lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. P.

Ver. 1. The four introductory lines, and especially the latter two, are exquisitely beautiful and tender.

Nor

Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
 Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky;
 Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
 Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

VARIATION.

Ver. 3. *Nor those soft streams that wash the vale below,*
So
Now in warm folds the tender flock remains;
The cattle slumber on the silent plains;
While sleeping birds
Let us, dear Thyrsis, sing of Daphne's praise.

THYRSIS.

Behold the trees that shine
Whose arms are wither'd, and whose leaves are lost;

 the list'ning fawns from ev'ry plain.

Ver. 5. &c. stood at first thus:

In the warm folds the tender flocks remain,
 The cattle slumber on the silent plain,
 While silent birds neglect their tuneful lays,
 Let us, dear Thyrsis, sing of Daphne's praise. P.

Ver. 13. *Thames heard, &c.]*

Audist Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros. Virg. Ecl. 6, P.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
 And swell the future harvest of the field. 16
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, "Ye shepherds sing around my grave!"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle muses, leave your crystal spring.
 Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let

VARIATION.

Ver. 16: *thy* field.

Ver. 19. Sing, while *in tears upon* the tomb I mourn.

Ver. 23, 24, 25.

..... *Inducite fontibus umbras*

Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen. Ecl. 5. P.

This idea of *hiding the stream with myrtles* appears to me very strange. If it have either beauty or propriety, I am unable to discover them.

Ver. 24. This image is taken from a passage of the finest real *elegy* in the world, that of *Ovid*, a poet second to none, on the death of *Tibullus*. Amor. iii. 9. 6.

Ecce! puer Veneris fert everfamque pharetram,

Et fractos arcus, et sine luce facem.

The flame of Cupid's torch extinguish'd lies:

See down his back th' inverted quiver hung,

His arrows broken, and his bow unstrung.

But

" Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore ;
 " Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more !"
 'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay,
 See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day! 30
 Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.

See,

But the original in *Bion* is at least equal in animation to this elegant description :

Αμφι δὲ μιν κλαίοντες ἀναγενάχουσιν Ἑρῶδες,
 Κεραμνεοὶ χαίτας ἐπ' Ἀδωνιδί· χῶ μὲν οἷσιν,
 Ὃς δ' ἐπὶ τοξὸν εἶσαν', ὃς δ' ἐν πλεον ἄγε φασίλην.

The weeping loves assemble round, and tear
 O'er dead Adonis their neglected hair.

This on his bow, his shafts another treads ;

This o'er the ground his shatter'd quiver spreads.

VARIATION.

Ver. 27. and heav'n

Ver. 29. 'Tis done, and nature's chang'd, since you are gone,
 Behold, the clouds have put their mourning on.

Ver. 31. the weeping groves appear,
 And cast their faded honours on your bier :
 Behold on earth
 With you

Ver. 29. Drayton's elegy on Lady Clifton :

O she is gone and nature with her dead.

Ver. 30. The low conceit, which our poet abandoned for the present reading, was borrowed from Oldham's version of the elegy of Moschus :

For thee, dear swain ! for thee, his much-lov'd son,
 Does Phœbus clouds of mourning black put on.

Ver. 31. He had in view the beginning of Dryden's pastoral elegy on the death of Amyntas :

'Twas on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
 Wet was the grass and hung with pearls the thorn.

See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie;
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah what avail the beauties Nature wore? 35
 Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,

So more exactly in his version of *Virgil's tenth eclogue*:

And *hung with humid pearls* the lowly shrub *appears*.

Drayton says most poetically:

Amongst the dainty *dew-impearled* flowers.

Oldham, in his elegy just quoted:

The flowers weep in tears of dreary dew,

And by their *drooping* heads their sorrow shew.

As the verse in *Pope* ought undoubtedly to be written, though it is *drooping* in *four* different editions in my possession, and probably in all the rest, from an original error of the press.

VARIATION.

Ver. 37. This division follows the next.

For you the flocks their grassy fare disdain,
 Nor hungry heifers crop the tender plain:

.....
 With sadder notes

For her the flocks the dewy herbs disdain,
 Nor hungry heifers graze the tender plain. P.

Ver. 33. *Oldham's* translation of *Moschus*:

Each flower fades and hangs it's wither'd head,
 And scorns to thrive or live now thou art dead.

Ver. 34. There is a pretty passage of the same kind in the
Sad Shepherd, Act i. scene 5.

And all the flow'rs and sweets in Nature's lap
 Leap'd out, and made their solemn conjuration,
 To last but while she liv'd.

And in *Spenser's Colin Clout's come Home again*:

The fields with faded flowers did seeme to mourne,
 And all their flocks from feeding to refraine.

The

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own :
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies, 41
 Silent, or only to her name replies ;
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore ;
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more !

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies, 45
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise ;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

VARIATION.

Ver. 45. *No more soft dews*

Ver. 47. the fertile field,
Which but for you, did all its incense yield.

Ver. 39. *Oldham's translation of Moschus :*

Ye gentle swans, that haunt the brooks and springs,
 Pine with sad grief, and droop your sickly wings :
 In doleful notes the heavy loss bewail,
 Such as you sing at your own funeral.

Ver. 41. *So Milton in a song of Comus :*

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell.

And Cowley in his verses on Echo :

Ah ! gentle nymph ! who lik'st so well
 In hollow solitary caves to dwell.

Oldham's translation of Moschus :

Sad Echo too does in deep silence moan,
 Since thou art mute, since thou art speechless grown.

The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

VARIATION.

Ver. 51 their fragrant store.

Ver. 53. *No more the wolves, when you your numbers try,
 Shall cease to follow, and the lambs to fly.*

Ver. 49. Oldham's translation of Moschus:

Fair Galatea too laments thy death,
 Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful breath.

Ver. 50. This thought, if I mistake not, first occurs in one of our minor poets, but the particular passage has escaped my memory. I profess not to admire it so much as some others have done. It's want of novelty seems sufficiently intimated by Butler's ridicule, Part ii. Canto i.

All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours.

Many of the topics in this *pastoral* are found originally in the pathetic elegy of Moschus on the death of Bion, verse twenty-eighth, and elsewhere. Some I have noticed above.

..... αἱ το καὶ ἵλαν

Κρανίδες ὠδύραντο-κίλ.

The fountain-nymphs lamented through the woods,
 And tears in torrents swell'd their crystal floods.
 In silence Echo weeps her rocks among,
 Nor waits responsive thy melodious song.
 The flocks their milk, the trees their fruit deny;
 The tender flow'rets languish, fade, and die.
 The bee refuses, since my Bion fell,
 To cull his stores, or frame his waxen cell.

Ver. 51. Oldham's version of Moschus:

The painful bees neglect their wonted toil:
 thou, that wast all sweetness, art no more.

No

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear;
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds, and trees, and floods her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief, our glory, now no more!

VARIATION.

Ver. 56. Or *Charm'd to silence, listen* from the sprays.

Ver. 66. Swell'd with *this sorrow*

Ver. 68. and our *delight* no more.

Ver. 64. *Dryden's Virgil, Æn. vii. 1041.*

Yet his untimely fate th' *Angitian woods*

In sighs *remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.*

Ver. 65. *Oldham* in the above-mentioned poem:

The rivers too, as if they would deplore

His death, with grief swell higher than before.

Ver. 66. This is barbarous: he should have written,

Swell'n with new passion

So Ovid, Met. xi. 47.

..... *lachrimis quoque flumina dicunt*

Increvisse fuis.

With their own tears, they say, the rivers swell'd.

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly who your name implore, 75
 Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
 In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80

VARIATION.

Ver. 77. *Thy songs, dear Thyrsis, more delight my mind,
 Than the soft music of the breathing wind;
 Or whisp'ring groves, when some expiring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and trembles in the trees!
 When teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed,
 To thee, bright Daphne, oft' a lamb shall bleed.*

Ver. 69. 70. *miratur limen Olympi,
 Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.* Virg. Ecl. 5. P.
Dryden thus renders the passage in *Virgil*:
 Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wond'ring eyes
 Views in the milky way the starry skies.

Ver. 74. He repeats this expression in a most enchanting passage of his *Eloisa*:

For her *th'* unfading rose of Eden blooms.

Ver. 80. He translated this delightful image also into the same rich treasury of poetic beauties:

The dying gales, that pant upon the trees.

To

To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews; 85
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves; 90
Adieu,

VARIATION.

Ver. 83. While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
Thy honour, name, and praise shall never end.

Ver. 89. Adieu ye rivers, plains, and conscious groves.

Ver. 81. illius aram

Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg. Ecl. 1. P.

He partly follows Dryden's translation of his original:

The tender firstlings of my woolly breed

Shall on his holy altar often bleed.

Ver. 83. *Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,*

Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;

Semper bonos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Virg. Ecl. 5. P.

Ver. 85. Dryden's version of the passage imitated is:

From juniper unwholesome dews distill.

Ver. 86. solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra;

Juniperi gravis umbra Virg. Ecl. 10. P.

Ver. 88. Dryden's verse is:

Love conquers all, and we must yield to love.

Ver. 89. &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularised before in each. P.

Virg.

PASTORALS.

Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

Virg. Ecl. viii. 58.

..... vivite silvæ!

Farewell, ye secret woods and shady groves,

Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves. Dryden.

And again, Ecl. x. 63.

..... Ipsæ rursum concedite silvæ!

Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods, adieu!

Dryden.

But he more particularly imitates Dryden's translation towards the close of the *first eclogue*:

No more my song shall please the rural crew:

Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world adieu!

And Spenser, at the end of his *December*:

Adieu! delights, that lulled me asleepe,

Adieu! my deare, whose love I bought so deare,

Adieu! my little lambes and loved sheepe,

Adieu! ye woods, that oft my witnesse were.

But none have equalled the affecting and dignified simplicity of Dionysius, the geographer:

Τμεις δ' ἠπειροι τε, και ειν ἄλι χαιρετε νησοι,

Τῶτα τ' ὠκεανοιο, και ιερα χευματα ποντε,

Και ποταμοι, κρηναι τε, και βρεα βησσηντα·

Ἡδη γαρ πασης μεν επεδραμον οιδμα θαλασσης,

Ἡδη δ' ἠπειρων σκολιον πορον· αλλα μοι ὕμνων

Αυτων εκ μακαρων ανταξι· ειν αμοιβη.

Farewell! each island and each spacious plain;

Ye sacred seas! thou congregated main!

Ye bubbling fountains, and ye silver floods!

Aerial summits, and umbrageous woods!

O'er seas and lands no more my muse shall rove,

But waits your recompense, ye powers above!

MESSIAH,

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. Pope.

Every word of the poet, connected with the present publication, has been scrupulously retained from reverence for so great a genius, and therefore the credulous assertion in this advertisement concerning the *Sibylline prophecy*; a pious fraud of some *Christian* knave, which has imposed on maturer judgements and more learned heads than those of our author.

MESSIAH.

M E S S I A H.*

YE nymphs of Sòlyma! begin the song:
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,

Ver. 1. Virg. Ecl. iv. 1.

Sicelides musæ, paullò majora canamus:

Sicilian muse, *begin a loftier strain.* Dryden.

Ver. 3. So in his *second pastoral*:

The *mossy fountains* and the green retreats.

Ver. 4. The poets of antiquity were thought to receive inspired dreams by sleeping on the poetic mountains. So *Perseus* in his *prologue*:

Nec in bicipiti fomniâsse Parnasso

Memini.

I never dream'd one single night

Upon Parnassus' forked height. Brewster.

* This poem, on the whole, is superior to the original, though detached parts of the *Pollio* were never exceeded by any poet: for that poem is unequal, and the introduction particularly unhappy in a monotonous uniformity of numbers. The *Messiah*, invigorated by the sublimity of scripture prophecy, is indeed a noble composition, replete with magnificent description, grand imagery, and melting pathos, conveyed in a sweetness and pomp of numbers beyond example in *English* poetry, and above all praise.

Delight

Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire, 5
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!

Ver. 6. He should have written *touch'dst* for *touchedst*: as, I think, Bishop Lowth has remarked: but the harshness of the word terrified him into an ungrammatical termination.

He alludes to *Isaiab* vi. 6, 7. "Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth, and said: Lo! this hath touched thy lips."

Ver. 7. *Rapt*; that is, carried forwards from the present scene of things into a distant period; from the *Latin rapio*: Milton therefore is guilty of an error in his *Paradise Regained*, ii. 40.

..... what accident

Hath *wrapt* him from us?

More instances of this gross impropriety may be seen in *Johnson's Dictionary*, under the word *wrap*.

In this line our poet wrongly uses the *participle*, *begun*, instead of the *past*, *began*.

Ver. 8. *A virgin shall conceive All crimes shall cease, &c.*
Virg. *Ecl.* 4. ver. 6.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.

Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras —

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns,
"now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means
"of thee, whatever relics of crimes remain, shall be wiped away,
"and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the
"world in peace, with the virtues of his father." *Isaiah*
vii. 14. Chap. ix. 6, 7. P.

From

From * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies. 10
 Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye † heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning || justice lift aloft her scale ;

Peace

Ver. 12. *Descends.* The *tense* is very happily varied in this verse, not only because such variation is necessary to prevent that satiety, which an undeviating regularity must unavoidably produce ; but because the *present tense* is admirably calculated to enliven the attention by exhibiting transactions as passing at the time before us, and particularly suits a *prophetic* subject, which treats of futurity as a period already come. Various instances of this beauty may be found in the poem before us, but not so frequent as to create that sameness, which it was intended to relieve.

Ver. 14. Virg. Ecl. vii. 60.

Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbrī.

And Jove descends in *show'rs* of kindly rain. Dryden.

Ver. 15. These are two charming verses indeed : but I should have preferred,

The sick and faint

Ver. 17. *ancient fraud*] i. e. the fraud of the serpent. P.
 Virg. Ecl. iv. 31.

Pauca tamen suberunt *priscae* vestigia fraudis :

Yet of *old fraud* some footsteps shall remain. Dryden.

Ver. 18. For *Justice* was fabled by the poets to quit the earth
 at

* If. xi. 1. † Chap. xlv. 8. ‡ Chap. xxv. 4.
 || Chap. ix. 7. P.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See * lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:

at the conclusion of the *golden age*. Hence *Virgil*, describing the innocence of rural life, beautifully says, *Geo. ii. 473.*

..... extrema per illos
 Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.
 Astræa, quitting this terrestrial sphere,
 Left the last traces of her footsteps there.

Ver. 21. This animated apostrophe is grounded on that of *Virgil*, *Ecl. iv. 46.*

Talia sæcla currite

Ver. 23. See *Nature hastes, &c.*]

Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 18.

*At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho —
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.*

"For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee." *If. xxxv. 1. Chap. ix. 13. P.*

Ver. 25. *Dryden*, with whose poetry our poet's mind was thoroughly impregnated, at *Virgil's Eclogue, vi. 44.* renders thus:

And silvan fauns and savage beasts *advanc'd*,
 And nodding forests to the numbers *danc'd*.

* *If. xxxv. 2. P.*

See

See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the * way ! a God, a God appears : 30
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains ; and, ye valleys, rise ;

Ver. 28. I am inclined to think *perfumes* a typographical error : the superior elegance of *perfume* is so extremely obvious.

Ver. 29. *Hark ! a glad voice, &c.*]

Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 46.

*Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum —
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbuta, Deus, deus ille, Menalca !*

Ecl. 5. ver. 62. P.

“ Oh come and receive the mighty honours : the time draws
 “ nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods, O great increase of
 “ Jove ! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the
 “ stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out,
 “ A God, a God ! ” If. xl. 3, 4. Chap. xlv. 23. P.

Ver. 33. This grand image is formed on that of *Virgil*,
 Ecl. iv. 50.

*Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum !
 The convex world see ! bends beneath the weight.*

* If. Chap. xl. 3, 4. P.

With

With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ! 35
 Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear * him, ye deaf ! and all ye blind, behold !
 He † from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day : 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear ;
 The dumb shall sing ; the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

Ver. 35. He might be indebted to *Milton* for this thought, in that noble passage of his *morning hymn*, Par. Lost. v. 193.

..... and wave your tops, ye pines ;

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

Ver. 36. A passage in *Ovid* much resembles this : Amor. ii. 76. 51.

At vos, quâ veniet, tumidi subsidite montes !

Et faciles curvis vallibus este viæ !

Where-e'er she comes, ye tow'ring hills, retreat !

Ye valleys, smooth a passage for her feet !

Ver. 39. By a common poetical substitution, he has applied *thick films* to the medium of vision, *visual ray*, and not to the instrument of vision, *the eye*. This is one source of that elevation, to which *poetry* aspires, above the cold proprieties of *prose*. The same expression is found in a small poem of Hughs' :

Great President of Light, and Eye of Day ;

As through this glass you cast your *visual ray*.

Ver. 42. *unfolding*. An epithet happily significant of the *windings* and *intricacies* of that curious organ.

* If. Chap. xlii. 18.

† Chap. xxxv. 5, 6. P.

No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In * adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good † shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'er-sees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd ‡ father of the future age.
 No more shall || nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

Ver. 45. *The wide world.* A pregnant expression, successfully adopted from the ancients. "The earth through the vast compass of it's dimensions."

Ver. 47. *Æschylus* has, ἀδαμαντινῶν δεσμῶν: *Milton*, and *Drayton*, adamantine chains.

Ver. 54. He was betrayed into a little impropriety here, by not being aware, that the *bosom* in classic use commonly means "the capacious flow of the eastern garments." See an observation to this effect in section clxxi. of my *Silva Critica*.

Ver. 56. His native good sense led him to correct with great propriety the monstrous absurdity of our common translation at this passage of *Isaiab*, which applies the phrase EVERLASTING FATHER to a son of man.

* *Is.* Chap. xxv. 8.

† Chap. xl. 11.

‡ Chap. ix. 6.

|| Chap. ii. 4. P.

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er;
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
 But useless lances into fithes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful* son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren † deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,

And

Ver. 59. The words *cover'd o'er* form an insipid termination of this verse; much to be regretted, and the more conspicuous, amidst such a bright effusion of luxuriant sublimity.

Ver. 62. This description is not less majestic than that of the reverse of these circumstances in *Virgil*, Geo. i. 508.

Et curvæ rigidum falces constantur in enses.

The crooked scythes are strait'ned into swords. Dryden.

Ver. 63. The first clause of this verse is very flat and prosaic.

Ver. 64. A line almost wholly borrowed from *Dryden's Britannia Rediviva*:

And finish what thy god-like fire begins.

Ver. 65. *Virgil* has the same thought, Geo. ii. 58.

.....seris factura nepotibus umbram.

To form for late posterity a shade.

Ver. 66. The shepherd in *Virgil*, Ecl. i. 73. pathetically laments a contrary state of things:

.....en! queis consecimus agros.

The fruit is their's, the labour only mine. Dryden.

So St. *John*, iv. 37. "One soweth, and another reapeth."

Ver. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] *Virg.* Ecl. 4. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,

Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,

Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

G 2

"The

* Is. lxx. 21, 22.

† Chap. xxxv. 1. 7. P.

And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy * valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The † lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead : [mead,
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ‡ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The

“ The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red
 “ grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks
 “ shall distil honey like dew.” If. xxxv. 7. Chap. lv. 13. P.

This part of the poem is highly animated and picturesque, to which the use of the *present tense* essentially contributes : and the effect of an unexpected circumstance is admirably pointed out by the word *starts* in verse sixty-nine.

Ver. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. 4. ver. 21.

*Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones —
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet —*

“ The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with
 “ milk ; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions The
 “ serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.”
 If. xi. 16. &c. P.

The similarity of the rhymes in this couplet to those of the preceding is a blemish to this passage.

Ver. 80. This is indeed a glorious improvement on the sublime original. The diction has the true *doric* simplicity in perfection :
 and

• If. xli. 19. and lv. 13. † Ch. xi. 6, 7, 8. • If. lxxv. 25. P.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

and poetic genius never gave birth to a more delicate and pleasing image.

The reader may compare a similar passage of great excellence in *Paradise Regained*, i. 310. with this before us :

Among wild beasts : they at his sight grew mild,
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd ; his walk
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm ;
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.

The last line of this description is very noble.

Ver. 84. This is one of the few instances, in which he uses the *Alexandrine*. If *Dryden* was immoderate in this respect, *Pope*, I think, was too sparing ; as a judicious employment of the super-numerary foot is both sonorous and majestic. Our poet, invariably liberal in the commendation of his master, with a magnanimity characteristic of real genius, pays a just compliment in another place to the dignified energy of *Dryden's* versification, in a passage, which at the same time happily exemplifies the subject :

Waller was smooth ; but *Dryden* taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Mr. *Gray* has expressed with no less felicity the stateliness of *Dryden's* poetry :

Behold ! where *Dryden's* less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two courfers of æthereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

But the verse before us has a further obligation to *Dryden's* *Palamon* and *Arcite* :

Before the king tame leopards led the way,
 And troops of lions innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial * Salem, rise! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long † race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

90
 See

Ver. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!*] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo!

.... toto surget gens aurea mundo!

.... incipient magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia seculo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited. P.

Ver. 86. The open vowel *thy eyes* is in this instance particularly offensive. We should not forego one of the few opportunities of our language to introduce some degree of smoothness by the termination *thine*.

Ver. 90. This is an imitation of a passage in *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 750. as what follows in the *Roman* poet suggested probably the preceding couplet to our poet.

..... supera ut convexa revisant,

Rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.

To earth again they long to wing their way,

And in new bodies to revisit day.

An idea, which he ridicules with infinite humour in the *Dunciad*, iii. 26.

Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light;
 Demand new bodies, and, in calf's array,
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day.

Dryden

* *Is.* lx. 1.

† *Chap.* lx. 4. P.

See barb'rous * nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of † Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising ‡ sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ; 100
 But lost, dissolv'd, in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd and God's eternal day be thine !
 The || seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ; 106
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains :
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

Dryden touches on the same *platonick* notion in an address to *Charles II.* in a strain supremely ridiculous.

A queen near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by fate,
 The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.

Ver. 94. With what propriety *incense* and *perfumes* are made the product of *Sabæan SPRINGS*, I am unable to discover, and wish for information : otherwise this part of the poem is inexpressibly delightful.

Ver. 104. This fine expression is borrowed from *Dryden's* Ode on *Mrs. Killegrew* :

Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since *heaven's eternal year* is thine.

* *Is.* lx. 3. † *Chap.* lx. 6. ‡ *Chap.* lx. 19, 20.
 || *Chap.* li. 6. and liv. 10. P.

WINDSOR FOREST.*

TO THE RT. HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

*Non injussa cano : te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te nemus omne canet ; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

My lawns and woodlands no unbidden lays
Shall teach, O ! Varus, to refound thy praise.
No pages Phœbus consecrates to fame
More pleas'd, than what prescribe thy honour'd name.

(G. W.)

THY forest, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,

Invite

This poem was written at two different times : the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the pastorals : the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published. P.

* Our poet, in the *prologue* to the *satires*, thus modestly expresses himself, in allusion chiefly to the following poem and his *pastorals* :

Soft were my numbers : who could take offence
While *pure description* held the place of sense ?
Like gentle Fanny's was my *flowery theme*,
A painted mistress or a *purling stream*.

As

Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 GRANVILLE commands ; your aid, O Muses, bring !
 What muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sign ? 6

The groves of Eden vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song :

These,

As *Virgil* says of the prayer of *Aruns*, that the gods granted one half, and dispers'd the other half into empty air ; so we cannot allow the deficiency of *sense* to our poet, but readily grant, that *description* never attained such excellence as in his juvenile performances.

VARIATION.

Ver. 3. *Ec.* originally thus.

..... Chaste goddess of the woods,
 Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
 Lead me through arching bow'rs and glimm'ring glades :
 Unlock your springs

I cannot discover a sufficient reason for his omission of the beautiful verses in the *variation* ; and wish that he had restored them to their place.

Ver. 4. *Virgil*, *Geo.* ii. 175.

..... sanctos ausus recludere fontes :

Once more *unlock* for thee the sacred *spring*. Dryden.

And, *open all your shades*, is the *pandite nunc Heliconæ, Deæ*, of the same poet, *Æn.* vii.

Now, sacred sisters, *open all your spring*. Dryden.

Ver. 7. Our author doubtless had in view two passages of *Addison's* Letter from *Italy* ; the first of which is worthy of *Pope* himself.

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie ;
 Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry ;

Yet

These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again;
 Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
 Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, though all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend:
 There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.

Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Oh! could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire!
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 And *Virgil's* Italy should yield to mine.

Ver. 14. The diction of this couplet is curiously happy. He might have in his eye the *concor discordia*—the friendly discord of *Ovid*.

Ver. 19. There is a levity in this comparison, which appears to me unseasonable, and but ill according with the serene dignity of the subject. But, as the poet omitted with great judgement the luxuriations of his youthful imagination in future revivals of his works, and has retained this passage, I am very diffident of dissent from him in such cases.

Ver. 24. *Bluish*. This form of the word is destitute of dignity.
 Ev'n

Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the fable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks, the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Though gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,

VARIATION.

Ver. 25. originally thus.

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While through fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

The prosaic vulgar language, and the imperfect rhyme in these verses, justify their suppression; and prove, like most of these instances, of personal criticism in our poet, that he had not forgot what he imputes to *Dryden*,

The last and greatest art, *the art to blot*.

Ver. 28. This simile, both natural and apposite, is a very pleasing illustration of the subject.

Ver. 30. This verse exhibits the same beauty as was pointed out at verse sixty-second of the *first pastoral*. So *Dryden*, *Virg. Geo. i.*

And soft Idume *weeps* her od'rous tears.

Ver. 31 This orthography is vicious: it should be *borne*. And a further defect in this couplet is a too quick recurrence of the rhyme.

Ver. 33. This fabulous mixture of stale images, *Olympus* and the *gods*, is, in my opinion, extremely puerile, especially in this description of real scenery. *Pan*, *Pomona*, and the rest, mere representative substitutions, give no offence, but contribute to elevate and enliven.

Than

Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground;
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
 Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods;
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves). 50
 What

VARIATION.

Ver. 49. originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran,
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man).

Ver. 43. This retrospect is well imagined; and has a fine effect in connection with the gaiety and luxuriance of the preceding description.

Ver. 46. There is an inaccuracy in this couplet: the former verse should have run thus, with the transposition of a single word:

To savage laws and savage beasts a prey;
 since the pronoun *they* of the following line can only refer with propriety to *savage beasts*, because the *savage laws* were a part of the *fury* and *severity* in question.

Ver. 50. The conceit in this line is alike childish and destitute of propriety; because *dens* and *caves* are the residence of these
brutes

What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes;

brutes at all times, and therefore their retreat to these places constitutes no argument of their aversion to *slavery*. And the following couplet is by no means worthy of the poet. The six next verses are of a much superior character.

VARIATION.

Ver. 57. &c. No wonder savages or subjects slain

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus; but the word *savages* is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration. P.

Ver. 65. *The fields are ravish'd, &c.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there, by William I. P.

The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,

From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:

Translated from

Templa admit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,

an old monkish writer, I forget who. P.

The

The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man, whose spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80

Ver. 67. The words *cover'd o'er* constitute, in my opinion, a very feeble termination of the verse. *Ovid*, in his epistle of *Penelope* to *Ulysses*, has a similar thought:

..... ruinas occulit herba domos.

Encroaching grass the ruin'd houses hides.

Ver. 69. The imagery of this and the three following verses is skilfully selected, and the conclusion is even sublime. The description of the *hind* in particular is characteristic of that noble animal, and perfectly happy in energy of diction, and majesty of numbers.

Ver. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.]

The author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror. P.

Ver. 80. Alluding to the opposition raised by *Anselm Fitz-Arthur* to the interment of *William I.* as owner of the ground, selected for the dormitory of that monarch.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the land his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise ;
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed ;
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread ;
 The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain. 90
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess rears
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

VARIATION.

Ver. 91. Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age !
 Still spread, fair Liberty ! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the
 springs.

Ver. 81. I know no passage more easy and affecting than this
 short representation of the catastrophe of *Richard* and *Rufus*.
 The simile of the *hart* is happily correspondent to the scenery
 and the circumstance.

Ver. 82. This verse is taken from one of *Denham's*, in his
 translation of the second *Æneis* :

At once the taker, and at once the prey.

Ver. 89. He was probably indebted for this beauty to a verse
 in *Virgil*, pointed out also by *Warburton*, and finely translated by
Dryden, *Geo.* ii. 82.

Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown

Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Ver. 90. He doubtless had in his eye a most majestic line of
Virgil, *Æn.* i. 502.

Latonæ tacitum perentant gaudia pectus.

And transport thrills Latona's secret breast.

Ye

Ye vig'rous swains ! while youth ferments your
blood,

And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds ;
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106

VARIATION.

Ver. 97. When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,
The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
Both morning sports and evening pleasures yields.

Ver. 96. This verse is excellent both in melody and diction.

Ver. 104. *O'er 'em.* This unnecessary abbreviation of the word is to me unspeakably inelegant and vulgar, and sufficient to degrade the sublimest poetry. The preceding line also is encumbered with a superfluity of words.

Ver. 105. From *Virgil*, *Geo.* iv. 176.

..... si parva licet componere magnis :

If little things with great we may compare. Dryden.

Some

Some thoughtless town with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

VARIATION.

Ver. 107. It stood thus in the first editions.

Pleas'd in the gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town ;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

This simile is unskilfully and absurdly conducted. The thing intended is evidently *a town surprised*, and yet he confounds in the representation a town taken by the regular approaches of a progressive siege :

“ Near, and more near, the closing lines invest :”
 an idea, inapplicable to the subject, and inconsistent with the rest of the description. He seems to have taken the thought from *Virgil*, Geo. iii. 346. who is free from all impropriety, and has not weakened the simile by too much dilatation.

Non secus ac patriis acer Romanus in armis
 Injusto sub fasce viam quàm carpit, et hosti
 Ante expectatum positis stat in agmine castris.
 So Rome's brave sons, beneath th' oppressive load
 Of arms and baggage, trace the destin'd road ;
 And, while he ne'er suspects th' impending blow,
 Sudden unfurl their standards on the foe. Wharton.

The passage, as it originally stood in *Pope*, was free from this heterogeneous intermixture, and by a little polish might have been made superior to the present reading.

Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purpled crest, and scarlet-circled eyes;
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
 Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo).
 With slaughter'd guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves; 126
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130

VARIATION.

Ver. 119. When hoary Winter clothes the year in white,
 The woods and fields to pleasing toils invite.

Ver. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

Ver. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

Ver. 115. This fine apostrophe was probably suggested by that of *Virgil*, still more pathetic, on the ox dying of the plague, *Geo. iii. 525*.

Quid labor, aut benefacta juvant? quid vomere terras
 Invertisse graves?

Now what avails his well-deserving toil,

To turn the glebe or smooth the rugged soil? *Dryden*.

The only fault, that I discover in our author's description, is the word *painted*. Some precise and discriminate epithet was required both for propriety, and the consistency of the passage.

Ver. 127. The term *o'er shade* is unsuitable in it's application to leafless trees.

Oft,

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death :
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135
 Where cooling vapours breath along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye ;
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd ;
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold ;
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains ; 145
 And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now

Ver. 134. So *Virgil* says of his *bees*, *Geo. iv. tenues vitas ;*
their slender lives. And our author further imitates *Geo. iii. 547.*
 as *Warburton* also has remarked :

Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt.

They tumbling leave their lives beneath the cloud.

Ver. 135. This description of the *fisherman* and *fish* is supremely
 elegant, and faultless, except in the active use of the verb *hope* ;
 which, though authorised by *Dryden*, appears to my taste at least,
 intolerably harsh and affected.

Ver. 140. *Ovid*, *Art. Am. ii. 77.*

..... tremula dum captat arundine pisces :

With trembling reed he tries the finny race.

Ver. 145. *Drayton's Polyolbion :*

The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimson spot.

Ver. 146. *Drayton* in his *Polyolbion* has the *tyrant-pike.* The
 liquid celerity of this verse, running so trippingly on the tongue,

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lands, the forest-walks surround,
 Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :

Hills,

and so well adapted to the subject, can hardly escape the most intemperate lover of the muses.

The wat'ry plains, from the *campi liquentes* of *Virgil*, is an expression of *Dryden's* in his translation of *Ovid*, *Met. i.*

E'er ships in triumph plough'd the wat'ry plain :
 and elsewhere.

VARIATION.

Ver. 147. But when bright Phœbus from the twins invites
 Our active genius to more free delights,
 With springing day we range the lawns around.

This part of the poem breathes with life, and glows with beauty. The description of the chace is a most successful effort of a vigorous imagination.

Ver. 151. This, as *Warburton* has observed, is a translation from these fine lines of *Statius* :

Stare aded miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille

Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Statius was an author, whom *Pope* had probably never read; but he met with the verses in question, it seems, in *Dryden's* preface to his translation of *Fresnoy's* art of painting. Though our poet has expanded the original, he has accomplished the arduous task of translating such a difficult and pregnant passage with wonderful dexterity and success. The original elements of this beautiful production of the poetic soil were sown by *Lucretius*, ii. 263.

Nonne vides etiàm, patefactis tempore puncto

Carceribus, non posse tamèn prorumpere equorum

Vim cupidam tam desubito, quàm mens avet ipsa ?

Behold,

Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crost,
 And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost. 154
 See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
 Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their courfers' heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;
 Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

See, each arrang'd in his allotted place,
 The fiery courfers panting for the race:
 Tho' loos'ning barriers yield an instant way,
 Their souls impetuous chide the long delay.

Statius undoubtedly had before him the spirited lines of *Virgil*,
Geo. iii. 83.

..... Tum, si qua sonum procùl arma dedere,
 Stare loco nescit; micat auribus, et tremit artus:
 The fiery courser when he hears from far
 The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
 Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
 Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight:
 which is *Dryden's* animated translation.

Ver. 158. *Warburton* justly observes, that *Pope* has improved
 his original: *Virgil, Æn. iii. 72.*

..... terræque urbisque recedunt.

Ver. 164. This application of the offices and attributes of *Diana*
 as goddess of the woods, the luminary of the night, and the chief
 agent in the production of the tides, to *Queen Anne*, is happily
 conceived, and conducted with exquisite ingenuity: and the
 fable, which it introduces with such easy dexterity, gives an air
 of true classical enthusiasm to the performance.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade:
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170
 Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing; and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent and the golden zone. 176
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
 It chanc'd, as, eager of the chase, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,

VARIATION.

Ver. 165. Here as old bards have sung, Diana stray'd,
 Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;*
 Here was she seen o'er sunny heaths to rove.

Ver. 177. Imitated from *Ovid*, Met. ii. 412. as *Warburton*
 observes:

Næc positu variare comus: ubi fibula vestem,
 Vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos.
 All unadorn'd: her vest a clasp confines,
 Her loosely-flowing locks a fillet twines.

Ver. 179. This thought of the quiver *sounding on the shoulder* is
 found both in *Homer* and in *Virgil*.

* He probably rejected this verse on account of it's general un-
 suitability to our climate.

Pan

Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the god she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And

Ver. 185. These similes are also from *Ovid*, Met. v. 605.
 as *Warburton* has remarked:

Ut fugere accipitrem pennâ trepidante columbæ,

Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas.

But they are more gracefully exhibited, I think, by our author.

Ver. 191. The whole of this very animated description is
 essentially indebted to two passages in *Ovid*, Met. i. 541.

..... tergoque fugaci

Imminet, et crinem sparsum cervicibus afflat.

Viribus absumtis expalluit illa; citæque

Victa labore fugæ

Hangs o'er the shoulders of the flying fair,

And with quick breathings fans her floating hair.

She faints, she sinks, all pale with wild affright;

Spent with the labours of the lengthen'd flight.

And again more closely, Met. v. 615. pointed out by the
 illustrious commentator.

Sol erat à tergo: vidi præcedere longam

Ante pedes umbram; nisi si timor illa videbat:

Sed certè sonituque pedum terrebar, et ingens

Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.

In addition to the indisputable merit of original conception,
 there is a simplicity and delicacy in this picture, which the

And now his shadow reach'd her as she run;
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 " Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train,
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair, 201
 " My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
 She said; and, melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

pencil of our countryman, accomplished as it was, has not in this instance adequately delineated. For want of a better, let the candid *English* reader, for whose gratification it is intended, accept such a translation as my unaccustomed muse can furnish amidst multifarious occupation with other subjects.

The sun behind his lengthen'd shadow threw,
 Or frighted fancy the dire phantom drew:
 I heard at least his foot's approaching tread,
 And his breath wav'd the fillet on my head.

Ver. 193. Here either inattention, or the rhyme, led him into an impropriety, which he has avoided elsewhere, as in this example:

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all, that rais'd the hero, sunk the man.
 But, I fear, he was governed by the exigencies of a passage more than by *grammatical analogy*.

Ver. 199. This also had in view *Daphne's* prayer to father *Peneus*, *Ovid Met. i. 545*.

Still

Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,
 Through the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
 Thou too, great father of the British floods,
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ; 220
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear.
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.

Ver. 207. *Still bears the name*] The river Loddon: P. mentioned below, verse three hundred and forty-second.

Ver. 211. *Oft in her glass, &c.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem. P.

Ver. 219. *Virgil, Æn. viii. 77.*

..... *Hesperidum fluvius regnator aquarum :*

..... *sovereign of th' Italian floods.*

And *Dryden*, at verse forty-sixth of the same book :

Arose the father of the Roman flood.

Ver. 223. If this verse should not be written,

..... *from all earth's streams*

I do not understand the passage, seeing no word to which *her* can be referred.

No

No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear;
 Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly gods: 230
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
 Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
 His sov'reign favours, and his country loves: 236
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
 Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant phylic spoils the fields:

VARIATION.

Ver. 233. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
 To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235. Happy the man, who to the shades retires;
 But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!
 Bless'd whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
 But far more bless'd, who study joins with ease.

The turn of this passage manifestly proves, that our poet had in view that incomparable encomium of *Virgil's second Georgic* on *philosophy and a country life*.

Ver. 227. The construction of this passage is too elliptical, nor has the verse the customary dignity of our author, nor such as might be expected to arise from the subject.

With

With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs :
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ; 245
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature and regard his end ;
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,

Amid

Ver. 249. This is taken from *Horace's* elegant and affectionate epistle to *Tibullus* :

An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres,

Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.

The imitation is too exact to make a translation necessary to the *English* reader.

Ver. 251. *Horace*, Epist. i. 18. 101.

..... quid te tibi reddat amicum :

What makes a man at union with himself.

Ver. 254. He invests this soothing and sublime idea with no less energy and magnificence of language in *the Essay on Man* :

The soul, uneasy and confin'd, from home,

Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

There are some excellent lines, worthy of quotation here, in *Mr. Roscoe's* poem of *Mount pleasant*, which exhibits marks of genius, that cultivation would have raised to great eminence. The ingenious author takes occasion, from it's connection with the subject, to touch upon the *slave-trade* that most detestable of all human transactions.

'Till broke with labour, helpless, and forlorn,

From their weak grasp the lingering morsel torn ;

The

Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home !
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and TRUMBULL thus retir'd.

255

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless, 260
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens ;

The reed-built hovel's friendly shade denied ;
The jest of folly and the scorn of pride ;
Drooping beneath meridian suns they lie,
Lift the faint head, and bend th' imploring eye ;
'Till death, in kindness, from the tortur'd breast
Calls the free spirit to the realms of rest.

Ver. 255. *kindred stars*, as Ovid, Met. i. 81. *cognati caeli, kindred heaven*.

Ver. 256. The word *survey* appears to me improper in this place, as implying *novelty* and *attentive observation*, contrary to the spirit of the sentiment. Would it not have been better,

The clime acknowledge, and confess her home,

or some equivalent expression ?

Ver. 259. There is a general resemblance, which Warburton also has pointed out, to that unrivalled passage in Virgil's *Georgics*, ii. 475, 488. and to the first lines of Dryden's translation :

Ye sacred Muses ! with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd.

In his imitation of Donne's *fourth satire*, he has a similar apostrophe, more noble even than this before us, and a specimen of the richest poetry.

Bear me, some god ! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense ;
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings.

Ver. 262. *Surrounding* is an insignificant and feeble epithet, and a blemish to the passage.

To

To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow).
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove :
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike poets venerable made. 270
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S tongue.
 O early lost ! what tears the river shed
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led ?

His

VARIATION.

Ver. 267. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing through the grove :
 With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By god-like poets venerable made.

This, and what follows to verse two hundred and seventy-seventh, is an effusion of genuine enthusiasm, conveyed in strains of simple majesty and unaffected pathos.

Ver. 265. This is a handsome eulogium, and was due to this early master of polished versification from one, who had not perused his poetry without improvement. The turn of the compliment is appropriate, and extremely poetical. I should have preferred, "While *stands* the mountain," as *lasts* is applicable to any thing.

Ver. 272. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*]
 Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and was from thence conveyed to Westminster. P

Ver. 273. He had in view the following passages of *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 870, 874. where *Dryden's* translation of the inimitable original is admirably executed :

Ostendent

His drooping swans on every note expire, 275
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Offendent terris hunc tantùm fata

..... vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis

Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem!

This youth, the blissful vision of a day,

Shall just be shewn on earth, and snatch'd away.

What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,

When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!

I meet with a similar thought to that of our poet in a charming copy of verses in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, on the much-lamented death of prince *Henry*. The passage, which breathes a true pastoral tenderness, I am persuaded every reader of sensibility and taste will thank me for producing here. They are the production of an *Eton* scholar.

At vos, qui *Ætonæ* colitis camposque virentes

Frondentesque simul silvas, felicia rura,

Dicite (vos et amant *Musæ*, et vos carmina nostris)

Dicite (vicino nam vestros alluit agros

Flumine) quos crebrò gemitus dabat inclytus amnis;

Edidit infelix quæ tunc lamenta sub undis.

The repetition of the parenthesis has an exquisite effect in giving solemnity to the passage, and raising curiosity by the suspension of the sentence.

But ye, O! ye, who *Eton's* green domain

Frequent, her bow'rs, and all her rural reign;

Say (you the Nine carest, and prompt your song)

Oh! say (for winds his wave your lawns along)

What tears the sympathising river shed;

What groans he utter'd in his wat'ry bed!

VARIATION.

Ver. 275. What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore!
His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

Ver. 276. Psalm cxxxvii. 2. "We banged our harps upon the
willows in the midst thereof."

Since

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY
 His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung? [strung
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings! 281
 Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings?
 'Tis your's, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes; 285
 To crown the forests with immortal greens;
 Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Ver. 279. Here he is faulty without necessity, as *strang* and *sang* would have equally satisfied the rhyme in this instance.

Ver. 280. Mr. Gray has transplanted an expression of this verse into his bed of paradise:

Or wake to extacy *the living lyre*.

Indeed he might find it in this line of Cowley:

Begin the song, and strike *the living lyre*.

Ver. 281. The repetition of these expressions should not have been made with variation. He might have preserved uniformity by writing thus:

But hark! the groves rejoice, *the forests ring*:

Are these reviv'd? or *does my Granville sing*?

Ver. 290. *her silver star*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were the last eight verses of this poem. P.

Meaning, I apprehend, the *star* of the *knights* of the *garter*, installed at *Windsor*: of which number, doubtless, was the nobleman here celebrated.

Here

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage;
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains 301
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age;
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield: 306
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,

VARIATION.

Ver. 307. originally thus in the MS.

When brass decays, when trophies lie o'erthrown,
 And mould'ring into dust *drops the proud stone.*

Ver. 291. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourished in the time of Henry VIII. P.

Ver. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here P.

Ver. 307. He was not always in the humour to be so complimentary to this artist; witness that caustic line:

Where *sprawl* the saints of *Verrio* and Laguerre.

Still

Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn,
Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps;
And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
From old Belerium to the northern main,

Ver. 310. This is an excellent verse: and he acquits himself with no less felicity on a similar topic in the *Dunciad*:

And the fresh vomit run for ever green.

Ver. 311. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI. P.

Poetry, ancient and modern, cannot exhibit a finer specimen of her powers than this and the three following couplets. And the supreme dignity of the moral, so skilfully introduced to ennoble and solemnize the gaiety of description, confers all the perfection, of which human composition is susceptible. Sense and pathos, morality and numbers, conspire in most amicable harmony to aggrandise and complete the passage.

Ver. 313. *Gray* has touched his character with strokes no less delicate and tender:

And spare the meek usurper's holy head.

Ver. 314. *once fear'd Edward sleeps:]* Edward IV. P.

Ver. 315. This resembles a passage in *Juvenal*, x. 148. concerning *Hannibal*:

..... quem non capit Africa Mauro
Percussa oceano, Niloque admota tepenti.

Him not wide Afric's spacious realms contain
From Nile's warm torrent to the Moorish main.

Dryden's version, which I overlookt, is this:

Whom *Afric* was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long away.

The grave unites ; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone), 320

Ver. 317. Mr. Gray has artfully employed this sublime topic with at least equal solemnity, and no less majesty of numbers.

Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save charity that glows beyond the tomb.

I beg leave to refer the reader to my remarks on that passage in my edition of *Gray*.

But no man has exceeded Mr. Addison on this subject in the twenty-sixth *Spectator*, which relates his visit to *Westminster Abbey*.

" When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion
" of envy dies in me. When I read the epitaphs of the beau-
" tiful, every inordinate desire goes out. When I meet with
" the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with
" compassion : when I see the tomb of the parents themselves,
" I consider the vanity of grieving for those, whom we must
" quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed
" them ; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy
" men that divided the world with their contests and disputes ;
" I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions,
" factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several
" dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some
" six hundred years ago ; I consider that great day, when we
" shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance
" together."

Oh fact accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed !
 Heav'ns, what new wounds ! and how her old have bled !
 She saw her sons with purple death expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire ;
 A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
 Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
 At length great ANNA said — " Let discord cease !"
 She said ; the world obey'd ; and all was peace !

VARIATION.

Ver. 321. originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurs'd ! oh sacrilegious brood,
 Sworn to rebellion, principled in blood !
 Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed,
 Gods, what new wounds, &c.

Ver. 327. thus in the MS.

Till Anna rose, and bade the furies cease ;
 Let there be peace — she said, and all was peace.

It is, perhaps, not easy to assign a reason for his subsequent alteration of this passage ; unless he thought that exact adoption of scripture language to carry with it an appearance of levity and profaneness.

Ver. 323. *purple death* : a bold poetical expression, on which Virgil could not venture : the πορφυρεὸν θάνατον of Homer. Diogenes the cynic, who was celebrated for his witticisms and happy parodies of the poet, on seeing a fellow detected in stealing some purple cloth, cried out :

Ελλαγε πορφυρεὸν θάνατον καὶ μοῖρα κραταίην.

Him *purple death* and fate relentless seiz'd.

Ver. 324. Virgil, Geo. ii. 308.

Et totum involvit flammis nemus.

Involving all the wood in smoky fires. Dryden.

Ver. 326. Like that of Lucan in the grand exordium of his poem :

Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos.

Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait. Rowe.

In that blest'd moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head. 330
 His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters and alternate tides;

VARIATION.

Between ver. 330. and 331. originally stood these lines.

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
 O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
 With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,
 Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
 He saw, and gently rose above the stream;
 His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:
 With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,
 The tributes of the distant East and West

Ver. 329. This picture of *father Thames*, and all the concomitant description, is conceived and executed in the best style of classical antiquity. Those ideas of the *gleaming horns* and *moon* in particular are original, to the best of my knowledge, and constitute a very noble and pleasing imagery. The reader, however, will observe by attending to the whole of our poet's description, that it owes some share of its exquisite beauties to the following passage of his illustrious predecessor, *Virgil*, *Æn.* viii. 31.

Huic deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amœno
 Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
 Visus: eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
 Carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat arundo.

Then through the shadows of the poplar wood
 Arose the father of the Roman flood.

An azure robe was o'er his body spread;
 A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head. Dryden.

The

The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood.
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame: 340
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:

Ver. 335. The description is admirable, but must yield to a parallel passage in his *Homer*, which is great indeed, and far transcends even his original:

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
 With his last hand, and POUR'D THE OCEAN ROUND:
 In LIVING SILVER seem'd the waves to ROLL,
 And BEAT the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This is truly poetry to the life;

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

The reader, I am persuaded, will thank me for producing another instance of similar animation; to which, if you except this of *Pope*, my memory does not furnish me with any parallel. *Virgil*, *Ecl.* vi. 61.

Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam:
 Tum Phætoniadas musco circumdat amara
 Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.

This beauty was not observed by *Dryden*, but could not escape the accuracy of Mr. *Warton's* taste; whose translation, however, I shall not adopt, but trust my own to the reader's candour.

The maid, by love unmov'd, was next his theme;
 Seduc'd and vanquish'd by the golden gleam.
 Then the sad sisters' stiff'ning limbs he TIES
 In bark, and BIDS th' aspiring poplars RISE.

The blue, transparent Vandalis appears; 345
 The gulfy Lee his sedyg tresses rears;
 And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind), 350
 The god appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise:
 Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred peace! hail long-expected days, 455
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold;

Ver. 354. A noble verse. So Dryden *Æneid* x. 156.

..... the winds their breath restrain,

And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.

Ver. 357. The word *behold*, beyond measure trivial and infipid, throws a shadow over the glories of this sublime part of the poem. Thus?

Imperial Rome though Tiber's current lave;

Though foaming Hermus roll a golden wave.

A contemporary of mine at Cambridge, Dr. FOSTER of Norwich, in an *academical* exercise, speaking also of the *Thames*, has expressed the same thought in two verses worthy of preservation:

..... non amplius invidet ille,

Quamvis magnificam præterfluat Albula Romam,

Aut Florentinas Arno sibi vindicet arces.

..... nor envies he, if Tiber's urn

By Rome's proud walls his swelling torrent pours,

Or, Florence! Arno claims thy pompous tow'rs.

From

From heav'n itself though sev'nfold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; 360
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train; 365
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall die with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain:
 The shady empire shall retain no trace 371
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace:

VARIATION.

Ver. 363. originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her tow'rs amidst the main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
 Here not a town, but spacious realm, shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

This he altered with his usual discernment, on account of the mean conceit in the equivocal use of the word *foundation*.

Æratis acies: brazen squadrons: Virgil. And the philanthropy of our author is not less conspicuous and praise-worthy throughout this delightful encomium of *peace*, than his poetic powers, which no commendation can magnify beyond their merit.

Ver. 359. Nothing was ever more happy than this exaggeration, so allowable to poetic phrenzy, of the *heavenly origin of Nile*; whose sources were *unknown*, and whose flood is swollen with *celestial water* from molten snows on the mountains of *Æthiopia*, or annual rains rushing in torrents from those mountains.

The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown;
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.

Behold ! th' ascending villas on my side, 375
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide :

Behold ! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.

I see, I see, where two fair cites bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend ! 380

There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come :

There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their
woods, 385

And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day ;

VARIATION.

Ver. 385. &c. were originally thus.

Now shall our fleets the bloody cross display
To the rich regions of the rising day,
Or those green isles where headlong Titan sleeps
His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps ;
Tempt icy seas, &c.

Ver. 378. *And temples rise,*] The fifty new churches. P.

Ver. 387. The supreme excellence and richness of the descriptive part, and the pure flow of numbers, throughout this passage to verse three hundred and ninety-seven, must be obvious to every reader, whose feelings vibrate to the delicate impression of poetic visions, and whose ears are attuned to the voice of melody.

Tempt

Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails 391
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral madden, and the ruby glow;
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, 395
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
 The time shall come when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the nations they divide; 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

Ver. 389. *To tempt the sea*, is a classical expression, significant of *hazard* and *resolution*. *Tentare Thetidis ratibus*: *Virgil*, *Ecl. iv.* and elsewhere.

Dryden classically employs the term in his *character of a good parson*:

Tempting, on foot, alone, without *affright*,
 The *dangers* of a dark tempestuous night.

Ver. 392. Luminous as the whole passage is with the rays of genius, this verse shines out above the rest in splendour: "like apples of gold," to borrow a comparison from *Solomon*, "in pictures of silver."

Ver. 398. *Unbounded Thames*, &c.] A wish that London may be made a FREE PORT. P.

Ver. 402. An author of inferior genius might have been satisfied with saying, "to *view* the old:" but the term here adopted is much more forcible and lively, and finely correspondent to the general spirit of the passage.

Then

Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
 Peru once more a race of kings behold, 411
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell :

Gigantic

Ver. 405. This is not only poetically graceful, but philosophically just : and a fine reproof of that silly affectation, which is apt to think all practices, but it's own, ridiculous. Our peculiarities of dress and person are in reality as rational a subject of laughter and admiration to the strangers of the new world, as their's to us.

Ver. 408. *Slavery*. An object still unaccomplished even in this free and enlightened country ; an object denied to the wishes of the nation by the obduracy and chicanery of it's abandoned rulers.

Ver. 410. *sable loves* ; and above, *feather'd people* : epithets happily selected : Mr. Gray joins them in a stanza of unrivalled excellence :

Their *feather-cinctur'd* chiefs and *dusky loves* :
 from *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1116.

..... th' American, so girt
 With *feather'd cincture*.

Ver. 413. The personification of this passage is fraught with genuine sublimity, and may vie with the finest specimens of this species of composition : but it's obligations are not inconsiderable to two similar passages in *Virgil*, which the reader, who loves to estimate

Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there :
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel : 420
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :

The

estimate poetic excellence, will be glad to compare with that before us. The first is in *Geo.* iii. 37.

*Invidia infelix Furias amnemque severum
 Cocyti metuet, tortosque Ixionis angues,
 Immanemque rotam, et non exsuperabile saxum.
 Envy, foul fiend shall view with baleful eyes
 Cocytus' billows black around her rise :
 The stings of mad Ixion's snakes shall feel,
 Quake at th' unconquer'd stone, and ever-whirling wheel.*

Warton.

The other is in *Æneid*, i. 293.

..... diræ ferro et compagibus artis
 Claudentur belli portæ : Furor impius intus,
 Sæva sedens super arma et centum *vinculus aenis*
 Post tergum *nodis*, fremet horridus ore cruento.
 War's iron portals with tremendous sound
 Shall close : fell Rage in brazen fetters bound
 Shall brooding sit o'er armour of the slain,
 And roar, and gnash her foaming teeth in vain.

Ver. 423. There is a faint imitation here of a passage in
Horace, *Od.* iii. 3. 70. pointed out also by Bishop Warburton :

The thoughts of gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light. 426
My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests, and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

as the conclusion of the poem resembles the conclusion of *Virgil's Georgics*. And it is observable, that our author finishes this poem with the first line of his *pastorals*, as *Virgil* closed his *Georgics* with the first line of his *eclogues*.

ODE

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1708;

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE FOR MUSIC • ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!

Ver. 1. Horace, Ode iii. 4. 1.

Descende cælo, et dic, age, tibiâ
Regina, longum, Calliope melos.

And Milton, *Par. Lost*, vii. 1.

Descend from heav'n Urania.

Ver. 3. So Gray:

Or wake to extacy the living lyre

From *Lucretius*, ii. 412.

Ac musæa mele, per chordas organici quæ
Mobilibus digitis expergefacta figurant,
Soft as those tones the finger wakes, that flings
It's rapid glances o'er the quivering strings.

* This ode is the effort of artifice and study, exerting every nerve to rival it's predecessor: *Dryden's* is the unelaborate effusion of genius and nature. This, and the superior happiness of the story introduced by *Dryden*, give his ode the chief advantages over this of *Pope*. In description *Pope's* is not inferior; but fails in animation, facility, and pathos.

In

In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow, 10
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear ;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies ; 15
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,

Ver. 6. *querulæ tibiz*, the plaintive pipe : *Horace*.

Ver. 7. With submission to the judgement of others, the studied assimilation of *words to sound* in these three lines, and the *sixteenth* and *seventeenth*, is carried too far, and approaches to burlesque ; blemishing in other respects an admirable stanza. Our poet corrected his *Windsor Forest* at verse three hundred and eighth for, probably, the same reason. The original reading of the MS. which might appear puerile to his riper judgement, was :

And, mould'ring into dust, drops the proud stone.

Ver. 10. *Hughes* in his Ode on *Music* :

Let the deep-mouth'd organ blow :

And *Congreve* in his Hymn to *Harmony* :

In the deep-organ's more majestic sound :

In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies.

Ver. 18. So *Addison* in his Ode :

They faint and languish by degrees,

And at a distance die.

And

And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ; 25
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :

Ver. 23. Cowley in his imitation of *Horace*, *Od. iv. 2.*

And neither sink too low, nor soar too high.

Ver. 24. "*Clinias*, the *Pythagorean*, as *Chamæleon* of *Pontus* tells the story;" (these are the words of *Athenæus* in his *fourteenth* book) "a man of peculiar manners and disposition, when he felt himself irritated by passion, used to take up his lyre, and play upon it: and to those, who might ask him the reason, he replied: *I am soothing myself*. And *Homer's Achilles* was accustomed to *soothe himself* with a lyre, as an instrument capable of assuaging the fiery vehemence of his passion."

And it is related of *Pythagoras*, that, as he was once making his astronomical observations at midnight, he saw a young man, attended by a musician, going on a visit to his mistress. The youth, fired by jealousy on finding a rival there before him, was preparing to set the house in flames; but was diverted from his purpose by the musician, exchanging, at the direction of the philosopher, his brisk tune into a sedate and solemn measure.

To the same effect, we find in holy writ, that *David* was introduced into *Saul's* family to soothe the melancholy of his royal master by playing on his harp.

Melancholy

Melancholy lifts her head, 30
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions hear away their rage. 35

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Inflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

Ver. 35. The epithet *giddy* was mean and feeble, but seems the only defect in this sedate and rational stanza, replete with harmony and good sense. The following stanza has, in my opinion, the most lyric spirit and imagery of any in the ode.

Ver. 36. The word *provoke* is elegantly employed here in it's original and proper sense of *calling forth*. So Gray in the *Elegy*:

Can honour's voice *provoke* the silent dust?

What a strange mass of lumber is *Johnson's Dictionary*, for want of noting simply, the *proper* meaning of words and the *figurative* deviation from it; which would have made the book more useful in a tenth part of the size!

IV. But

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,

Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds,

50

Love, strong as death, the poet led

To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,

What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts !

55

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of wo,

Sullen moans,

60

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts !

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire ;

See,

Ver. 50. *flaming*, alluding to the *etymology* of the word *Phlegethon* in Greek : so Par. Lost. ii. 580.

..... fierce *Phlegethon*,
Whose waves of torrent *fire* inflame with rage.

Ver. 51. *Waller of divine Love*, Canto v.

Love, strong as death ; and, like it, levels all.

Ver. 58. This is tautologous and inefficient. That *fires glow*, who is ignorant ? not to mention, that a measure so frittered is utterly incapable in such a repetition of supporting the vigour and majesty of lyric poetry.

Ver. 64. The whole of this description falls short in dignity of the great original, *Virgil*, Geo. iv. 481. which is undebased by the puerility of *dancing spectres* ; a conceit of *Dryden's* at the place :

K

Th' infernal

See, shady forms advance !
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow,

O'er

Th' infernal mansion's, nodding seem to *dance*.
 Quin ipsæ stupuere domus, atque intima leti
 Tartara, cæruleosque implexæ crinibus angues
 Eumenides, tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora,
 Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.

That image of *Cerberus* is very lively ; as if he had opened his mouth to bark at the intruder, and was suspended by the power of music in the midst of the action. Like another animated picture, which *Ovid* has given us in his *Metamorphoses*, xi. 60. where *Apollo* petrifies a *serpent* in the same attitude :

..... patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.

I thus translate the verses in *Virgil* for the gratification of the *English* reader.

Sooth'd by the sound, e'en Death's grim realms admire
 The plaintive warblings of his magic lyre ;
 The Furies drop their snake-entwined hair :
 While Cerberus' three mouths their din prepare,
 They gape, enchain'd with raptures, that could steal
 Thy sense, Ixion ! from the torturing wheel.

Some particulars are taken by *Pope* from *Ovid*'s account of this event, which I shall not stay to quote.

VER. 71. This is a most affecting stanza, and the mind of the reader is suddenly engaged in a most interesting suspense by the awakening manner, in which it is introduced, after the example of
 some

O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel,
 Or amaranthine bow'rs ;
 By the heros armed shades,
 Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades ;

75

some exquisite passages of ancient poetry, without the formality of *he said*, or *he thus began* : and the like. Such abruptness proves the mind of the poet to be wholly absorbed in the subject, and renders the composition perfectly natural and pathetic : and these beauties are much heightened by the moving repetition of the same words, so judiciously conducted on this occasion. The passage is much superior to *Ovid*, Met. x. 17.

Ver. 72. I place a comma at *blew*, that the next verse, "O'er th' Elysian flow'rs," may refer to both the preceding : which reference is necessary to rescue the first verse from insipidity.

So Par. Lost, iii. 358.

And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream.

Ver. 75. So *Homer* : καὶ ἄσφodelον λεῖμωνα, *the mead of Asphodel*.

: Ver. 76. *Milton*, Par. Lost, xi. 77.

..... from their blissful bow'ers
 Of amaranthine shade.

Ver. 77. He had under contemplation a stroke of noble enthusiasm in the *Æneid*, vi. 489. wrapt in *folds*, to use *Pindar's* phrase, of the grandest poetry :

At Danaûm proceres Agamemnoniæque phalanges,
 Ut vidêre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
 Ingenti trepidare metu.

But Argive chiefs and Agamemnon's train,
 When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady plain,
 Fled from his well-known face. Dryden.

By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove, 80
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer :
 Stern Proserpine relented, 85
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though fate had fast bound her 90
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !

How

Ver. 80. Because the *myrtle* was sacred to *Venus*, whose victims these lovers were. The thought is taken from *Virgil, Æn. vi. 442.*

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
 Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum
 Silva tegit.
 Here the sad victim's of love's wasting power
 Retreats sequester'd and a myrtle bower
 Inclose

Ver. 83. The *anapaestic* measure and double rhyme sink the latter part of this stanza into mere burlesque. Verse ninety-first is from *Virgil, Geo. iv. 480.*

..... et novies Styx interfusa coerces
 And nine times round Styx winds his lingering stream.

Ver. 93. The former and latter parts of this stanza are, in
 my

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move? 95

No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,

Beside the falls of fountains,

Or where Hebrus wanders,

Rolling in meanders, 100

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost! 105

Now with furies furrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows:

my opinion, excellent: a line or two in the middle, which the reader will immediately select, are much inferior to the rest.

Ver. 95. This verse is formed from *Virgil*, *Geo.* iv. 505.

Quo fletu manes, quâ numina voce moveret?

What tears could move, what pray'rs, relentless fate?

Ver. 101. All this is far, very far indeed, below his master: *Geo.* iv. 465.

Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in litore secum,

Te veniente die, te decadente, canebat.

Thee, thee, sweet bride! he sang, in wilds, alone!

For thee at dawn, for thee at night his moan.

Ver. 108. This childish conceit of *glowing* amidst the *snows* of *Rhodope*, is truly frigid, unworthy of our author's judgement, and in *Ovid*'s most licentious humour. "These indecorums," says *Longinus*, sect. v. a critic of most accurate taste; "these indecorums arise in composition from an incessant affectation of novelty in sentiment; a rage, that insatuates the authors of our time."

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; 110
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
 Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods, 115
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung,

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease, 120
 And make despair and madness please:

Ver. 113. This artful repetition of the name is not inferior to the same beauty in *Ovid* and *Virgil*, though the praise of originality must be conceded to them without participation. *Metam.* xi. 52.

*Flebile nescio quid queritur lyra, flebile lingua,
 Murmurat exanimis; respondent flebile ripæ.
 A moan his fault'ring tongue convulsive sounds,
 A moan his lyre; the bank a moan rebounds.*

Virgil is more majestic, and is translated by our poet: *Geo.* iv. 525.

..... *Eurydicen* vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
 Ah! miseram *Eurydicen*! animâ fugiente vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.

Ver. 121. *Duke* says of the *musè*, in some verses on the death of *Charles II.*

That sweetens sorrow, and makes sadness please.
 In the next verse the expletives *it can* are very mean and insipid.

Our

Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is given;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

Ver. 126. He had in view the divine strains of the *Penferoso*;

There let the pealing organ blow

To the *full-voic'd quire* below,

In service high, and anthems clear.

If the mere description by such poets *lifts the soul to heaven*, what must the reality? And what shall we think of Mr. Gray, who had the courage to contend with such illustrious antagonists; and to contend successfully? For even *Milton's* strains are surpassed by those, which every reader will immediately call to memory.

Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault

The *pealing anthem* swells the note of praise.

Ver. 129. *Improve* is an improper and inelegant word as applied to fire. Our poet acquits himself with more dexterity in his *Essay on Criticism*, verse one hundredth.

The gen'rous critic *fann'd* the poet's fire.

Ver. 130. *Yalden* in his ode on the same subject:

Then choirs of listening *angels* stood around.

Ver. 134. *Shakespeare*, Henry VIII. act 2. scene 1.

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And *lift my soul to heaven*.

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.*

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
 Groves, where immortal sages taught:
 Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
 And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood 5
 Unspotted long with human blood.
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the muses' shades.

Ver. 1. *Horace, Epist. ii. 2.*

Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.

And seek for truth in Academus' groves.

Of these two odes, the former is an elegant composition, and much superior, in my opinion, to the *second*.

Ver. 4. The verb *lay* very happily expresses the tranquil life of this philosopher, lecturing in his garden.

Ver. 7. He should have introduced a little variety here, and described the alarm both to the *ear* and eye; as thus:

The *din* of war

* Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two choruses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. P.

ANTISTROPHE

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters ! source of art !
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart ; 10
 Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral truth, and mystic song !
 To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly ?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore ? 15
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more ?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild barbarians spurn her dust ;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore, 20
 See Arts her savage sons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole !
 Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

Ver. 20. *Horace* only says, *hospitibus feros, cruel to strangers* : and, perhaps, even this was the slander of vexation upon our poor countrymen, because the *Romans* could not subdue them, as *Tibullus* acknowledges, iv. 1. 149.

Te manet invictus Romano Marte Britannus : where see the commentators.

Ver. 21. The want of inflexions to *nouns* in our language occasions much ambiguity, and leaves no index of the construction but the scope of the passage : as *control*, and *them* in the last verse, might relate either to *arts* or *sons*. Our authors should attempt to remedy this inconvenience, as *Mr. Pope* might on this occasion by writing :

See Arts each savage son control.

ANTISTROPHE

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods ! what justice rules the ball ! 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall ;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state ! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS

OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH tyrant Love ! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast ?

Ver. 26. This sentiment is as noble as it is just ; worthy alike of the poet, the patriot, and the philosopher. Beneath tyranny and penal laws, *half* the powers of the mind lie dormant, and the other *half* in a state of drowsiness from imperfect exercise. This important truth could not escape the perspicuity of the father of heathen poetry, *Odyssey* xvii. 322.

Ἡμῖν γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαἰνυται ἑρμῶπα Ζεὺς

Ἀνερῶ, εὐτ' ἂν μιν καλὰ δαίμον ἡμᾶρ ἔλθῃν.

Jove fix'd it certain, that the fatal day,

Which makes men slaves, takes half their worth. Pope.

Longinus, at the end of his Treatise on the *Sublime*, accounts, in some excellent remarks, for the decay of genius in his time, from this principle.

Wisdom

Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has imprest? 10
 Why, Nature dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
 The gods and Brutus bend to love:
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient guest,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring self-consuming fire.
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
 And burn for ever one;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the sun.

Ver. 4. A fine observation, drawn from nature, and authorised by experience. The concomitant, or rather the source, of *genius* and *taste*, is that *delicate sensibility*, which renders the heart peculiarly impressible to this tender passion.

Ver. 24. *Cold* is an inconsistent and unhappy epithet, in connection with *flames*, and the flames of *love*. He should have said *mild Cynthia*, or some equivalent expression.

SEMICHORUS

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tye, 25
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ; 30
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move ?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope, and love. 36

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises ;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine :
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure ;
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.

Ver. 25. The diction of this verse also is incongruous and inelegant. The *source* of a *tye* !

Ver. 34. The term *home-felt* is a most awkward combination, and vulgar as it is awkward. He might have written,

What *heart-felt* raptures move !
 His *soul* now melts

ODE ON SOLITUDE.*

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound ;
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Ver. 1. Some of the thoughts in this ode were probably suggested by the beautiful verses of *Claudian* on the *old man of Verona*, beginning with *Felix, qui patriis*. And the measure, which is borrowed from some of our early poets, seems formed on the model of the ancient *Sapphic*.

Ver. 12. This is imitated from *Cowley's* translation of *Martial*, book ii. epig. xc.

Sit nox cum somno, sit sine lite dies.

Thus let my life slide silently away,

With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

* This was a very early production of our author, written at about twelve years old. Pope.

Sound

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
 Together mix'd, sweet recreation !
 And innocence, which most does please . 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die ;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie. 20

Ver. 18. This was the wish of *Ennius*.

Nemo me lachrymis decoret, neque funera fletu
 Faxit.

Let no fond friends with wailings grace my bier,
 Nor o'er mine ashes drop the pitying tear.

Our poet had also probably in view the delicate conclusion of
Roscommon's ode on the same subject of *solitude* :

Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass ;
 'Till with a gentle force victorious death
 My solitude invade,
 And, stopping for a while my breath,
 With ease convey me to a better shade.

THE
DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

O D E.*

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !

Ver. 1. Mr. *Warton* in the *Adventurer* points out a passage of *Flatman*, which *Pope* has imitated in this ode.

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying —
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
“ Be not fearful ; come away ! ”

* This ode was written in imitation of the famous sonnet of *Hadrian* to his departing soul. See *Hadrian's* sonnet, let. 4. of *Letters to and from Mr. Steele, &c.* vol. 3. P. Of the sonnet in question the following is a translation by our poet, not less beautiful than the delicate original.

Ah fleeting spirit ! wandering fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast !
Must thou no more this frame inspire ?
No more, a pleasing, cheerful guest ?
Whither, ah ! whither art thou flying ?
To what dark, undiscover'd shore ?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying ;
And wit and humour are no more.

Cease,

Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

3

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away !
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

10

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears.
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

15

Ver. 5. *Sheffield* in his *Temple of Death* :

'Tis past ; this pang — *Nature* gives o'er the *strife*.

Our poet's expression of, *languish into life*, is beautiful and happy beyond all praise.

Ver. 8. So *Cowley* in a passage of his thirty-fourth chapter of *Isaiab*, which appears ridiculous enough, especially in it's detached state :

The lion then shall to the leopard say :

“ Brother leopard ! *come away*.”

Ver. 10. The learned reader will discover here and in verse fourteenth, an imitation of *Sappho*'s celebrated ode, preserved by *Longinus* : which is so generally known by Mr. *Phillip*'s excellent translation, that I shall not quote it in this place. Mr. *Pope*, perhaps, owes some obligation to that translation.

AN
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION. That it is as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill; and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1.

That a true taste is as rare to be found, as a true genius, ver. 9. to 18.

That most men are born with some taste, but spoiled by false education, ver. 19. to 25.

The multitude of critics, and causes of them, ver. 26. to 45.

That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it, ver. 46. to 67.

Nature the best guide of judgment, ver. 68. to 87.

Improved by art and rules, which are but methodised Nature, ver. 88.

Rules derived from the practice of the ancient poets, ver. 88. to 110.

That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 138.

Of licences, and the use of them by the ancients, ver. 140. to 180.

Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them, ver. 181, &c.

PART II. Ver. 203, &c.

Causes hindering a true judgment. 1. Pride, ver. 208. 2. Imperfect learning, ver. 215. 3. Judging by parts and not by the whole,

L

whole, ver. 233. to 288. *Critics in wit, language, verification, only*, ver. 288, 305, 339, &c. 4. *Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire*, ver. 384. 5. *Partiality—too much love to a sect,—to the ancients or moderns*, ver. 394. 6. *Prejudice or prevention*, ver. 408. 7. *Singularity*, ver. 424. 8. *Inconstancy*, ver. 430. 9. *Party-spirit*, ver. 452. &c. 10. *Envy*, ver. 466. *Against envy, and in praise of good nature*, ver. 508. &c. *When severity is chiefly to be used by critics*, ver. 526, &c.

PART III. Ver. 560. &c.

Rules for the conduct of manners in a critic. 1. *Candour*, ver. 563. *Modesty*, ver. 566. *Good breeding*, ver. 572. *Sincerity and freedom of advice*, ver. 578. 2. *When one's counsel is to be restrained*, ver. 584. *Character of an incorrigible poet*, ver. 600; *and of an impertinent critic*, ver. 610, &c. *Character of a good critic*, ver. 629. *The history of criticism, and characters of the best critics.* Aristotle, ver. 645. Horace, ver. 653. Dionysius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667. Quintilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. *Of the decay of criticism, and its revival.* Erasmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Roscommon, &c. ver. 725. *Conclusion.* P.

AN
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

"TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

Some

When we consider the multifarious excellencies of the following performance, both as a collection of critical observation and an effusion of poetic genius, and are informed at the same time, that it was the production of a youth, who had not yet completed his *one and twentieth* year; the singularity of the circumstance, or a jealous consciousness of inferior powers, might at first incline us to sceptical insinuation upon the fact itself; but, when we find, that the actual publication of the poem effectually silences every suspicion of this nature, we are compelled to acknowledge *the Essay on Criticism* to be the most astonishing effort of taste, judgement, good sense, and knowledge united, take it all in all, that literature, ancient or modern, has yet exhibited. And yet, as we proceed in our remarks on this performance, we shall occasionally point out such specimens of inaccurate expression, slovenly versification, and superficial judgement, as will abundantly evince, that, though Mr. *Pope* only was equal to such an effort, it was Mr. *Pope* in his immaturity: like *Jove* in *Crete*, sporting with his arrows and his javelin; not yet advanced to the sovereignty of the skies, to compel the clouds and wield the thunder-bolt.

Ver. 1. This exordium appears to me confused, inconsistent, and erroneous. Few will believe, that the number of bad critics

Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
 Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:

is *ten times* greater, than that of bad *writers*: the contrary, perhaps, is nearer the truth. However this be, these bad *critics* are instantly converted into bad *writers* in *verse*, and contradistinguished to *fools* in a way, of which I profess myself unable to discern the propriety in any respect. What follows, is unexceptionable in sentiment, and of as much elegance as didactic poetry requires.

Ver. 15. *Let such teach others*] *Qui scribit artificioso, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit. Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4. De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest. Plin. P.*

Ver. 19. This and the *six* following lines are replete with good sense, adorned by elegant illustration and an easy flow of poetry.

Ver. 20. *Most have the seeds*] *Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta et prava dijudicant. Cic. de orat. lib. 3. P.*

Nature

Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd.

VARIATION.

Between verse twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth were these lines, since omitted by the author.

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
 Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
 Tutors, like virtuoso's, oft inclin'd
 By strange transfusion* to improve the mind,
 Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new;
 Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

Ver. 23. Much to the same purpose *Aristotle* in his *poetics*, cap. vi. edit. Cooke Cantab. Ἀρχὴ μὲν ἂν καὶ οὖν ψυχῇ-αἷμα. "So then, the fable is the fundamental part, and as it were the soul, of tragedy. And the same thing happens also in painting; for the most beautiful colours, in a confused heap on the canvass, would not delight so much as the simple outline of a figure in chalk."

Ver. 25. So by false learning] *Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina.* Quint. P.

The comparison seems to require the word *debas'd* rather than *defac'd*: because the *sketch* is not supposed to be *destroyed*, but *injured* only, by an injudicious colouring.

* The *transfusion* spoken of in the *fourth* verse of this variation is the transfusion of one *animal's* blood into another: concerning which practice *Sprat* says in his *history of the Royal Society*, that *Dr. Christopher Wren* (the celebrated architect) "was the first author of the noble anatomical experiment of injecting liquors into the veins of animals:" p. 317, edition of 1722.

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools, 26
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools,
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side,
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.
 Some have at first for wits, then poets past, 36
 Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittings, num'rous in our isle, 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45
 But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,

Be

Ver. 32. Does not the scope of the argument, and the following verse, which is mere tautology, require *decide* instead of *deride*?

Ver. 41. This he had read in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, i. 422.

Ver. 42. The diction of this line is coarse, and the construction defective.

Ver. 46. This is a palpable imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, verse thirty-eighth.

Sumite

Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
 Viribus; et versate diù, quid ferre recusent,
 Quid valeant humeri.

Let poets match their subject to their strength,
 And often try what weight they can support,
 And what their shoulders are too weak to bear. Roscom.

So too *Boileau*, art. poet. i. 12.

Et consulter long-tems votre esprit et vos forces.

Ver. 58. The figurative allusions of this passage are extremely elegant and happy. To the truth of the position I beg leave to demur from my own experience; as some of the most vigorous understandings, that I have ever known, have been accompanied by the most retentive memories. In other cases, of endowments less extraordinary, the solution is extremely obvious: he, that is occupied in extending the boundaries of his knowledge and increasing the stock of his ideas with all possible assiduity, cannot possibly find leisure to tread back so frequently his former steps; a process absolutely necessary, in a greater or less degree, to the impression of our acquisitions on the memory.

Dryden, in his *Character of a good Parson*, has a line like this of *Pope's*:

But, when the milder beams of mercy play.

One science only will one genius fit ; 60
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit !
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more : 65
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.
 First, follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,

Ver. 61. This position seems formed from the well-known maxim of *Hippocrates*, which is found at the entrance of his *aphorisms*. Ο βίη βραχυς, η δε τεχνη μακρη: "Life is short, but art is long."

Ver. 63. According to this idea, we are told by *Herodotus*, ii. 84. that the ancient *Egyptians* confined their *physicians* to a particular decease, and compelled them to attend to that only. Hence they had not only their *oculists* and *dentists*, but their *head-doctors*, *bowel-doctors*, and so forth.

Ver. 68. From this verse to the seventy-ninth, positions, just, recondite, and truly philosophical, are delivered in all the embellishment of poetic splendour and all the perspicuity of familiar prose.

Ver. 71. This allusion to the *sun* and his characteristical properties, in contradistinction to the *moon*, is eminently beautiful and ingenious. *Clear*, without *obscurity*, as the reverse of the moon's disk from her natural opacity; *unchang'd*, without *wane*, *gibbosity*, or *crescent*; *universal*, ever the *same* without *discontinuance*.

Life,

Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides.
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,

Ver. 72. *Strength* would have been a better word than *force*; and more applicable to the things glanced at in the comparison, *vegetable productions*.

Ver. 74. Our poet might have in his eye the following passage in *Vida's Art of Poetry*, ii. 455. an author whom he appears to have admired much beyond his merit.

Præterea, haud lateat te nil conarier artem
 Naturam nisi ut assimulet, propiusque sequatur.
 Hanc unam vates sibi proposuere magistram:
 Quicquid agunt, hujus semper vestigia servant.

The sentiment is sufficiently trite, but comes graced with all the charms of novelty from the magic hands of Mr. Pope.

Ver. 75. In correspondence with this remark, *Longinus*, in the seventeenth section of his *Sublime*, observes, that the ornaments of composition are then most successful in the attainment of their end, when they are so natural and appropriate, as to create no suspicion of artificial and elaborate contrivance.

Ver. 76. There is a strong resemblance between this sublime and admirable passage and one in *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 726. not less admirable and sublime.

Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
 Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

..... one common soul

Inspires, and feeds, and animates the whole.

This active mind, infus'd through all the space,

Unites and mingles with the mighty mass. Dryden.

Each

Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more to turn it to its use;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
 Refrain his fury, than provoke his speed; 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
 Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd;

Nature,

VARIATION.

Ver. 80. There are whom Heav'n has blest'd with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it,

Ver. 79. So *Ovid* exactly, *Metam.* iv. 287.

Causa latet, vis est notissima.

Ver. 84. Our author might have in view a couplet of *Waller's*
 in his verses on *Roscommon's Poetry*:

Direct us how to back the winged horse,

Favour his flight and moderate his force.

Ver. 86. We shall destroy the beauty of the passage by introducing a most insipid parallel of perfect sameness, if we understand the word *like* as introducing a *simile*: a mistake, into which many readers have probably fallen. It is merely as if he had said: "*Pegasus*, as a generous horse is accustomed to do, shews "his spirit most under restraint."

Ver. 88. *Those rules of old, &c.*] *Cicero* has best explained what that is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into arts.—*Nil est quod ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit.*—

Omnia

Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise;

Omnia fere quæ sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt; ut in musicis, &c. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum philosophi assumunt, quæ rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinaret, et ratione quâdam constringeret. De orat. l. i. c. 41, 42. P.

As the various apparatus of the *Mosaic* ritual were but types of heavenly originals, according to the eloquent author of the *epistle* to the *Hebrews*, chap. viii. ver. 5. and chap. ix. ver. 23. and as, according to the *Platonic* system, the whole arrangement of the creation was modelled and fabricated by perfect forms previously existing in the mind of *Supreme Intelligence*; so the genuine rules of art are not the product of inventive genius, but of *attentive speculation*, diving into the latent energies and discovering the unchangeable methodical operations of *established nature*.

Ver. 92. This is one of those numerous passages, in which our author, with a gratitude and magnanimity equally honourable to his head and heart, pays the profuse tribute of acknowledgment to the superior merits of the critics and poets of antiquity. And Horace dignifies *Greece* with the same title, *Græcia docta*, *learned Greece*.

Ver. 94. *She shew'd*, by the critics to their scholars. And the imagery of this passage is at once simple, animated, and sublime.

Just

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
 The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd.
 But following wits from that intention stray'd;
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd, 106
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools,

Ver. 98. *Just precepts*] *Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inueniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur; max ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt.* Quintil. P.

An awkward use of the word *from* throws some obscurity over this magnificent passage. He should have said—*BY great examples*. For the construction and meaning is: “Just precepts” being given by great examples, *Homer* and the rest, *Criticism* “drew her rules from their fountain, which had its source in heaven.” The place of *Quintilian*, candidly pointed out by our poet himself, is admirably pertinent.

Ver. 103. Such was my *intention*, in writing these inartificial notes and illustrations, towards our poet; whatever success may attend the execution of it.

Ver. 106. The truth of this assertion, as to the matter of fact, will not bear a rigorous inquisition; as I believe these critical persecutors of good poets to have been extremely few both in ancient and modern times. But we must allow some exaggeration to poetry and *self-importance*.

Some

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made; 115
 These leave the sense, their learning to display;
 And those explain the meaning quite away. [steer,
 You then whose judgment the right course would
 Know well each ANCIENT's proper character:
 His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page; 120
 Religion, country, genius of his age:
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.

VARIATION.

Ver. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticise.*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions.

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
 Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame;
 The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprofan'd.
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

No sufficient reason seems assignable for the omission of these excellent lines; and the boldness of his assertion respecting the hostility of critics to great geniuses required at least the support of the only important instances that could be produced.

Ver. 120. There is a languor in these verses not often found in our author; and the words *in every page* have little use but in furnishing a rhyme.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 And trace the muses upward to their spring. [bring,
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind 130
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,

VARIATION.

Ver. 130. When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

Ver. 125. *Horace*, Art. Poet. ver. 268.

..... vos exemplaria Græca

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

Be perfect in the Greek originals:

Read them by day, and think of them by night.

Tate and Brady's version of the first psalm:

But makes the perfect law of God

His business *and delight*;

Devoutly *reads* therein *by day*,

And meditates by night.

Ver. 127. *Homer* is compared by *Quintilian* to the *Ocean*, which is the bosom whence all the rivers of the earth originally flow: and by *Ovid* to a *fountain*, which supplied the waters of the muses to succeeding poets. A waggish artist of antiquity, of a taste less delicate, represented this father of poetry vomiting from his mouth, and the whole tribe of poets imbibing the copious effusion.

Ver. 130. *When first young Maro, &c.*] *Virg.* Ecl. 6.

Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem

Vellit

It is a tradition preserved by *Servius*, that *Virgil* began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate *Theocritus* on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy *Homer* in heroic poetry. P.

Perhaps

Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy Nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end),

VARIATION.

Ver. 137. And did his work to rules as strict confine.

Ver. 131. This elision *t' outlast*, which soon recurs, inelegant and uncouth, is not so often met with, I think, in his later poems. And the word *outlast* itself is either improper in this place (for *Virgil*, like a true *Roman*, never dreamt of the mortality of the city: see *Æneid*. ix. 447.) or has the unexampled signification of *lasting as long as Rome*.

Ver. 140. *Juvenal* says, Satire xiv. 321.

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapiencia dixit.

Nature and Wisdom still one language speak.

Ver. 146. *If, where the rules, &c.*] *Neque enim rogationibus plerumque sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum frædem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.* Quintil. lib. 2. cap. 13. P.

Some

Some lucky license answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that license is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track;
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, 155
 Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }

Ver. 152. This phrase itself, *gloriously offend*, has a happy boldness, which successfully exemplifies the very rule, which it is employed to enforce. Like that of *Horace*, *splendide mendax*, *illustriously deceitful*.

So our poet himself in his *Elegy*:

The glorious fault of angels and of gods.

And of *Homer*, in his *Temple of Fame*:

And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

Ver. 154. So *Boileau*, *Part poetique*, ii. 72.

Son stile impétueux souvent marche au hazard:

Chez elle un beau desordre est un effet de l'art.

And *Dryden* in his *Art of Poetry*, on the ode:

Her generous stile at random oft will part,

And by a brave disorder shews her art.

Ver. 156. So *Codrington*, in his verses prefixed to *Garth's Dispensary*:

Some secret magic works in every line:

We judge not, but we feel the power divine.

"The sublime," says *Longinus*, "does not persuade the hearer, but hurries him away in extacy."

But

But though the ancients thus their rules invade, 161
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made),
 Moderns, beware ! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end ;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ; 165
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near ;
 Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display 175
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.

Ver. 162. These familiar illustrations, so profusely dispersed through this poem, abundantly evince the fertile imagination of our poet, and are excellently suited to the colloquial ease of a didactic composition.

Ver. 171. A violation of grammatical propriety, into which many of our first and most accurate writers have fallen. *Misbapen* is doubtless the true *participle* : as, in the next verse, he should have written *beholden*.

Ver. 175. *A prudent chief, &c.*] Οἷον τι ποιεῖσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι τραηλᾶται κατὰ τὰς ταξεῖς τῶν στρατωμάτων. Dion. Hal. de struct. orat. P.

M

Those

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem;
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting pæans ring! 186
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190

Whose

Ver. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] *Modeste, et circumspetto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne (quod plerique accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim.* Quint. P.

Lord Roscommon was not disposed to be so diffident in those excellent verses of his *Essay*.

For who, without a qualm hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, tho' by *Homer* cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods
Makes some suspect he snores, as well as *nods*.

Ver. 181. This panegyric on the ancients is one of the most magnificent effusions of poetic eloquence. The magic of the subject, co-operating with the warm emotions of gratitude and admiration, transports our author upon this topic to a level with the objects of his applause.

Ver. 189. This apostrophe is very animated and sublime. Cowley has a similar expression in his verses on the death of *Craslow*:

Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us thy poets militant below.

So

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200

II.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,

So *Virgil*, *Æneid* vi. 649.

Magnanimi heroes! nati melioribus annis:

Illustrious heroes! born in better days.

Ver. 196. This is the genuine classical language of antiquity. So *Lucretius* calls *Epicurus* his father; and *Jesus* commands his disciples not to esteem the scribes their fathers.

Ver. 197. Here he seems to have had in view, what *Statius*, at the end of the *Thebaid*, says of himself with reference to *Virgil*:

Sed longè sequare, et vestigia semper adora:

But distant follow, and adore his steps.

Ver. 201. The allusion to that celestial maxim *Know thyself*, with which the first division of this poem concluded, introduces us, by a very natural and easy transition, to these exquisite remarks on *pride*, or "an absurd persuasion of our own powers and attainments," with which the second division opens: a passion, whose necessary consequence is the disparagement of the talents and genius of others; thus doubly impeding knowledge, by obstructing the avenues of improvement both from self-meditation, and communication from without.

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is *Pride*, the never failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd, 205
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend——and ev'ry foe.
 A little learning is a dang'rous thing; 215
 Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring:

Ver. 215. The observation, delivered in these four verses, is well-founded and sagacious, and of extensive application beyond the subjects of *criticism* and *poetry*. Thus, for instance, *atheism* and *deism* have their origin in a *superficial knowledge*, sufficient to inspire conceit, and to discover the difficulties of revelation; but unable, for want of a further progress, to see the means of removing these difficulties, or of instituting a just comparison between them and the difficulties of the contrary *hypothesis*. A smattering of science, therefore, when it happens to be unaccompanied by an ingenuous mind and a rectitude of purpose, is sure to be productive of intellectual perversity. It is the projectile force of a heavenly body unrestrained by a proportionate attraction from the centre; and what then can it do, but,

.....flame lawless through the void;
 Destroying others, by itself destroy'd?

There

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, 220
 While, from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way; 230
 Th' increasing

VARIATION.

Ver. 225. So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 The traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
 The less'ning vales, and seems to tread the skies.

Ver. 217. *Cowley*, in his verses to the *New-Year*:
 In whatsoever character
 The book of fate is writ,
 'Tis well we understand not it;
 We should grow mad with little learning there:

alluding to what *Festus* says of *Paul*.

Ver. 219. The diction of this couplet is prosaic and devoid of elegance. But what follows, with the attendant simile, yields to no poetry in any language.

Ver. 220. *Virgil*, *Geo.* iv. Audax juventâ, bold in youth.

Ver. 230. Not unlike *Silius Italicus*, iii. 529.

..... crescit labor : ardua supra
 Sese aperit fessis, et nascitur altera moles.

Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ : 334
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold and regularly low, 240

That

Still grows the toil : they, wearied, with surprise
See hill on hill, and rocks on rocks, arise.

Ver. 232. The redundancy of expression in this verse is happily illustrative of the circumstance described, and leaves the mind fully possessed with the idea of fatigue and disappointment. In this view, laborious and repeated effort is finely painted in that emphatic line of the *Bacchæ* in *Euripides*, ver. 1065.

Καίηγεν, ηγεν, ηγεν εις μελαν πεδον.

Ver. 233. *A perfect judge, &c.*] *Diligenter legendum est, ac pœnè ad scribendi sollicitudinem : nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perfectus liber utique ex integro resumendus.* Quint. P.

Ver. 238. The rhymes of this couplet are unpardonably defective.

Ver. 239. The remarks of *Longinus*, in the thirty-third and three following sections of his *Treatise on the Sublime*, on a congenial topic to that before us, are replete with just sentiments and elegant illustration ; well worthy of the perusal of the reader, and entirely harmonising with the critical decisions of our poet. In my opinion, the same observations apply in all their force to human conduct as well as literature. Noble characters are ever ingenuous, energetic and decided. " I would thou wert either hot or cold ;" says the angel in the *Apocalypse*. The best that can be

That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.

be said of opposite characters, is the sentence of *Horace*, which our poet had probably in view :

..... vitavi denique culpam,
 Non laudem merui.

Ver. 245. Agreeably to that of *Horace*, Art. Poet. 32.

Æmilium circa ludum faber, unus et unguis
 Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos:
 Infelix operis, summâ; quia ponere totum
 Nesciet.

You'll find an artist grave beyond compare
 The nail's fine polish or the flow of hair:
 Unhappy his perfection in a part,
 Who finds a whole beyond his reach of art.

Ver. 246. He treats this topic with an incomparable mixture of dignity and vivacity, of reasoning and fancy, of humour and good sense, in the *Dunciad*, iv. 233. though he is justly censurable for his satirical specification of critics, on whose merits neither his learning nor pursuits gave him authority to decide. But we must not expect this rigid integrity in wits, however ready they may be themselves on other occasions to enforce the maxim *Know thyself* on their readers.

The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
 How parts, relate to parts, or they to whole,
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things, which Kuster, Barman, Wasse shall see,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes: 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's end, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And, if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit; 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays;
 For not to know some trifles is a praise.
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part:

They

Ver. 248. This passage is blameably obscure; and the edifice in question, who shall ascertain?

Ver. 251. An impropriety of the grossest kind is here committed. *Grammar* requires *appears*.

Ver. 256. The plain purport of the passage indisputably demands, Since none *need* compass.

Ver. 262. To the same effect *Quintilian*, lib. i. *Ex quo mihi inter virtutes grammatici habebitur, aliqua nescire.* On which account I shall esteem it one excellence of a grammarian, *to be ignorant of some things.*

Ver. 263. These introductory lines and the story, for which they so happily prepare the reader, are conducted exactly after the manner of *Horace* in his *epistles*: and for sprightliness of humour,

They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage; 270
Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject and the plot, 275
The manners, passions, unities; what not?

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the
Knight;

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280

"Not so, by Heav'n," (he answers in a rage),

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the
"stage."

mour, an unaffected ease of narrative, and an elegant facility of the purest diction, may be compared with the most successful efforts of that admirable writer.

Ver. 268. The ambiguity, accruing from the want of inflexions in our language similar to those in the *Greek* and *Latin*, is very apparent in this passage. The reader must expect the sequel of the story to be informed, whether *the knight* encountered *the bard*, or *the bard*, *the knight*. This inconvenience must for ever render equally good composition of more arduous execution to our countrymen, than it was to the ancients.

So

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
 "Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice, 285
 Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
 Form short ideas; and offend in arts
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *conceit* alone their taste confine,
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; 290
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature, and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.

Ver. 288. Singularity of *manners* is usually conspicuous in men of partial experience, who have lived in seclusion from society; which leads them to contemplate and consult *themselves*, and begets whim and *particularity*. For that accommodation to the *general* will, which constitutes genuine politeness, can scarcely arise but from a frequent opportunity of sacrificing our own humours to the gratification of others, in a free communication with common life.

Ver. 290. With these *glittering thoughts* I suppose no writings in the world are so copiously furnished as those of *Tertullian*.

The proper *participle* of *strike*, according to all analogy in this case, is not *struck* but *stricken*; whatever authorities may be adduced in vindication of this error. What *Shakespeare* styles *struck* in years, our excellent translators of the *Bible* properly term *stricken*. Use would soon reconcile us to any apparent awkwardness or harshness in such words: so that objections on this account must be treated as mere prejudice, and nothing better.

True

True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind. 300
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *language* all their care express, 305
 And value books, as women men, for dress :
 Their praise is still, — " The style is excellent ;"
 The sense they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found : 310
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place ;

The

Ver. 297. *True wit, &c.] Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur : id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt. Quintil. l. 8. c. 3. P.*

Ver. 298. Our poet, in the fulness of his joy, thus expresses himself in a letter to *Warburton* concerning his commentary on the *Essay on Man* :

" I know I meant just what you explain ; but I did not explain
 " my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well
 " as I do myself ; but you express me better than I could express
 " myself. Pray, accept the sincerest acknowledgements."

Ver. 304. The satiety, of which some complain in reading our poet, arises in reality, from his superlative excellence ; from the luscious sweetness of that invariable melody, which is essential to this species of verse, the uniform richness of his language, and his unoffending propriety of sentiment.

Ver. 311. Poetry is able to produce few passages, that can dispute the palm of excellence with this illustration of true and false

The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay :
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun, 315
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd, 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
 For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
 As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense : 325

false eloquence by the *prismatic colours* and the *native splendour* of the *sun*. The simile is accurately correspondent to the subject, and at once assists the understanding and delights the fancy. And yet, perhaps, the word *improves*, in verse three hundred and seventeenth, is not quite accurate, as contrasted to *glare* and *undistinguishing gaiety*, which produce *obscurity* and *confusion*. Should he have written ?

Clears and *defines* whate'er it shines upon.

Ver. 324. *Some by old words, &c.*] *Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiae cujusdam est, et frivolae in parvis jaſtantiae.* Quint. lib. 1. c. 6.

Opus est, ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete ? ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova. Idem. P.

Ver. 325. It was this antiquity of phrase, in conjunction with modern sense and modern versification, that led the best English critics of our time to suspect as forgeries the poems of Chatterton : a decision, which the judicious of all ages will confirm.

Such

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ; 330
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes, our grandfathers in their doublets dress.
 In words as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old :
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, 'is right or wrong ;
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ; 340

Ver. 328. *Unlucky, as Fungoso, &c.*] See Ben. Johnson's *Every man in his humour*. P.

Ver. 332. This comparison, and the sprightly remark in ver. 343, is true *Hudibrastic* wit, improved by superior dignity of measure. As this was the first piece, in which our author had an opportunity of exhibiting one of his first excellencies, a nice discrimination of the peculiarities of character and the modes of common life—he seems to have thrown into the composition the whole collection of images, treasured in his mind from his infancy.

Ver. 337. *But most by numbers, &c.*]

Quis populi sermo est ? quis enim ? nisi carmina molli

Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per lævæ severos

Effundat junctura unguis : scit tendere versum

Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno. Pers. Sat. 1. P.

Ver. 339. This amplification of the thought, by transferring the measures of poetry to the muse and her voice, is eminently happy, and breathes life and action on harmony and elegance.

Who

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair, }
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there. }
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ; 345
 While expletives their feeble aid *do* join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;

Ver. 345. *Though oft the ear, &c.*] *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. 9. cap. 4. P.

Ver. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :*]

From Dryden. “ He *creeps* along with *ten* little words in every “ line, and helps out his numbers with *for*, *to*, and *unto*, and all “ the pretty *expletives* he can find, while the sense is left half “ tired behind it.” *Essay on Dram. Poetry.* P.

Ver. 347. The justice of this censure consists in the word *oft*, which implies *contrivance* and *affectation* : otherwise, the effect of such a collection of monosyllables, when it arises from a correspondence of subject, is admirable, and highly meritorious in the poet. Let a single example from *Milton* suffice in justification of this remark. Par. Lost, ii. 620.

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp ;
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.

How successfully does the stoppage of this range of little words represent to our imaginations,

“ The growing labours of the lengthen'd way !”

Where-e'er

Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:" 351
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 356
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness
 join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense. 365

Ver. 351. *Dryden's Virgil*, vi. 959.

A separate grove, through which a gentle breeze
 Plays with a passing breath, and *whispers through the trees*.

Ver. 360. This verse is faulty in *two* respects: as the construction might be, for any thing that the composition shews to the contrary, "leave such to praise," which is subversive of the poet's meaning: and because of that *opening* of the *vowels*, which he had ridiculed the moment before, *the easy*; and which he might have avoided by the least attention:

And praise *that* easy vigour of a line.

Soft

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But, when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow: 371
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
 main.

Heat

Ver. 366. *Soft is the strain, &c.*]

Tum si leta canunt, &c. Vid. Poet. l. 3. ver. 403. P.

It must be acknowledged, that the condensation of *consonants* in this couplet, and some of them of the harsher kind, is particularly unfortunate on this occasion. And, though our language is in its own nature crouded with *consonants*, a little care would have produced a much happier illustration of his argument; as thus:

Soft glides the line, when vernal Zephyrs blow;
 And gentle streams in lays more gentle flow.

Ver. 368. *But when loud surges, &c.*

Tum longe sale saxa sonant, &c. Vida, ib. 388. P.

Ver. 370. *When Ajax strives, &c.*]

Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno, &c. Vida, ib. 417. P.

Ver. 371. The three preceding lines are sufficiently appropriate: in this the tripping word *labours*, is unhappy. The verse in all respects would, perhaps, run better with these amendments:

The verse seems pond'rous, and each word moves slow.

Ver. 372. *Not so when swift Camilla, &c.*]

At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo, &c. Vida, ib. 420. P.

Ver. 373. This *Alexandrine* does not displease me. It seems to conduct the reader, as the companion of her flight, through the successive stages of the heroine's career, in a very lively manner.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375
 While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

manner. And the last clause of the verse passes off with a celerity perfectly unincumbered. But I must not forget to mention, that our poet here endeavours to fasten on *Virgil* a most insufferable absurdity, which no poetical *hyperbole* whatsoever will justify; namely, the reality of these wonderful performances, "a flight over the unbending corn, and across the sea with unbathed feet." The same censure is imputable to *Dryden* and *Pitt*, who equally burlesque their author. Whereas *Virgil* only puts the supposition, and speaks of her extraordinary velocity in the way of comparison, with a degree of extravagance indulged to the poets, that she seemed capable of accomplishing so much, had she made the attempt. She *could fly*, if she had chosen; nor would have injured, in that case, the tender blades of corn.

Ver. 374. *Hear how Timotheus, &c.*] See Alexander's feast; or, The power of music; an ode by Mr. Dryden. P.

This noble, but deserved, compliment to the sublime ode in question, is not more honourable to *Dryden* than to his encomiast. No proof more unequivocal of an exalted soul and an amiable heart, than this unvaried gratitude to his preceptor, uninfected with the slightest tinge of jealousy.

Ver. 375. This resembles a line in *Hughes' Court of Neptune*:

Beholds th' alternate billows fall and rise.

Ver. 378. We are told by *Plutarch*, in his elegant Treatise on the *Virtues of Alexander*, that his mind was once so inflamed by the animating measures of a celebrated musician, as to make him start from his place, and seize his armour, which was lying near him.

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by found !
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid *extremes* ; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much ; 385
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shews great pride, or little sense :
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ; 390
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve :

Ver. 380. This *found* is a wretchedly cold and feeble word, and benumbs the passage.

Ver. 386. A disposition to cavil and disparage from petty blemishes in the midst of excellence, is an indisputable evidence of slender intellect and small accomplishment, as well as an ungenerous turn of mind. None so candid and so forward to acknowledge merit on every occasion, as the meritorious themselves ; the true genius and the real scholar. Our poet properly assigns the causes of this perverse propensity to censure, *pride* and *little sense* : the *first* originating in partial-knowledge, which has not extended it's views sufficiently to descry the immense tract still undiscovered ; a prospect that would naturally inspire *humility* : and *little sense*, not to reflect on the inevitable imperfection of all human efforts ; for, as our poet has justly cautioned us,

“ Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

“ Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.”

Ver. 391. Hence some of the ancients made it the test of *wisdom* and philosophical perfection of character, to arrive at that self-possession, and equilibrium of mind, as never to be raised into *admiration*.

As

As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize. 395
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one *small sect*, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Ver. 392. This apparent amplification of an *obscure* object arises from *two* causes: an *indistinct outline*, and an *erroneous judgment* of the *distance*, which we suppose *greater* than the reality, from the uniform indistinctness of *remote* objects.

Ver. 401. Mrs. Barbauld has borrowed this line with some little variation, if I rightly recollect the words.

And souls are ripen'd in our northern sky.

Ver. 402. *Shone* is the *preterite*, not the *participle*, which is *shined*; as our poet himself properly employs the word elsewhere, and the measure in this place would equally admit.

Ver. 403. The word *enlights* is, I believe, of our poet's coinage; analogically formed from *light*, as *enlighten* from *lighten*.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;
 They reason and conclude by *precedent*, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
 Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality. 415
 A constant critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madigral would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!

Ver. 409. The colour of expression in this verse, delineated from an *infectious epidemic*, is happily employed to represent this *malady* of criticism. So in his *prologue* to the *Satires*:

"To spread about the itch of verse and praise."

Ver. 412. This truth is sadly exemplified in our times. A plump orthodox divine shall sell you *three* or *four* impressions of stale *theology*, while a pamphlet of a starving heretic, after the sale of a few dozens, shall have the honour to wrap up it's antagonist for a customer; happy even so, by this humiliating catastrophe,

"To 'scape the martyrdom of jokes and fire."

Let me add, that the whole of this passage is pregnant with exquisite wit.

Ver. 417. He repeats this pleasant allusion in his *prologue* to the *Satires* with additional vivacity:

"Nor, like a puppy, daggled thro' the town

"To fetch and carry sing-song up and down."

Before

Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgar thus through *imitation* err ;
As oft the learn'd by being *singular* ; 425
So much they scorn the croud, that, if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night ;
But always think the last opinion right. 431
A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 435

Ver. 427. This vice of the intellect is no unusual concomitant, not of *real learning*, but a *superficial affectation* of it : and a vice it is, supremely ignominious and contemptible. *Plutarch* nobly asserts, that " God cannot bestow, nor man receive, a more valuable gift, than Truth." It was, therefore, an error in *Cicero*, (but the error of an amiable and virtuous heart, deeply tinctured with a reverence of religion) to assert, that, if he laboured under a delusion in his belief of a future state, it was a delusion, which nothing should extort from him. And we must respect his admiration of the character of *Plato*, rather than his integrity and candour, when he declares, that he had rather go wrong with *Plato*, than think rightly with other people. Perhaps, we shall do right in considering these fallies of extravagance, merely as strong testimonies of a most ardent attachment to *philosophy* and *virtue*.

Ver. 428. The complete ambiguity of *English* composition, from a defect of inflections, in a case like the present, cannot escape the most incurious reader.

Ver. 430. The whole of the *section* beginning with this verse abounds with an uncommon portion of *fancy*, *good sense*, and *wit*.

Ask them the cause; they're wiser, still they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our father's fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread; 440
 Who knew most sentences, was deepest read;
 Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted.
 Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445

If

Ver. 441. He may probably allude to the scholastic maxim of the *Theologians*: Bonus textuarius, bonus theologus: "A good textuary is a good divine."

Ver. 443: *Bentley*, in his reply to *Boyle*, somewhere says, to the following effect: "I make no doubt but I shall easily convince you of your error, if you have learning enough (which is not every body's case) to know when you are confuted."

Ver. 444. *Scotists*.] So denominated from *Johannes Duns Scotus*. P.

"The famous *Duns Scotus*, the *doctor subtilis*, was of this house: (the *Franciscan* convent at *Newcastle*). He died of an apoplexy, was too suddenly buried, and coming to life in his tomb, dashed out his brains in the last struggle." *Pennant's Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 309.

Ver. 444. *Thomists*.] From *Thomas Aquinas*, a truly great genius, who was, in those blind ages, the same in theology that *Friar Bacon* was in natural philosophy: less happy than our countryman in this, that he soon became surrounded with a number of dark glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished the radiance of that light which had pierced through the thickest night of monkery, the thirteenth century, when the *Waldenses* were suppressed, and *Wickliffe* not yet risen. P.

Ver. 445. *Duck-lane*.] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near *Smithfield*. P.

Oldham

If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
 What wonder *modes* in wit should take their turn?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus:

Oldham in his *Satires* mentions it.

And please awhile th' admiring court and town,
 Who after shall in *Duck-lane shops* be thrown.

VARIATION.

Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 452.

The rhyming clowns that gladdened Shakespear's age,
 No more with crambo entertain the stage.
 Who now in anagrams their patron praise,
 Or sing their mistrefs in acrostic lays?
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore!
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
 And authors thought their reputation safe,
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

Ver. 452. Nor can the fine sense of the following *paragraph*,
 and the rich profusion of sparkling thoughts, be too much ad-
 mired: not to mention his repeated homage to the memory of
Dryden.

But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past ; 460
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true ;
 For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.

When

Ver. 462. All the fond aspiration of an affectionate scholar for his lost preceptor breathes in this tender verse ; and the next line will remind the classical reader of a beautiful little piece of *Martial's* :

Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones :

New *Virgils* with *Mæcnas* would appear.

Ver. 463. *Milbourn.*] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn. P.

Ver. 467. Our ears require an uniformity on these occasions. The poet should have written,

But, like a *shade*, will prove the substance true.

Ver. 468. This simile is accurately appropriate in all its parts ; nor can poetry exhibit a more delightful passage than these *six* lines. They might furnish a hint to the author of those complimentary *stanzas* on our poet.

I.

Ye little wits, that gleam'd awhile
 When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
 Alas ! depriv'd of his kind smile,
 How soon ye fade away !

II.

To compass Phœbus' car about
 Thus empty vapours rise ;
 Each lends his cloud to put him out,
 Who rear'd them to the skies.

III. Alas !

When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays, 470
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
 His praise is lost who stays till all commend. 475
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
 Our sons their father's failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

So,

III.

Alas! those skies are not your sphere:

There he shall ever burn.

Weep, weep, and fall: for earth ye were,

And must to earth return.

Ver. 474. The sagacity of *Warburton* singled out from a variety of similar performances the notes of *Johnson* on *Macbeth*, as "written by a man of parts and genius." *Johnson* acknowledged the compliment with gratitude. "*Warburton* praised me," said he, "when praise was of value to me."

This *section* of the *essay* yields in excellence to none of the foregoing. The concluding simile is conducted with inimitable ingenuity.

Ver. 480. So in the *Temple of Fame*:

How vain that *second life* in other's breath!

Ver. 483. The true cause of the instability of a language, which great authors have rendered important to mankind, is the want of a *regular and established construction* upon the genuine rules

So, when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live; 491
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.

What rules of *grammar*. And we cannot make too much haste in giving our own language permanency from a principle, which continued to the *Greeks* their tongue, not materially changed, for a space of *four thousand* years. When *English* composition has attained this pitch of purity, how shall we lament the blemishes in our noblest writers, both of poetry and prose, from every species of barbarity insufferably disgusting, and solecisms of the most horrid kind!

VARIATION.

Ver. 492. The treach'rous colours in few years decay.

Ver. 494. *Mistaken things*: that is, of which those, who do not possess it, form an erroneous estimate, as productive of more happiness and enjoyment to the owner, than he really receives from it.

VARIATION.

Ver. 498. Like some fair flow'r that in the spring does rise.
 He might have shunned the inconsistency of violating his own
 rule

What is this wit which must our cares employ? 500
 The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
 Then most our trouble still, when most admir'd;
 And still, the more we give, the more requir'd;
 Whose fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 505
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards who could excel, 510
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
 Though triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.

VARIATION.

rule about *open vowels*, with a very small share of that diligence, which was copiously expended on the revival of his production.

Like some fair flow'r *that* early spring supplies,

It gaily blooms

And so beautiful a simile should have been indulged with a more elegant term than *supplies*.

Ver. 501. If we pass by the open vowel in this verse, how shall we endure the slovenly superfluity of words? To whom can a *wife* possibly belong, but the *owner*?

Tb' *enchanted* wife, that other men enjoy.

Ver. 506. Horace had made the same complaint before him:
 Sat. i. 4, 33.

Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetam:

Fœnum habet in cornu; longè fuge: dummodò risum

Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico.

The poet these, and poetry, detest:

"Beware: he'll lose his friend before his jest."

Now,

Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down; 515
 And, while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools:
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
 Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
 Good nature and good sense must ever join:
 To err, is human; to forgive, divine. 525

But, if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.

Ver. 514. In this place *crown* is an execrable word, not only because *crowns* occurs in the preceding verse, but because of it's burlesque and colloquial character in this acceptation. And the phrase *some others* in the next line is mean and unfinished.

Ver. 521. *sacred lust*. A happily bold expression, to denote the *excess* of a commendable passion: formed on that of *Virgil*: *Auri sacra fames, sacred hunger of gold*.

Ver. 522. The phraseology of this verse is shockingly mean and clumsy. I wonder that his fastidious judgement could be satisfied with it. Thus?

Ah! drive this dire ambition from thy breast;
 Nor thou the critic of the man divest.

Virgil, Geo. i. has:

Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido:
 Let not so dire a thirst of empire move.

No

No pardon vile *obscenity* should find, 530
 Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
 When love was all an easy monarch's care; 536
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
 The fair fat panting at a courtier's play, 540
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain; 545

Ver. 539. This is ill expressed. His argument required him to say, that *young lords* affected the character of *wits*, when their pretensions possibly were insufficient. It is surely no disgrace either to *young* or *old lords* to have wit. But he sacrificed propriety to rhyme and a satirical conceit.

Ver. 541. "At this time (1691) *masks* were daily worn by the Ladies, and admitted in the *pit*, the *side boxes*, and *gallery*; which custom, however, had so many ill consequences, that it has been abolished these many years." Life of Cibber, chap. viii.

Ver. 545. My business is with our author as a poet; or I should warn the reader to accept the severities of this passage with considerable qualification, as the remarks of a *young man*, a *papist*, a *jacobite*, and one whose peculiar office and merit was, to excel in *fiction*.

Then

Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
 And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, critics! with your darts engage;
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Yet shun their faults, who, scandalously nice, 556
 Will needs mistake an author into vice:
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

III.

LEARN then what MORALS critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know. 561
 'Tis

Ver. 147. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *national reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever. P.

Ver. 558. *Spy*, either from inadvertence or for the sake of the rhyme, is here used without propriety for *see* simply.

Ver. 559. This notion of the transfusion of the colour to the object from a *jaundiced eye*, though current in all our authors, and found in an old *Roman* writer quoted by *Nonius*, is, I believe, a mere *vulgar error*.

Ver. 560. The four first lines of this paragraph (for the *two* next, which conclude it, are of a very inferior quality, mean and prosaic) reflect not more honour on the poet than the man; in-
 distinct as they are with the genuine spirit of innate goodness and complacency

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join ;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine :
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow ; but seek your friendship too. 565
 Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence ;
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past, 570
 And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis

complacency of temper. Too many of our monthly caterers for the public may hence discover what addition *they* have to make, in their critical capacity, to their stock of *virtue*, and what accessions to their store of *learning*

Ver. 565. This happened afterwards to our poet himself, who received the candid criticisms of *Spence* on the *Odyssey* with such favour and acquiescence, as induced him to solicit the acquaintance of the writer, which gradually ripened from familiarity to friendship.

Ver. 567. *Quintilian* some where advises to mollify the roughness and to avert the invidiousness of positive assertion by interposing some expressions of modesty and diffidence : as, “ in my opinion ; ” “ if I am not mistaken,” and the like ; as effectual in securing a favourable attention, and strengthening authority.

Experience is the surest preceptress of this commendable mistrust of our own knowledge and accomplishments, by supplying perpetual demonstration to every man, of misapprehension and fallibility. Hence, says *Aristotle* in his *Rhetoric*, “ Old men express themselves doubtingly, with an addition of ‘ it may be,’ ‘ and ‘ perhaps so ;’ and positively affirm nothing.”

Ver. 571. This expression, derived so happily from the subject under contemplation, is exquisitely lively and agreeable. And this

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575
 Without *good-breeding*, truth is disapprov'd ;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence :
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust, 580
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust. //
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ; //
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585

this part of the poem is fraught with the most benevolent and judicious precept, delivered in an unembarrassed, and yet dignified, perspicuity of language.

Ver. 581. This is consonant to the directions of *Horace* on the same subject, art. poet. ver. 450.

..... nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
 Offendam in nugis ?

Ver. 583. Because men of real genius and talents, independantly of that ingenuous disposition, which is usually associated with great accomplishments, are sensible, that a large portion of excellence will still remain, after every deduction made from their merit on account of misapprehension and inaccuracy, against which mere humanity can never be totally secure.

And

And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
 Such, without wit, are poets when they please, 590
 As without learning they can take degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators;
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain:
 Your silence there is better than your spite;
 For who can rail so long as they can write?

Ver. 586. *And stares tremendous, &c.*] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic. For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270. he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this *abuse* of his person. P.

Ver. 587. This thought occurs also in *Donne's fourth satire*, which our poet has modernized with such incomparable dexterity.

..... and though his face be as ill

As their's, which in old hangings whip Christ, still

He strives to look worse. *Donne.*

And with a face as red and as awry

As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry. *Pope.*

Ver. 591. It may not be known to every reader, that *noblemen* and the sons of *noblemen*, and, I believe, *baronets*, are admitted of course at our *universities* to the degree of A. M. after keeping the terms of *two* years.

Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep, 600
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence?

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad abandon'd critics too. 611

The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears. 615

All books he reads, and all he reads affails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.

With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend; 620
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?

Ver. 609. The expression is happy: for *rage*, though violent, is the result of *imbecility*, and of incapacity to govern the mind. Hence *impotentia* in the Latin language means indiscriminately, *weakness* or *impetuosity*.

Ver. 619. *Garth did not write, &c.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten. P.

No

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
yard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead:
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. 625
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide. 630

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;

VARIATION.

Ver. 624. Between this and ver. 625.

In vain you shrug, and sweat, and strive to fly;
These know no manners but of poetry.
They'll stop a hungry chaplain in his grace,
To treat of unities of time and place.

Ver. 623. The late mention of his friend might associate the elegant *epilogue* to *Cato*, in which is this verse, so correspondent to the couplet now before us:

E'en churches are no sanctuaries now.

Ver. 624. *Horace* says, *occiditque legendo, reads you dead.* *Johnson*, in his *London*, as our poet:

And here a female atheist talks you dead.

Ver. 626. This and the four succeeding verses want the customary smoothness, the finish, the compactness, the rotundity, of our poet. There is a sluggishness and protraction, which fatigues; and a conclusion, on which the mind does not rest with suitable acquiescence. The following delineation of a true critic is excellent.

O 2 Tho'

Tho' learn'd, well bred; and tho' well bred, sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe; 636
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind; 640
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?
 Such once were critics; such the happy few
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, 645
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He

VARIATION.

Between ver. 646. and 647. were the following lines, since suppressed by the author.

That bold Columbus* of the realms of wit,
 Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet.
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star,
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
 He, when all nature was subdu'd before,
 Like his great pupil, figh'd and long'd for more:
 Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
 A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
 Poets, &c.

Ver. 642. *Love to praise* is an awkward and obscure expression, repugnant to accepted usage.

Ver. 645. Poetical inspiration never gave birth to *four* nobler lines than this merited encomium of *Aristotle*. The last verse in particular, for sweetness of *melody* and elegance of *image*, is without a rival.

Cowley.

* So Cowley to Hobbes:

Thou great Columbus of the golden land of new philosophies.

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense;
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655
 The truest notions in the easiest way.

Cowley, in his verses to Hobbes :

Long did the mighty *Stagyrite* retain
 The universal intellectual reign.

It is not improbable, however, that our poet, who wanted no dexterity to turn the hints even of inferior writers to his own advantage, and so improved what he borrowed as to give it all the air and merit of an original; might take up a suggestion from *Roscommon's Essay* :

Hoiſt ſail, bold writers ! ſearch, diſcover far ;
 You have a compaſs for a polar ſtar.

Ver. 652. Our poet doubtleſs intends a compliment, whether judicious or not, to the *physical* works of *Aristotle*. Otherwise, the reasoning is inappoſite, incoherent, and unintelligible.

Ver. 653. Dryden, in his *Palamon and Arcite* :

His amber-coloured locks in ringlets run
 With graceful negligence.

And *Oldham* :

Each ſtrain a graceful negligence does wear.

Ver. 654. A moſt abſurd and romantic notion ! as if men of genius wrote without a regular ſeries of ideas, and a dependant chain of reaſoning ! This compliment, of dictating *without method*, was returned upon this very *Essay* of our Author by *Addiſon* in the *Spectator*. In other reſpects, the character of *Horace* is judiciously exhibited.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire;
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
 Our critics take a contrary extreme;
 They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

Ver. 657. This is well said: for the critical pieces of *Horace* are among the most valuable of that valuable author's works.

Ver. 658. According to his own equitable concession, at the beginning of this poem:

Let such teach others, who themselves excel;
 And censure freely, who have written well.

Ver. 663. In all his works there cannot be found a couplet so paltry and impertinent as this.

Ver. 665. See *Dionysius*] Of *Halicarnassus*. P.

A most meagre account of a very excellent and judicious critic. But what can we expect, when men overstep the limit of their enquiries; and *rush in*, where learning has not authorised them to *tread*?

The character of *Petronius* is not less exceptionable.

Rocheſter has a good couplet, which may be compared with what our author says of *Dionysius*:

Compare each phrase, examine every line,
 Weigh every word, and every thought refine.

It must be allowed, however, that the character of *Longinus* is delineated with a masterly hand; in a manner, which proves our poet to have felt the warmth of that elegant and animated critic.

Fancy

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
 The justest rules and clearest method join'd: 170
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
 An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
 And is himself that great sublime he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd;
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd:
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew:
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome. 686
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind:

Much

VARIATION.

Ver. 675. The muses sure Longinus did inspire.

Ver. 680. This verse is ungrammatical. With respect to the thought, *Boileau*, whose translation of *Longinus* our poet had most probably read, in his preface to that work, has said exactly the same thing:

Souvent il fait la figure qu'il enseigne; et, en parlant du sublime, il est lui-même très-sublime.

Ver. 685. *Felt* is a flat and insipid word in this place.

Ver. 687. This passage is a fine proof of his magnanimous superiority to the corruptions and vices of his religious brethren.

Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good: 690
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
 (The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
 Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age, 695
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in Læo's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!

Rome's

Upon this tyranny of *papal Rome* those noble lines of *Danbam* deserve quotation here.

The fisher to convert the world began,
 The pride convincing of vain-glorious man.
 But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
 And Peter's keys exchange'd for Peter's sword.

VARIATION.

Ver. 689. All was believ'd, but nothing understood.

Between ver. 690 and 691. the author omitted these two.

Vain wits and critics were no more allow'd,
 When none but saints had license to be proud.

Ver. 691. Here he forms the *senses* wrong, but right in ver. 702, and wrong again without necessity in verses 703 and 704.

Ver. 694. *Oldham* in his *Satyr*.

On Butler who can think without just rage?

The glory and the scandal of the age.

Ver. 697. In this paragraph our poet is graceful and sublime indeed! invigorated with all that ardour of enthusiasm, which this idea of the revival of letters was calculated to infuse into a soul of such exquisite sensibility. Here a reader of taste and feeling may regale himself with the pure nectar and the genuine raptures of the *Muses*! *Dryden* touches on the same thought,
 but

Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head. 700
 Then Sculpture and her sister Arts revive;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
 Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow 705
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next to place in Mantua, next in fame!
 But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd; 710

but in a stile incomparably surpassed by the delicacy and majesty of *Pope*; who, however, seems to have placed his master's hasty draught before him, to assist his pencil in the finished touches of his own performance, and to fire his emulation in a contest, as *Hesiod* says, so beneficial to mankind. The passage is in the *fourteenth epistle*.

Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
 A heavy sabbath did supinely keep.
 At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise;
 Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.

Ver. 702. So *Addison* with much elegance in his *letter from Italy*:

Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
 And soft'n'd into flesh the rugged stone:
 Or teach their animated rocks to live.

Ver. 705. *Immortal Vida*] M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who writ an art of poetry in verse. He flourished in the time of Leo X. P.

Ver. 708. *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to
Mantua vix misera nimium vicina Cremona. Virg. P.
 a verse, happily, applied by a punster to a lady's *Manicau*, which swept down a Cremona fiddle.

Thence

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But critic learning flourish'd most in France;
 The rules a nation born to serve, obeys;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715
 And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd and better knew, 720
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."

Such

Ver. 716. These words *unconquer'd* and *unciviliz'd*, are well connected upon the authority of experience in general: the *Greeks* were the *preceptors* as well as *conquerors* of mankind; and *arts* uniformly accompanied the flight of the *Roman* eagles. The *Turks* alone have carried in the train of their triumphs, desolation, slavery, and ignorance.

Ver. 723. *Such was the muse*—] *Essay on Poetry*, by the Duke of Buckingham. Our poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *essay*, and its noble author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the dedication to his translation of the *Æneid*; and Dr. Garth, in the first edit. of his *Dispensary*, says,

The Tiber now no courtly Gallus sees,

But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.

Though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church-of-England party, yet an enemy to the extravagant measures

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good;
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood : 126
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
 Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly new to blame or to commend; 730
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
 This praise at least a grateful muse may give:

measures of the court, in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them, on that poet's absolute attachment to the court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

The muse's friend,
 Himself a muse. In Sanadrin's debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state.

Abf. and Acbit.

Our author was more happy; he was honoured very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem. P.

Ver. 724. The Duke of Buckinghamshire's *Essay on Poetry* begins thus:

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
 "Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."

Ver. 734. *Virgil, Æn. vi.*

His saltè m accumulem donis.

..... these gifts at least I may bestow.

This conclusion of the poem is extremely pleasing: affectionate and grateful in it's remembrance of his friend; manly, but modest, as it respects himself.

The

The muse whose early voice you taught to sing, 735
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost), no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries:
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew: 740
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
 Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

Ver. 742. So *Pindar* of himself, *Nem.* viii. 64.

..... Εγω δ' αἰεὶς ἄδων, καὶ

Χθον γυῖα καλυφαίμ',

αἰνέων αἰνέτα, μὲν

φῶν δ' ἐπισπείραν ἀδύβοις.

Lov'd by my friends may I pass through my days;
 Where due, give censure; and where due, give praise.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1712.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh, not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design; for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or dæmons are made to act in a poem. For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits; which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes* or *Dæmons* of earth delight in mischief: but the *Sylphs*, whose habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable; for they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end; except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence. The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you, that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.* MART.*

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,

* It appears by this motto, that the following poem was written or published at the lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of *Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him, with a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two canto's only; and it was so printed; first, in a miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five canto's. P.

Ver. 1. The latter part of this line is uncommonly harsh from a concurrence of heavy and hissing consonants.

I sing

I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
 This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
 If she inspire, and he approve my laws.

Say, what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
 A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle belle?

Ver. 4. Imitated from *Virgil*, *Ecl.* x. 2.

Pauca meo Gallo, sed quæ legat ipsa Lycoris,
 Carmina sunt dicenda.

Which proud Lycoris may with pity view,

Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due. Dryden.

Roscommon in his *Essay*, alluding to this passage:

Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,

As *l'en* Lycoris might with pity view.

Ver. 5. This is formed from *Virgil*, *Geo.* iv. 6.

In tenui labor; et tenuis non gloria, si quem

Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.

Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,

If heav'n assist, and Phœbus hear my call. Dryden.

Addison's version is this:

A trifling theme provokes my humble lays;

Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise.

Our author should have inverted the clauses of the last line, to perfect the compliment, and leave our ear completely gratified.

If he approve, and she inspire my lays.

Ver. 7. This passage is a palpable imitation of the exordium of the *Æneis*; and particularly the last line:

..... tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?

And dwell such passions in celestial minds?

Or, as Cotton renders it more facetiously:

Have goddesses no better manners?

Boileau had the same original before him in his introduction to the *Lutrin*:

Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l'ame des dévots?

O fay

O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
 In tasks so bold can little men engage?
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
 And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
 And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

VARIATION.

Ver. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,
 And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
 And lodge such daring souls in little men?

Ver. 13. &c. stood thus in the first edition.

Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
 And op'd those eyes which brighter shone than they;
 Shock just had given himself the rousing shake,
 And nymphs prepar'd their chocolate to take;
 Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
 And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

Ver. 9. This degree of *uncertainty* and *mysticism* contributes greatly to elevate the subject, and suspend the expectation of the reader.

Ver. 13. By *timorous* I understand *pale* and *feeble* from the medium through which it pass. It is a happy epithet of poetical enthusiasm, driven to the very verge of prudence and propriety.

Ver. 18. *Spenser* in his *Jane* applies the epithet of *silver* to the sound of an *oaten pipe*; and *Dryden*, in his *Palamon and Arcite*, to that of a *trumpet*.

So Boileau, Lutrin iv. 1.

Les cloches dans les airs de leurs voix argentines.

P

Belinda

Belinda still her downy pillow preſt,
 Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy reſt : 20
 'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head :
 A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight-beau,
 (That ev'n in ſlumber cauſ'd her cheek to glow),
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.
 Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
 Of thouſand bright inhabitants of air !
 If e'er one viſion touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurſe and all the prieſt have taught ; 30
 Of airy elves by moon-light ſhadows ſeen,
 The ſilver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins viſited by angel pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs,
 Hear and believe ! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

Ver. 19. *Belinda ſtill, &c.*] All the verſes from hence to the end of this canto were added afterwards. P.

Ver. 22. This idea was probably ſuggeſted by *Agamemnon's dream* in the ſecond book of the *Iliad*, or that of *Æneas* in the ſecond *Æneis* of *Virgil*.

Ver. 26. *Seem'd*. This is negligent. The word occurs in the preceding verſe.

Ver. 30. An illuſtrious proof among many others of the ſuperiority of his mind to *prieſtcraft* and *ſuperſtition*.

Ver. 34. This pleaſing image we owe probably to his religious ſyſtem. It appears with additional decoration in the *Eloiſa* :

For her th' *unfading roſe* of Eden blooms.

And again :

"I come, I come ! prepare your *roſeate bowers*,

"*Cæleſtial palms*, and *ever-blooming flowers*."

Some

Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd.
 What though no credit doubting wits may give?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.
 Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky:
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wings,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mold;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air.

Ver. 38. This is manifestly ground on Matt. xi. 25. He might also have *Horace* in view:

Virginibus puerisque canto:

To youths and virgins I address my song.

The whole of this exordium, which prepares the reader for the operation of the *machinery*, is conducted with a dexterity of skill and an elegance of humour beyond all example.

Ver. 47. This verse reminds me of a piece of poetry, that I have read in the *bone-house* of *Gramham* church. This noble fabric is rais'd on arches, which are filled with bones regularly arranged according to their respective positions in the human body. The departed owners, on a board, thus address the visitant:

"Such as ye are,

"Such were all we:

"Such as we are,

"Ye must all be.

"Pray remember the sexton."

Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire :
 The sp'rits of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know

Ver. 54, 55. *Quæ gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos ; eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*

Virg. *Æn.* 6. P.

To *Dryden's* version of which passage our poet is indebted :
 The love of horses which they had, *alive*,
 And care of chariots, *after death survive*.

Ver. 61. This couplet deserves particular admiration, both
 for it's gliding numbers and the felicity of it's expression. He
 might possibly have in his view the transformation of *Proteus* in
 the *Georgics* :

..... aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit :

In fleeting streams attempt to *slide away*. *Dryden*.

Ver. 66. *Aeris in campis* : *Æn.* vi. 888. *Dryden's* translation
 of *Æn.* i. 196. is,

The realms of ocean and the fields of air.

Goldsmith

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls and midnight-masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, and daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though *Honour* is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
 While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, *Your Grace* salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,

Goldsmith in his finest poem has imitated this passage of *Pope*:

These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

Ver. 78. *Though Honour is the word with men below.*] Parody
 of *Homer*. P.

Ver. 79. *too conscious of their face*], i. e. too sensible of their
 beauty. P.

Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau. 90

Of when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart; 100

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals levity may call,

Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all, 105

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,

A watchful sp'rit, and *Ariel* is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,

In the clear mirror of thy ruling star

I saw, alas! some dread event impend,

Ere to the main this morning-sun descend. 110

Ver. 101. *Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,*

Ense minax ensis, pede pes, et cuspidē cuspis, &c. Stat. P.

a passage formed from *Homer, Iliad* N. 131. and *Æneid* x. 361.

Ver. 107. It appears to me that our author had in view
Uriel's speech to *Gabriel* in the fourth of *Paradise Lost*, ver. 564.
and *Gabriel's* answer, ver. 588.

Ver. 108. *In the clear mirror*] The language of the Platonists,
the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, &c. P.

But

But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :
 Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware !
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can :
 Beware of all, but most beware of man !

He said ; when Shock, who thought he slept too
 long, 115
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux ;
 Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First,

Ver. 121. *And now, unveil'd, &c.*] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilette, by our author's friend Dr. Parnell, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted.

*Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
 Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa :
 Tum primum lympba se purgat candida nympha ;
 Jamque sine menda, cælestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
 Hæc stupet implorans, ceu cultus numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythoniassa apparet ad aram,
 Fertque tibi caute, dicatque superbia ! laute,
 Dona venusta ; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devota, se pandet hic India tota,
 Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista ;
 Testudo hic flebit dum se mea Lesbia petit ;
 Atque elephas lente, te petit Lesbia dente ;
 Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris,
 Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde ;*

First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.

*Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore,
Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visus,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, nymphæ intentique saluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam;
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum. P.*

Out of respect for our poet's judgement, I have retained these verses, inelegant as they are even for this file, and debased by false measures. The history of them is curious. A friend of *Pope's*, of a tenacious memory, to whom he had read this most exquisite description of the *toilette* in MS. repeated it to *Parnell*; who immediately converted it into these monkish *hexameters*. Soon after *Pope* read the verses to *Parnell* also; who praised them highly, but affected a suspicion of their originality, and soon produced the version in question, to the utter amazement of our poet, till his confusion was relieved by a discovery of the artifice.

I cannot recollect where I have read this curious circumstance, but believe myself to be tolerably accurate in this account.

Ver. 122. *Silver* is an injudicious word. Decorum and congruity required an epithet, that should preserve the religious solemnity of the passage; some epithet appropriate to religious services. *Sacred*, or *hallow'd* would, in my opinion, have better suited this inimitable fiction, wherein the most trivial blemish becomes conspicuous from the surrounding radiance of elegant wit and refined beauty.

A heav'nly

A heav'nly image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior priestesses, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and hear
 The various off'rings of the world appear; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms; 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

Ver. 138. *Halifax on the Countess Dowager of *****

Her waiting maids prevent the peep of day,
 And, all in order, on her toilet lay,
Prayer-books, patch-boxes, sermon-notes and paint,
 At once t' improve the sinner and the saint.

Ver. 140. A thought suggested, perhaps, by the swelling and growing figures of the poets: of which *Fame*, the *Sibyl*, and the *Pestilence* of *Virgil*, with the *Satan* of *Milton*, are sublime examples.

Ver. 142. *Dryden's Virgil, Æn. vii. 627.*

And open all the furies of her face.

The

The busy Sylphs surround their darling care; 143
 These set the head, and those divide the hair:
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

Ver. 145. *The busy Sylphs, &c.*] Ancient traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen angels became amorous of women; and particularise some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who, continuing impenitent, still presides over the women's toilets. *Bereſhi Rabbi, in Genes. vi. 2. P.*

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames,
 Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths, around her
 shone,

But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those ; 10
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

VARIATION.

Ver. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom, &c.*] From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to ver. 46.

The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air ;
 all after, to the end of this canto, being additional. P.

Ver. 3. *Hughes*, in an ode to *Beauty*, styles it,
 Fair rival to the god of day.

Yet

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind 20
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30

Ver. 18. These abbreviations are most inelegant and debasing.
 It would have been much better, in my opinion, thus:

Look on her face, and *you* forget *them* all.

Ver. 20. A classical expression: so *Homer* says of *Achilles*,
 that he *NOURISH'T his hair* for the river *Sperchius*, *Iliad* xxiii.
 142: as, *Lavinia* for *Bacchus*, *Æn.* vii. 391.

Ver. 22. *Eburnea cervix*: *Ovid* in his *epistles*.

Ver. 25. *With hairy springes.*] In allusion to *Anacreon's*
 manner. P.

Ver. 28. *with a single hair.*] In allusion to those lines of
Hudibras, applied to the same purpose,

And though it be a two-foot trout,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out. P.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
 For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd ;
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
 And all the trophies of his former loves ; 40
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain and long possess the prize.
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r ; 45
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
 But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :

Ver. 32. An imitation, or a translation rather, of *Æneid*,
 ii. 390 :

.....dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?

Ver. 45. *The pow'rs gave ear,*] Virg. *Æn.* xi. 798. P.

Apollo heard, *and, granting half his pray'r,*
 Shuffled in winds the rest, and to's'd in empty air.

Dryden.

Ver. 48. This acceptance of the plural *tides* is inelegant and unusual, merely to accommodate the rhyme. He should have written,

See now secure the painted vessel glide,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tide.

While

While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die; 50
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending wo sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air; 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;

Ver. 58. This idea of the *zephyrs* being the *breath* of the *Sylphs*, is incomparably ingenious, and happily connects them with the terrestrial agents of the poem. And the following description of these ærial beings combines the most delicate and luxuriant imagery with the richest strains of poetry, and perfect felicity of expression.

Ver. 65. He had under contemplation that wonderful effort of *Milton's* genius in *Par. Lost*, v. 280.

..... the middle pair
 Girt like a starry zone his waste, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
 And colours *dipt in heav'n*: the third his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain.

While

While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd; 70
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd 75
 By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky. 80
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night;
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Ver. 71. So *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, iv. 764. of *Love* :

..... and waves his *purple wings* :

from the ancients, *Pindar* and *Ovid*.

Ver. 77. No powers of panegyric can do justice to this most exquisite detail of the various offices of these beings. In fertility of invention, in exuberance of enthusiastic fancy, it rivals *Shakespeare* himself.

Ver. 80. Variety, as well as propriety, required him to write,

Or roll the *comets* through the boundless sky :

for the *planets* are the *wandering orbs* just mentioned.

Others

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow. 100

This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or sleight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;

Or

Ver. 90. A compliment, beyond all controversy, to *Queen Anne*; whom he lavishly commends in his *Windsor Forest*, ver. 42, 162, 236, 327, 384.

Ver. 105. This concatenation of serious and trivial events, as of equal importance to *Belinda*, is a most humorous, but severe, satire on the levity of female manners.

Ver. 107. This literal and figurative application of the same word at once, which is too common but extremely vicious in serious

Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair : 111
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care ;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock ; 115
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the petticoat :
 Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;

serious composition, contributes greatly to the improvement of the ludicrous and burlesque. Our poet was sensible of this advantage, and freely employs it in the present poem. It is the contrast of things so different, that furnishes the entertainment.

Ver. 111. No part of this exquisite poem exceeds the *six* lines before us in elegance of wit and classical delicacy of expression.

Ver. 116. This designation of *Ariel* appears to me equally judicious and according to decorum. Had the chief been appointed guardian of the *lock*, a suspicion would have been excited to anticipate the catastrophe, and slacken the suspended curiosity of the reader. Besides *Shock* has just been mentioned as an object of the very first importance to *Belinda*.

Ver. 117. This pomp of description, as of a powerful superintendence of a formidable military machine, is supremely ludicrous and diverting.

Ver. 119. *clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax*. Ovid. P.

Q

Form

Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his filken wings in vain; 130
Or alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow, 135
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

Ver. 121. *about the silver bound,*] In allusion to the shield of Achilles:

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd,
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living *silver* seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's *verge*, and bound the whole. Pope.

Ver. 134. The celebrated Bishop *Hall*, who might be affected probably with giddiness in his head, used to pronounce that wish of the *Psalmist*, lxxxiii. 13. to be the dreadfulest curse in the *Scriptures*:

"O! my God make them like a WHEEL."

Ver. 136. In this catalogue of imaginary punishments, which betrays such an elegant and fruitful imagination, he probably had in view the purifications of corporeal contamination, enumerated by *Virgil* in *Æneid* vi. 740. to which I refer the reader.

He

He spoke; the spirits from the fails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO II.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs;
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. *Close by those meads,*] The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this canto. P.

Ver. 8. I have before remarked the suitableness of this equivocal use of the same word to the purposes of comic poetry. See below Canto iv. ver. 126. *Butler* abounds in this instrument of humour: as, for instance, i. 2. 1043.

Will you employ your conquering sword
To break a fiddle and your word?

It may be of service, for the admonition of writers, to give an instance of the impropriety of such composition in serious subjects, on account of it's frequency in our best authors. *Horace* says of *Ulysses*:

..... mores

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste a while the pleasures of a court ; 10
 In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ; 15
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ; 20
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine ;

..... mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes :

Of men he *saw* the *manners*, and the *states* :

by an inelegant application of *sight* to the *eye* and *intellect* at the same time. His great exemplar committed no such error :

..... πολλων ανθρωπων ιδε ασια, και νοον εγνων.

Nor his incomparable translator :

Their manners *noted*, and their states *survey'd*.

VARIATION.

Ver. 11, 12. originally in the first edition,

In various talk the cheerful hours they pass,
 Of who was bit, or who capotted last. P.

The merchant from th' exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilette cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' ærial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

VARIATION.

Ver. 24. *And the long labours of the toilette cease.*] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus:

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd. P.

Dryden's Virgil, Æn. vii. 170.

And the long labours of your voyage end.

Ver. 26. This *burning ray* is properly connected with a more *oblique direction* of it, as the hottest time of the day, *cæteris paribus*, is not the *noon*, but about *two hours* later, on account of the gradual heating of the earth. And, in general, the most powerful effect usually succeeds the strongest operation of the cause: of which the *phænomenon* of the *tides* is a striking instance.

Ver. 28. An imitation of *Æneid*, vi. 890.

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore:
 And fires his mind with love of future fame.

Behold,

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
 And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care: 45
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
 were.

Now move to war her fable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board, 50
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.

Ver. 37. This description of the game at *ombre*, however elegant and finished, is to me the most exceptionable portion of the poem; being unconnected with the machinery, and contributing nothing to the acceleration or accomplishment of the catastrophe.

Ver. 46. An unintentional parody, as it should seem, of *Genesis* i. 3: And God said, "Let there be light:" and there was light.

Ver. 47. *Now move to war, &c.*] The whole idea of this description of a game at *Ombre*, is taken from Vida's description of a game at *Ches*, in his poem intitled *Scacchia Ludus*. P.

Him Baſto follow'd; but, his fate more hard,
 Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
 With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary majeſty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The reſt his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
 Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
 Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
 Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
 The Clubs' black tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride: 70
 What boots the regal circle on' his head,
 His giant limbs in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
 The Baron now his Di'monds pours apace; 75
 Th' embroider'd king, who ſhews but half his face,

Ver. 61. This is a noble inſtance of our author's powers in throwing a ſolemn dignity over a trivial ſubject. Indeed the whole of this characteriſtical delineation of the cards is executed with inimitable ingenuity.

Ver. 71. Theſe lines are a parody of ſeveral paſſages in *Virgil*. Compare the *Windſor Feaſt*, ver. 115.

And

And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find,
 Clubs, Di'monds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,
 With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd batallions disunited fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of Di'monds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
 An ace of Hearts steps forth: the king unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply. 100

Ver. 85. The simile itself is apposite and elegant; but this couplet, with which it concludes, appears to me intolerably insipid and prosaic. Let the reader judge. Nor does this appendage seem necessary to the illustration or ornament of the subject.

Ver. 99. This addition of *shouts* is, in my opinion, an exaggeration, that oversteps the modesty of nature: but we must not refuse some indulgence to the ardour of the poet's imagination.

O thoughtless

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round; 106
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide: 110

VARIATION.

Ver. 105. *Sudden the board, &c.*] From hence, the first edition continues to ver. 134. P.

Ver. 101.

*Nescia mens hominum fati fortisque futuræ;
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit. Virg. P.*

Only the *two first* lines of the imitation are comparable to the illustrious original: for how could *the loss of the hair* be said to *snatch away the honours* of this victory at cards? There is a pathetic simplicity in Dryden's translation of the passage:

*O mortals! blind in fate; who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain:
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away;
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.*

At

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong their rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band,
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
 Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain. 120
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
 Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130

Ver. 111. A wretched feeble line, in my judgement; all unworthy of such a poet and such a poem.

Ver. 113. These occasional introductions of the machinery are managed with consummate artifice and dexterity; with too much appearance of facility to countenance of itself a suspicion of posterior insertion into their respective places.

Ver. 119. This conceit is truly humorous, and in the genuine spirit of poetical invention.

Ver. 121. This line is unpolished and prosaic.

Ver. 122. *and think of Scylla's fate!*] Vid. Ovid's *Metam.* viii. P.

He

He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sp'rits repair, 135
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the di'mond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The

VARIATION.

Ver. 134. In the first edition it was thus.

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head.
 First he expands the glitt'ring forfex wide,
 T' inclose the lock; then joins it to divide:
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever,
 From the fair head for ever and for ever. Ver. 154.

All that is between was added afterwards. P.

The first of these verses, I think, was injudiciously rejected for the present.

Ver. 137. This repetition is formed on some similar passages in *Virgil*; which the learned reader will immediately acknowledge.

Ver. 138. The near resemblance of the rhymes in this couplet to those of the preceding is a blemish to this lively passage.

Ver. 146. This idea appears to have been suggested by the conduct of *Jupiter* in the *Æneid* on the approaching fate of *Turnus*.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
 T' inclose the lock; now joins it to divide.
 Ev'n then before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again),
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head for ever and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies. 156

Turnus, x. 473. imitated from the passage, relative to the same deity, in *Homer*, on the catastrophe of *Sarpedon*. See also *Æn.* xii. 886.

Ver. 147. Our poet is very happy in supporting the pomp of the poem by these dignified circumlocutions, *glittering forfex*, *two edg'd weapon*, and *fatal engine*. The familiar term *scissors* would have been unsuitable to the elevation of *mock-heroic*.

Ver. 152. *But airy substance*] See *Milton*, lib. 6. of *Satan* cut asunder by the angel *Michael*. P.

Ver. 154. This repetition of the words, like that of the parallel Greek expression in the *New Testament*, *εὐς τὰς αἰώνας τῶν αἰώνων*, is admirably adapted to denote *length* and *continuance*.

Ver. 155. So *Dryden*, in his translation of *Ovid*, *Met.* xiii.

And only fear the light'ning of your eyes.

Ver. 156. He has improved on his original, *Virgil*, *Æneid* ii. 488.

..... ferit aurea sidera clamor.

And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies. *Dryden*.

It is not improbable, that our author had in his recollection a most sublime passage of the sublimest author in the world. *Par. Lost*, i. 541.

At which the universal host upsent

A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond

Frighted the realm of Chaos and old Night.

Not

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
 When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The victor cry'd), the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments like men submit to fate!

Ver. 158. There is a similar stroke of *satire* on the ladies in *Juvenal*, vi. 652.

..... *similis si permutatio detur,*
Morte viri cupiant animam servare catellæ.
 Gladly, but Fate no such exchange allows,
 To save their lap-dog would they give their spouse.

Ver. 163, 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper bonos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt. Virg. P.

Ver. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman; full of court and party scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar. P. As they are elsewhere divided into, the *great* vulgar, and the *small*.

Ver. 172. This panegyric on *steel* is most majestically ludicrous, and nobly executed by a pompous enumeration of particulars.

Steel

Steel could the labours of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy ;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel ?

Ver. 174. *Addison, To the king :*

And laid the labour of the gods in dust ;

speaking of *Troy*. But the grandeur of the passage in *Pope* would have risen by a more just gradation to sublimity, if the next couplet had preceded this.

Ver. 176. *Addison's translation of Horace, Ode iii. 3.*

*Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works confound,
 And hew the shining fabric to the ground.*

Ver. 177. *Ille quoque eversus mons est, &c.*

Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant ?

Catull. de com. Berenices. P.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
 Not ancient ladies who refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair. 10
 For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

Ver. 1. *At regina gravi, &c.* Virg. *Æn.* 4. P.

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen. Dryden.

VARIATION.

Ver. 11. *For, that sad moment, &c.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the house of Spleen, are not in the first edition; instead of them followed only these,

While her rack'd soul repose and peace requires,
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.

and continued at the 94th verse of this canto. P.

Umbriel,

Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sp'rit,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
 Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne alike in place,
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-Nature, like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and
 noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

Ver. 19. In this description our poet seems to have had before him the *Cave of Envy* in *Ovid*, Met. ii. 760.

Protinus Invidiæ nigro squallentia tabo
 Tecta petit. Domus est imis in vallibus antri
 Abdita, sole carens, non ulli pervia vento.

Shut from the winds and from the wholesome skies,
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies;
 Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
 Invades the winter, or disturbs the night. Addison.

Ver. 30. A most admirable satire this, on demure hypocrisy and sanctified malevolence.

R

There

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside;
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo, 35
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.

Ver. 42. So in that divine picture of the *blameless vestal* in his *Eloisa*:

To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in *visions* of eternal day.

Ver. 47. No praise can do justice to the vein of humorous fancy, which flows through the following description.

Ver. 48. *Ovid*, Met. i. 1.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing. Dryden.

Here

Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works;
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the Gnome thro' this fantastic band, 55
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the pow'r——Hail wayward
Queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen,
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysterick or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game; 70

Ver. 51. *Homer's tripod walks;*] See Hom. Iliad 18. of Vulcan's walking tripods. P.

Ver. 52. *and there a goose-pye talks.*] Alludes to a real fact, a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition. P.

Ver. 56. This is elegantly conceived; and alludes to the branch of *Moly*, which *Mercury* gives *Ulysses* in *Homer* as a defence from the incantations of *Circe*: *Odyssey*, x. 305.

If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds;
 Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r. 80
 A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, fobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A vial next she fills with fainting tears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk

Ver. 75. This verse, as well as that in *Canto* ii. 158.

When husbands or when *lap-dogs* breathe their last;
 would sufficiently evince the poetical propriety of making *Ariel*
 the superintendant of *Shock*.

Ver. 80. Finely intimating that way-ward humour, which
 inclines people under the influence of this *queen* to mortify by
 refusal, even when the request is in unison with their own dis-
 position.

Ver. 88. The felicity of this fiction from a hint in *Homer*, in
 conjunction with many similar efforts of imagination in this poem,
 establish Mr. *Pope's* claim beyond dispute to the first and cha-
 racteristical power of poetry, Invention: and I much question,
 if his taste and genius had not inclined him to works of sentiment
 and

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issu'd at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire. 94
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands and cry'd,
 (While Hampton's echoes, *Wretched maid!* reply'd),
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper-durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,

and morality, whether he would have yielded the palm of excellence, even in this respect, to the most renowned of his predecessors. His fastidious attention to correctness would not have allowed him to expatiate in a long original undertaking.

Ver. 96. A fine ridicule of the *echo* writings once in vogue, which *Erasmus* in his dialogue of the name exposes with much ingenuity, but *Butler* with still greater humour in *Orsin's* lamentation for his *bear*, part i. canto 3. ver. 199.

Ver. 103. He intended to parody, I presume, *Æneid*, ii. 577.

Ver. 108. This adoption of the vulgar phrases of fashionable manners is quite in character, and adds considerably to the festivity of the passage.

Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost ! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend ?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the di'mond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze !
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow ;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkies, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all ! 120
 She said ; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs :
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case ;

Ver. 121. *Sir Plume repairs*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense ; and, in truth, one could not well blame him. P.

Ver. 124. By a *clouded* cane I understand a cane diversified with darker spots : so Gay, in the *Fan*, i. 125.

Here *clouded canes* 'midst heaps of toys are found.
 So *Swift* in *Strephon* and *Chloe* :

What billet-doux ! and *clouded canes*.

Ver. 126. This sportive effort may be aptly compared with one in *Butler*, iii. 3. 627.

To whom the knight, with comely grace ;
Put off his bat, to put his case.

And

And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
"devil?

"Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be
"civil!

"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!

"Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 131
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,

(Which never more shall join its parted hair;

Which never more its honours shall renew, 135

Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,

This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.

He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread

The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

Ver. 130. Parody on *Homer*, in whom often occurs: "He spake, and *threw his spear*:" or the like.

Ver. 133. *But by this lock*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in *Homer*, ll. 1. P.

Ver. 137. He seems to have *Virgil* in view, *Æneid* iv. 336. who copies *Homer*:

..... dum spiritus hos regit artus.

Ver. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;*

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.] These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the passions of the two ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any machinery, to the end of the canto. P.

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
 Which with a sigh she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen! 150
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid;
 By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather, unadmir'd, remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way; 155
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.

Ver. 147. Were the difficult task imposed on me to particularize the most delicious morsel among the profusion of delicacies, which this exquisite poem furnishes, I should be inclined to fix on this speech of *Belinda*, which combines all the elegance of numbers with the happiest satire and the finest pleasantry of mock pathos.

Ver. 149. A parody of *Virgil*, Ecl. vi. 45.

Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent:

Happy for her, if herds had never been. Dryden.

Ver. 158. Mr. Gray in his *elegy* has expanded and dignified this beautiful comparison:

Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Dr. Young says of *Nature* very beautifully, in his *fifth satire*:

In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
 She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.

What

What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160
 'Twas thus the morning-omens seem'd to tell;
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott'ring china shook without a wind;
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175
 Hairs less in fight, or any hairs but these!

Ver. 162. *Æneid*, vi. 33.

Bis patriæ cecidere manus.

Ver. 168. and 173. He possibly might have in view the despairing entreaties of *Aristæus*, Virg. *Geo.* iv. 329. for the poem abounds with these allusions.

Ver. 169. *Prior's Henry* and *Emma*:

No longer shall thy comely tresses break

In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck.

Ver. 176. The simplicity of this wish breathes a spirit of unsuspecting innocence, and would not have disgraced the purest vestal of the sex.

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears:
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?

Ver. 2. Translated from *Virgil, Æneid* iv. 440.

Fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit aures:

Fate and great Jove had stopp'd his gentle ears. Waller.

Ver. 5. *Could remain* is feeble; and conveys something of profane doubt, as if the inspiration of poetry would allow it's authenticity to be disputed.

VARIATION.

Ver. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, &c.*] A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. P. *Iliad*, xii. 310. of our author's translation, verse 371: and a parody of inimitable humour.

Why

Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd beaux,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains!
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away; 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint,
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she, who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose? 30
 And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
 fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Ver. 13. *Gay, in the Toilette:*

Nor shall *side-boxes* watch my restless eyes,
 And, as they catch the glance in rows arise
 With humble bows; nor *white-glov'd beaux* encroach
 In crouds behind to guard me to my coach.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd; 35
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 41
 And base and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage, 45
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
 Jove's thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:

Ver. 35. *So spoke the dame*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech,

So spoke—and all the heroes applauded. P. He forgot himself: the verse of Homer is; “He spake: and all were silent.”

Ver. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the first edition goes on to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the poem. P.

Ver. 42. *Æneid.* v. 140.

..... ferit æthera clamor,
 their shouting strikes the skies.

Ver. 45. *So when bold Homer.*] Homer, II. 20. P.

Earth

Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
way, 51

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sponce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sp'rits survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the prefs enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witing perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.

VARIATION.

Ver. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned. P.

Ver. 52. This verse is finely constructed to convey the idea, which it describes; and is an improvement on the original, *Æneid*, viii. 246.

..... trepidentque immisso lumine manes.

And the ghosts tremble at intruding light.

Ver. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the suitors in *Odyss.* perches on a beam of the roof to behold it. P.

Ver. 61. This conceit of a *living death* is very judiciously put into the mouth of a witing: but the first-rate poets sometimes run into these puerile extravagancies and frigid antitheses, which *Longinus* justly censures in his *third* section on the *sublime*. There is however, a passage in the *Samson Agoristes*, where the simplicity and pathos are such as to cast a veil, in my opinion, over this impropriety, and render it invisible: verse 100.

To live a *life half dead*, a *living death*.

What follows exceeds, I think, the bounds of sober composition, and becomes extravagant.

A mournful

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
 Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;

Ver. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing*] The words of a song in the opera of Camilla. P.

Ver. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,

Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor. Ov. Ep. P.

Ver. 66. This is inaccurate: he should have said,

..... and warbles as he dies;

for that sense both the scope of the passage and the simile requires.

Ver. 71. *Now Jove, &c.*] Vid. Homer, Il. 8. and Virg. Æn. 12. P. and Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 1004.

The

The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side:
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
 Her infant-grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd), insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames,—but burn alive.

Restore the lock! she cries; and all around,
Restore the lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.

Ver. 83. *The Gnomes direct*] These two lines added for the above reason. P.

Ver. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck*] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Il. 2. P.

Ver. 94. This complacent pause in the narration, and this grave detail of such trivial particulars, exceedingly heightens the pleantry of the passage; which, according to my judgement, never was exceeded in real humour.

Ver. 104. See canto iv. ver. 96.

Not

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
 The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain : 110
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So Heav'n decrees ! with Heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
 And beaus' in suff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows and deathbed-aims are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
 The courtier's promises and sick men's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes :
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view) : 126
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Ver. 114. *Since all things lost*] Vid. Ariosto, canto 34. P.

Ver. 128. *Flammiferumque trabens spatioso limite crinem*

Stella micat Ovid. P. xv. 849.

And shot behind it a long trail of light.

Wells's Translation.

Not

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light. 130
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd, pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray.

This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take, 135
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

VARIATION.

Ver. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] These two lines added for the same reason, to keep in view the machinery of the poem. P.

Ver. 130. This epithet, *dishevell'd* light, is supremely elegant; applicable alike to the *lock* in question, and to the radiance of a comet's *bair*: as *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, ii. 710. most sublimely:

..... from his horrid *bair*

Shakes pestilence and war.

And *Shakespeare*, *Henry vi.* first part, the beginning, not less nobly:

Comets, importing change of times and states,

Brandish your crystal *tresses* in the sky.

Ver. 131. He had in view, *Ætæd*, v. 525.

Namque volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo,

Signavitque viam flammis, tenuesque necessit

Consumta in ventos, &c.

Ver. 137. *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English. P.

Ver. 140. *Dryden's Ovid*, *Met.* i.

The fall of Cæsar, and in him of *Rome*.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye, 145
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,

Ver. 144. In this ingenious turn he might contemplate the celebrated *epigram* of *Martial* on *Mucius Scaevola*:

Major deceptæ fama est et gloria dextræ:
Si non errâset, fecerat illa minus.

Ver. 147. These parenthetical clauses, thus introduced as corroborations of the argument, with respect to a point not ascertained before, have an effect of peculiar pathos and emotion. Of this description of beauty is that passage of *Virgil*, *Æneid*, ii. 405.

Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina frustra:

Lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.

And this of the *apostle*, 1 Cor. xv. 52. *Εν τῇ ἐσχάτῃ σαλπηγῇ σαλπισι γὰρ*. To which the reader of taste will recollect many similar instances in good authors.

Carew has a beautiful stanza, which may be aptly compared with this passage:

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow.

The

This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

Ver. 150. So *Spenser* very elegantly in his seventy-fifth sonnet:

Not so, quoth I: let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name.

And *Cowley*, in his imitation of *Horace*, Ode iv. 2.

He bids him live and grow in fame;
Among the stars he sticks his name.

ELEGY

To the Memory of

AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.*

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight-
shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd;
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?

5

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a lady desigining to retire into a monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's *letters to several ladies*, lett. 22. vol. 3. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem. P. There is an affectation and ambiguity in this note of the author, which I do not comprehend.

Ver. 1. The opening of this *elegy* is awakening and pathetic in the extreme: the fourth verse in particular breathes with divine enthusiasm in perfect felicity of language; the genuine effusion of strong conception, and of a vivid impression of the solemn imagery, which it exhibits. Both the picture is animated, awful, and sublime. Both the suspense and the discovery are most happily and skilfully conducted.

To

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart?
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
 Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes;
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
 Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres; 20
 Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

Ver. 14. See the note on *the Essay on Criticism*, verse one hundred and fifty-second.

Ver. 16. A most harsh, heavy, and unmusical line.

Ver. 20. This simile is repeated with greater charms of poetry in that treasury of taste, sublimity, and beauty, his *Eloisa*:

Ah! hopeless lasting flames! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful arm.

Ver. 22. A verse abominably flat! *Cowley* has a couplet not unlike this: *Davidis*, i. 80.

Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
 And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.
 Might not our poet have written better thus?

Ignoble slaves of softness, lust, and sleep.

As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
 And sep'rate from their kindred-dregs below;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball, 35
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent herfes shall besiege your gates;
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long fun'ral blacken all the way), 40

Ver. 28. So *Juvenal*, Sat. iv. 2.

..... monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum
 A vitiis.

A monster by no worth from vice redeem'd.

But our author had *Duke's* translation in sight:

Without one virtue to redeem his fame.

Ver. 29. *Dryden*, in *Ovid's* Amor. ii. 19. might have been
 thought to have parodied this passage:

But thou, dull husband of a wife too fair,

Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious ware.

Ver. 33. This line borders, and, perhaps, only borders on
Ovidian puerility.

Ver. 34. This elegant compound, *love-darting*, is also used by
Spenser, *Milton*, and *Gay*.

Lo!

Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (oh ever injur'd shade!)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By

Ver. 42. *Horace, Ode i. 6. 6.*

Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii:

Pelides' heart unknowing how to yield.

As *Dryden, Æneid, xi. 472.*

Ver. 47. This section of the *elegy* is incomparably pathetic, and must not yield in poetical excellence to any effort of genius in the tender strain, that our tongue can boast. I should have liked better,

Sooth'd thy pale ghost

Ver. 51. I dare not pronounce this passage, exquisite as it is, superior to one similar in *Ovid's* matchless *elegy* on the death of *Tibullus*, *Amor. iii. 9. 47.*

Sed tamèn hoc melius, quàm si Phæacia tellus

Ignotum vili supposuisset humo.

Hinc certè madidos fugientis preffit ocellos

Mater, et in cineres ultima dona tulit.

Hinc soror in partem miserà cum matre doloris

Venit, inernatas dilaniata comas.

E'en happier thus, than if a stranger's hand

Had tomb'd inglorious in Phæacian land.

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd ;
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?
 What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ? 60

Thy parent hence those dying eye-lids clos'd ;
 And hence thy dust with honours due repos'd.
 With her thy sister pour'd the plaintive tear ;
 With her, all sorrow ! grac'd thy mournful bier.

Compare *Æneid*, ix. 485. the lamentation of the mother of *Euryalus*. So *Gay* in his *Dione*, act ii. scene 1.

What pious care my ghastful lid shall close ?

What decent hand my frozen limbs compose ?

Ver. 55. This was the term of mourning among the Greeks ; also, see *Eurip.* *Alcest.* 343.

Ver. 59. This passage always appeared to me so excellent, that I amused myself many years ago in turning it into *Latin* verse ; which some readers may possibly not be averse from seeing here.

Quid, si non flentùm circumstat marmor Amorum

Turba, nec ora tibi sculptile fingit opus ?

Nec gemit atratus carmen funebre sacerdos,

Et gremio amplecti terra sacrata fugit ?

At tumulum ornabunt surgentes undique flores ;

At premet haud ullo pondere gleba sinum.

Hic primis gramen lachrymis Aurora rigabit ;

Hic pendent vernæ germina prima rosæ.

The two next lines of the original may give pleasure to a reader of the *Romish church* ; but are insipid to my taste, and a blemish to this charming specimen of tender poetry.

What

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
 The ground now sacred by thy relics made.
 So peaceful rests without a stone a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.

How

Ver. 62. This is an admirable verse. I presume it occurred to Mr. Gray, when he composed those fine lines of the *Bard*, which were afterwards rejected for some still finer:

They hear not: scarce Religion dares supply
 Her mutter'd requiems and her holy dew.

Ver. 63. I am not acquainted with two couplets together in our language, so melodious as this and the following.

Ver. 64. So *Dryden*, Virg. Ecl. x. 51.

How light would lie the turf upon my breast!

And *A. Philips* in his *third pastoral*:

O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest!

The flowery turf lie light upon thy breast!

This thought, so common to the ancients, is expressed by none more happily than by *Euripides*, in his *Alceſtis*:

..... κρησσοί

Χθονὶ πικρὰν προσέειπε, γυναι.

Ver. 66. I should have liked better:

There the first roses of the *spring* shall blow.

For similar passages of exquisite beauty the reader may consult, if he please, my note on verse 116. of *Gray's Elegy*.

Ver. 69. This is not unlike that pathetic reflection in *Æneid*, ii. 557.

..... jacet

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung, 75
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart; 80
 Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
 The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

..... jacet ingens litore truncus,
 Avolsunque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.
 A fever'd head, a trunk of huger size,
 A mangled corse, without a name, he lies.

Ver. 73. Our poet in his admirable translation of the fable
 of *Dryops* :

The face was all that now remain'd of thee.

Ver. 75. So *R. Herrick* in a meditation for his mistress.

You are the queen all flow'rs among,
 But die you must, fair maid! ere long,
 As he, the maker of this song.

Ver. 80. This thought is delivered in strains more melting
 and pathetic even than these, in his *Eloisa* :

'Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
 And e'en my *Abelard* be lov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
To raise the genius and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our

Cato, according to *Cibber's Apology*, was first acted in 1712, so that our poet was not more than twenty-four years old, when he wrote this noble *prologue*.

Ver. 1. *Hallifax*, in his epistle to the *Earl of Dorset*:

Tender the strokes must be, and nicely writ.

Ver. 7. The story, to which our author here alludes, is in *Ælian*, Var. Hist. xiv. 40. and in *Plutarch* more than once, with some variation. The former thus relates the circumstance, "*Alexander*, the tyrant of the *Pheræans*, was esteemed one of the most cruel of mankind. He, however, was so greatly affected by the character of *Aerops* in a tragedy by *Theodorus*, as to burst into tears, and quit the theatre. He apologized afterwards for this conduct to the tragedian; not as originating in any disrespect for his performance, but in a shame for his own
"weakness,

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ; 10
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys ; 20

A brave

" weakness: who could weep at the fictitious sorrows of the
 " theatre, and massacre his own subjects without commiseration."

And the next verse of our poet expresses, with wonderful
 felicity of language, the involuntary surprise of a mind un-
 accustomed to these soft sensations: and the history itself is an
 affecting example both of the predominancy of unrestrained na-
 ture in the mind over habitual depravity, and the rarity of sym-
 pathetic emotions in the Great; whose condition, as *Aristotle*
 remarks, diverts them from pity. *Plutarch* elegantly says: "As
 " gold in the mine gleams through the dirt, with which it is en-
 " crusted; so Nature shews her predominant affections through the
 " integuments of vitiated habit."

Ver. 17. It was a notion of the ancient philosophers, that,
 if *Virtue* could be seen in her real shape, she would excite an
 irresistible love for her charms in the human breast. And a
Roman satirist wishes, as the severest punishment of cruel tyrants,
 that they might see *Virtue*, and pine away with regret at their
 loss. Hence the wisdom of the *christian* dispensation, in exhibit-
 ing the example of *Jesus* in person for the imitation of his disciples.

Ver. 20. This thought was borrowed from the motto pre-
 fixed by *Addison* to *Cato*, from *Seneca*: *Ecce spectaculum dignum,*
 ad

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30

As

ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo Deûs! Ecce par Deo dignum; vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus!

Ver. 21. *Horace* employs this metaphor with great dignity: Epist. i. 2.

.....adversis rerum immerfabilis undis;
 where Mr. *Neville's* imitation is excellent:

And ride secure Misfortune's roughest wave.

Ver. 22. So *Ovid* exactly, Epist. iii. 104.

Qui benè pro patriâ cum patriâque jacent.

Ver. 23. Mr. *Addison* little suspected at that time the future application of this circumstance, in all the bitterness of satire, to himself:

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,

And sit attentive to his own applause.

Ver. 28. *Juvenal*, x. 281. bellorum pompâ: and *Dryden*, in his version of the *fixth Iliad*:

The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war.

Ver. 29. Mr. *Gray*, who was displeased with his first expression, might have corrected himself not unsuccessfully from this excellent line, in his *Ode on Spring*:

How low, how little are the proud!

How impotent the great!

Ver. 30. "In *Cæsar's* triumph all the calamities of the civil wars were exhibited in effigy: and the populace, though overawed, lamented their own miseries; especially when they saw
 " the

As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
 The triumph ceaſ'd; tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great victor paſſ'd unheeded by;
 Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
 And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And ſhow, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honeſt ſcorn the fiſt fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd;
 Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long 41
 On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
 Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
 Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear, 45
 As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

“ the general *Lucius Scipio* running himſelf through the heart with
 “ his ſpear, and tumbling into the ſea; or *Petreus* diſpatching
 “ himſelf in his chamber, or *Cato* tearing himſelf to pieces,
 “ like a wild beaſt.” *Appian*, bell. civ. lib. ii.

Ver. 39. The teſtimonies to this point, of *Cato's* diſparage-
 ment of *Greek* literature, from *Plutarch* and *Pliny*, may be ſeen
 in *Boyle*, under the article *Porcius Cato*.

Ver. 43. *Horace* has; ſapere aude, dare to be wiſe.

Ver. 44. *Rage* is here uſed for “ vigour of genius,” or
 “ generous paſſion;” like the *ορην* of the *Greeks*. Our poet is
 fond of the word in this acceptance. Thus *Waller* before him:

Thus would I further yet engage
 Your gentle muſe to court the age
 With ſomewhat of your proper *rage*.

And *Addiſon*, in his verſes to *Dryden*:

Can neither injuries of time, or age,
 Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy *rage*?

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE*

TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this ! the frail one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day !
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious thus, and cry'd ;
The play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless scull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;
So from a sister-sinner you shall hear,
“ How strangely you expose yourself, my dear ?” 10
But

* This sportive effusion, conceded probably by his independent Muse to the solicitation of a beloved and amiable author, does as much honour to his humorous vein, as the graver exertations to his fine taste, and elegant correctness.

Ver. 10. On this topic the verses of *Lloyd* are truly ludicrous and diverting.

So have you seen with dire affright
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow-chair,
Command the prisoners to appear,

Harangue

But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart ;
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail ;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within ;
 In some close corner of the soul they sin ;
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues, a reserve of vice. 20

The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
 Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners ?
 'Faith, gallants ! board with saints, and bed with
 sinners.

Well, if our author in the wife offends, 25
 He has a husband that will make amends :
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving ;
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse : 30

Harangue an hour on watchmen's praise,

And on the dire effect of frays :

Then cry : " You'll suffer for your daring :

" And, d—n you, you shall pay for swearing."

Ver. 24. This is inconsistent and contradictory : for the context supposes no distinction between *saints* and *sinners*, but the same disposition under a difference only of *external* character. He might have written :

Faith ! board and bed with saints, *the best of sinners*.

Plu—Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife :
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make; 35
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
 Though with the Stoic chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoic husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country—but what's that to you? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the city :
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
 That Edward's misf thus perks it in your face;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 'Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
 Come here in crouds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

Ver. 48. *Dryden, in the Medal :*

And, like white witches, *mischievously good.*

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and ELOISA flourished in the twelfth century. They were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters, (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. P.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns ;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins ?

Why

Ver. 1. The sonorous and solemn exordium of this wonderful work of genius is admirably adapted to awaken the attention of the reader, and to prepossess his mind with an idea of something unusually dignified and awful in the subject. Thus interested and full of expectation, his suspense is increased and his feelings are hurried away in agitation by a continued current of construction, which is not terminated, as usual, with the couplet, but runs forward to the conclusion of the *fourth* line, with all that energy and grandeur, which blank verse only is thought capable of attaining. In short, this introduction is an incomparable specimen of pathetic sentiment and majestic elocution, much recommended by that quick and abrupt manner, which indicates keen sensation and impetuous passion.

Ver. 2. *Heav'nly-pensive* in this application is the happiest compound epithet imaginable. *Milton's* address to *Melancholy* will finely illustrate this passage of our poet :

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and *musing* gait,
And looks *commencing with the skies* ;
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5
 Why feels my heart it's long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—from Abelard it came,
 And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd: 10
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
 O write it not, my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!

And his *Comus*, ver. 375.

..... and Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;
 Where with her best nurse *Contemplation*
 She plumes her feathers.

Ver. 6. *Virgil*, *Æn.* iv. 23.

..... agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ:
 I find the sparkles of my former flame. Dryden.

Ver. 9. He was contemplating a passage, which nothing even
 in this poem can exceed in tenderness: *Æneid*, v. 49.

Jamque dies, nī fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
 Semp̄r honoratum (sic Dī voluistis) habebō.

And again at verse thirty-first:

Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 for thus *Dryden's* version of the lines above:
 And now the rising day renews the year;
 A day for ever sad! for ever dear!

Ver. 12. This seems to be taken from a stanza of *Drayton*,
 inferior to none in our language for true simplicity of expression
 and pathetic sentiment, where he speaks of his departed love:

Clear *Ankor*, on whose silver-sanded shore
 My soul-sbrin'd faint, my fair idea lies.

Ver. 14. The fluctuation of irresolution, the involuntary act,
 the hesitation of repentance without conviction, are here painted
 with a pencil of matchless skill.

In

In vain loft Eloïsa weeps and prays; 15
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :
Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn ! 20
Shrines ! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.*

Ver. 20. This is borrow'd from *Milton's Comus*, ver. 428.

Yea there, where very desolation dwells,

By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades :

which is a bold *Pindaric* application of the word *shag* metaphorically to *shades*.

Horrid thorn. This is the classical signification of the word :
as in *Æn.* ix. 381.

Silva fuit, late dumis atque ilice nigra

Horrida.

Ver. 21. *Milton's Hymn on the Nativity* :

No nightly trance or breathed spell

Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

And *Gay*, *Epist.* iii.

If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep.

Ver. 24. These ideas of *statues* learning to *weep*, and of forgetting herself to *stone*, appear to me unnatural stretches of hyperbolical extravagance. *Ovid* has a similar conceit in his *Ariadne* to *Theſeus* :

Quàmque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipsa fui.

But he followed *Milton* in the *Penseroso* :

Forget thyself to marble ;

And in his sonnet to *Shakespeare* :

Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,

Dost make us *marble* with too much conceiving.

All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever ſad ! for ever dear !

Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too where-e'er my own I find,
 Some dire miſfortune follows cloſe behind.
 Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led through a ſad variety of woe :

Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
 Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom !
 There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Grievs to thy griev's, and echo ſighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away ;
 And is my Abelard leſs kind than they ?
 Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare, 45
 Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r ;

Ver. 36. *Pemfret*, in his *Viſion* :

For ſure that flame is kindled from below,
 Which breeds ſuch ſad variety of woe.

Ver. 37. *Dryden*, *Palamon* and *Arcite* :

Vain men, how vaniſhing a bliſs we crave ;
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in the grave !

Ver. 45. *Ovid*, *Epift.* viii. 61.

Flere licet certè.

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid:
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
Excuse the blush and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name.

Ver. 48. *Denham of Prudence*:

To live and die is all we have to do:

a line which he might think of also at the *Essay on Man*, i. 3.

Ver. 51. In this beautiful and finished encomium, he might probably have *Ovid* in view: *Epist. iv. 5.*

His arcana notis terrâ pelagoque feruntur.....

Dicere quæ pudit, scribere jussit amor.

Or rather a passage to this effect in *Abelard's* works: *Nosque etiâ absentes scriptis internuntiis invicem liceret præsentare; et pleraque audaciùs scribere, quàm colloqui.* "And we had the
"power of making ourselves present to each other by the inter-
"vention of letters, and to write with more freedom than we
"could converse." My author is *Bayle* in the article *Abelard*.

Ver. 56. *Milton* with no less beauty, *Samson Ag. 407.*

I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart.

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind, 61
 Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind: 62
 Those smiling eyes attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung,
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue. 66
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
 Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man: 70

Ver. 62. Nothing can exceed the dignity and elegance of this couplet. So *Dryden* in his *twelfth elegy*:

So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
 Had been an emanation of the soul.

Ver. 63. This and the next line are a fine specimen of what *Petronius* ascribes to *Horace*, a curious felicity of expression. That glorious effort, ATTEMP'RING ev'ry ray, somewhat resembles *Statius*, *Silv.* iv. 2. 41.

Tranquillum vultus, et majestate serenâ
 Mulcentem radios.

Ver. 65. She says herself: Duo, fateor, tibi specialiter inerant, quibus sceminarum quarumlibet animos statim allicere poterat; dictandi et cantandi gratia. "You had, I confess, two qualities "in great perfection, with which you could instantly captivate "the heart of any woman; a graceful manner of reading and "singing." She mentions in another place also the excellence of his singing.

Ver. 66. *And truths divine, &c.*] He was her preceptor in philosophy and divinity. P. *Dryden*, *Epist.* 14.

The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.

Ver. 69. A refined and retired sentiment, expressed with uncommon dexterity and clearness. "I hastily relapsed from spiritual contemplation to sensual thought."

Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Ver. 73. This topic is urged by our enamoured heroine with peculiar earnestness: which, they who have not the works, may see in *Bayle* under the article *Heloisa*.

Ver. 74. *Dryden's* translation of *Ovid*, Met. x.

Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but those which love ordains.

Ver. 75. Love will not be confin'd by masterie:

When masterie comes, the Lord of love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.

Chaucer. P.

So *Butler*, iii. l. 554.

Love, that's too generous to abide
'To be against its nature ty'd;
For, where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debar'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away.

And again in his *epistle* to the lady:

For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?

Waller to *Phyllis*:

Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings and will away.

Let

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove;
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
 The jealous God, when we profane his fires, 81
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love;
 If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90
 Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature, law:
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast: 94
 Ev'n thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
 Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
 Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.

Ver. 88. These are her own words, more delicately exhibited.
 See Bayle.

I can

I can no more, by shame, by rage suppress; 105
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil, 111
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe,
Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be prest;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;

Ver. 112. *Prior*, in *Henry* and *Emma*, has a verse of similar pauses and similar phraseology:

Thy lips all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale.

Ver. 119. The case of *Eve*, *Par. Lost*, viii. 56. in reverse:

..... from his lip

Not words alone pleas'd her.

As in another circumstance also, *Par. Lost*, viii. 504.

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd.

Full

Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requested Heav'n:

Ver. 130. This form of expression, which is purely *oriental* and frequently occurs in the *Hebrew* scriptures, especially the poetical parts, succeeds to admiration in the present instance. There cannot be imagined a more delightful verse than this. And it would be unpardonable not to remark, that the whole of this description through *forty* lines is most exquisitely beautiful.

Ver. 132. For the situation and scenery of the *convent*, in illustration of this passage, see *Bayle* in the word *Paraclete*.

Ver. 133. *You rais'd these hallow'd walls;*] He founded the monastery. P.

Ver. 134. The original of this pleasing image is in the sublime *Isaiah*, li. 3.

He will make her wilderness like Eden,
And her desert like the garden of Jehovah.

Whence *Milton* derived it, Par. Reg. i. 7.

And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

So *Dryden* says of *Absalom*:

And Paradise was open'd in his face.

Ver. 136. The splendour and majesty of diction in this verse cannot be too much admired.

But

But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140
 In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears;
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150
 But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!

Ah

Ver. 142. Is not there a small impropriety in the epithet *moss-grown*, on account of the recent erection of the building?

Ver. 144. A fine and favourable view of a *Gothic* edifice. Mr. Gray, whose object then was to disparage and to burlesque, gives this circumstance another turn in his *Long Story*:

Rich windows, that exclude the light.

Our author imitates *Milton*, as Bishop *Newton* also observes:

And storied windows richly dight,

Casting a dim religious light.

Ver. 145. This couplet is enchanting indeed, and beyond all praise: dictated by the true enthusiasm of mystical devotion.

Yet he should have written, *thine* eyes.

Dryden had said of his *Good Parson*:

His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,

And charity itself was in his face.

Ver. 152. Prior in *Henry* and *Emma*:

My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend

On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend.

As

Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love !
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind ;
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills ;
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ; 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black

As *Briseis* in *Ovid* says affectingly of *Achilles* :

Tu dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eras :
 from *Iliad*, vi. 429.

Ἐλπορ, ἀταρ σὺ μοι εἶσι πατήρ καὶ ποτνια μήτηρ,
 Ἡδὲ κασιγνήτης· σὺ δὲ μοι θάλαρ παρακοιτης.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see

My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee. Pope.

Ver. 155. The soothing pensive melancholy of this and the three next couplets breathe a spirit of unspeakable complacency on the mind. This is poetry ; or poetry does not exist.

Ver. 158. *Philips* in his *fourth pastoral* :

Nor dropping waters, which from rocks distil,
 And welly grotts with tinkling echoes fill.

As the next line resembles verse one hundred and twenty-ninth of the *Penseroso* :

When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves.

Ver. 160. *Parnell's Vigil of Venus* :

From waters curling with the wanton gales.

Ver. 163. The richness and grandeur of this passage rise to the utmost heights of which the descriptive powers of poetical language

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

language are capable: and the image of *Melancholy* may contend with the sublimest efforts of *epic* genius in any age or nation.

Our poet in this verse follows *Milton, Hymn on the Nativity*:

The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn:
 and the *Penseroso*:

To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak.

Ver. 166. *Waller's* version of *Æneid* iv.

A death-like quiet, and deep silence fell.

And *Dryden, Ovid's Met.* x.

But safe repose without an air of breath
 Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

Ver. 170. *Dryden's Wife of Bath*:

Lonely the vale, and full of horror flood,
 Brown with the shade of a religious wood:

And in his *Hind and Panther*:

I saw myself the lambent easy light
 Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night.

Ver. 176. The composition of this line does not appear deserving of the censure, which some have fixed on it. It delivers it's meaning clearly and without restraint. No majesty was required.

Ah

Ah wretch ! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me, Heav'n ! but whence arose that pray'r ?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair ? 180
 Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new :
 Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence ;
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget ! 190
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence ?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love ?

Ver. 183. This slovenly rhyme, so common in *English* poetry, should not have found acceptance with the taste and correctness of our poet.

Ver. 191. He seems to glance at several lines of *Dryden* in this passage, *Palamon and Arcite* :

For while my former flames remain within,
 Repentance is but want of pow'r to sin.

Cymon and Iphigenia :

Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
 She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence.

The *Hind* and the *Panther* :

How can I praise or blame, and not offend ?
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend ?

Unequal

Unequal task ! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state;
 How often must it love, how often hate !
 How often hope, despair, relent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain, — do all things but forget ! 200
 But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue;
 Renounce my love, my life, myself — and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot ?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind !
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ; 210
 Labour and rest that equal periods keep ;
 " Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;"
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n ;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n.

Ver. 208. *Horace*, Epist. i. 11. 9.

Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis :

My friends forgetting, by my friends forgot.

And this description of the *Vestal* is graceful and delicious ; soothing sentiment in the richest embellishments of poetry ! There is no picture of more delicate touches, or more highly finished, in all the works of our elaborate and elegant artist.

Ver. 212. *Obedient slumbers*] Taken from Crashaw. P.

Grace shines around her with sereneſt beams, 215
 And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes :
 For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins hymenæals ſing ; 220
 To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
 And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ ;
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy :
 When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day, 225
 Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
 Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
 O curs'd, dear horrors of all-conſcious night !
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight ! 230
 Provoking dæmons all reſtraint remove,
 And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.

Ver. 216. An enchanting line ; much indebted, as indeed the whole poem is much indebted, to the myſticifms of the *Romifh* faith. *Cowley* ſays of the ſons of the prophets, *David*. i. 875.

And, when the down of ſleep does ſoftly fall,
 Their dreams are heav'nly then, and myſtical.

Ver. 230. *Stepney*, on *the Nature of Dreams* :
 Unguarded then ſhe melts, acts *ſierce delight*,
 And curſes the returns of envious light.

Ver. 234. This is taken from her own account of herſelf :
Nec etiam dormienti ſuis illuſionibus parant.

I wake :

I wake :— no more I hear, no more I view, 235
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
 I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise ! 240
 Alas, no more ! methinks we wand'ring go
 Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's wo,
 Where

Ver. 240. *Roscommon, the Dream :*

Once more present the vision to my view ;
 The sweet *illusion*, gentle Fate, renew.
 How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I,
 Shew me, blest God of sleep ; and let me die.

Ver. 241. This is a noble flight of imagination, and as natural as it is sublime. But I am inclined to think, that the following capital passage of the *Æneid*, iv. 465. might probably suggest the rudiments of the conception.

..... Agit ipse furentem
 In seminis ferus Æneas : semperque relinqui
 Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
 Ire viam, et Tyrios desertâ quærere terrâ.

What can be more awful and affecting ? what more happily imagined in all it's circumstances ?

Now stern Æneas, her eternal theme,
 Haunts her distracted soul in every dream.
 In slumber now she seems to travel on
 Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone :
 She treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
 And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain. Pitt.

The wild imagination of *Dryden*, in his *Annus Mirabilis*, stanza seventy-first, must not yield either to *Pope* or *Virgil* in this species of terrible sublimity.

Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; 245
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.

I shriek

In dreams they fearful precipices tread;
 Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore;
 Or in dark churches walk among the dead:
 They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

Thomson, a noble writer, and an honour to *British* genius, has, in my judgement, weakened a similar representation by too much extension in a detailed enumeration of circumstances: *Spring*, ver. 1060. Let the reader determine.

Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Through forests huge and long untravell'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore; where, succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores;
 But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

If the powers of the poet should carry us without satiety through such continuity of description, yet the effect is impaired by the gradual recovery of the mind from the alarm of the first impression, and by it's reconciliation to the horrors of the subject.

Swift, in *Corinna's* dream, had in view the same passage of *Virgil* quoted above:

Or to Jamaica seems transported;
 Alone, and by no planter courted.

Silius Italicus, in his enumeration of the prodigies, that preceded the battle of *Cannæ*, has finely imagined a terrific circumstance of the same complexion, grounded on the horror, which
 the

I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain. 250
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves:
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves. 260

the Gauls had inspired in the Romans from the battle at *Allia* and the burning of their city: lib. viii. 643.

Ludificante etiã terroris imagine somnos,

Gallorum visi bustis erumpere manes.

In nightly visions to their frighted eyes

Grim-visag'd Gauls from bursting tombs arise.

Ver. 249. The calmness of this paragraph is happily contrived to sooth the feelings after the tumult and alarm of the preceding description. And this sedate effort of our illustrious bard is not inferior to the most animated exertion of his genius.

Ver. 251. He should have written:

Thy life *one* long dead calm of fix'd repose.

The monosyllables have an admirable effect in lengthening out the verse in conformity to the conception.

Ver. 254. *Dryden's Ovid, Met. i.*

Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,

And bade the congregated waters flow.

Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where-e'er I turn my view ?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue ;
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me ;
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,

One

Ver. 262. Our poet is indebted to *Butler*, *Hud.* ii. 1. 309.
for some ornament to this beautiful couplet :

Love in your heart as idly burns.

As fire in antique Roman urns

To warm the dead, and vainly light

Those only that see nothing by't.

" For the *interment* of a frail *vestal*," says *Plutarch* in his *Numa* ;
" a subterraneous mansion is prepared, with a descent by steps :
" and in this is placed a couch spread over, with a few provisions,
" and a lamp burning."

And he mentions the same circumstance again in his *Roman Questions*.

Ver. 264. The seeds of this passage are in *Heloise's Letters* :
but with what a masterly hand has our artist managed his materials !
Into how sumptuous and elegant a tissue has he wrought them !
The poet and philosopher are equally conspicuous in this sublime exhibition of associated images.

Ver. 271. *Spenser's Colin Clout* :

Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincense,

Which from a golden censer forth doth rise ;

And, throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence

In rolling globes upon to the vaulted skies.

Milton,

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye ;
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul : 280
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heav'n ; dispute my heart :
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows and those tears ;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs ; 286
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest'd abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll ! 290
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu ! 296

O Grace

Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 599.

..... of incense clouds

Fuming from golden censers hid the mount.

Ver. 289. These transitions and fluctuations of passion are conducted with wonderful address : and a more just representation of nature, in singular and arduous circumstances, is not to be produced from the multitudinous mass of human compositions.

Ver. 295. After working up her resolution to the utmost pitch

O Grace serene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
 And Faith, our early immortality! 300
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest:
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
 See in her cell, sad Eloïsa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.

In

by a forced exertion of her mind; how suddenly she recoils, as if exhausted by the effort; and is again hurried in a contrary direction by the violence of the predominant idea!

Ver. 297. This combination, *heavenly-fair*, is found also in *Congreve* and *Tickell*. These six lines are incomparably excellent.

Ver. 298. *Comus*, ver. 6.

Which men call earth, and with *low-thoughted care*
 Confin'd

How tranquil and soothing is this passage!

Ver. 303. Every honour of poetry must be heaped on our author for the grand and animated exhibition, which this verse introduces, except the praise of *originality*; and this, I fear, cannot be conceded him. He owes much throughout this poem to the character of *Dido*, as drawn by *Virgil*; and this sublime passage in particular seems directly formed upon one in the *fourth Æneid*, ver. 457.

Præterea, fuit in testis de marmore templum
 Conjugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
 Velleribus niveis et festâ fronde revinctum:
 Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
 Visa viri, nox quàm terras obscura teneret.

A marble temple stood within the grove,
 Sacred to death and to her murder'd love;
 That honour'd chapel she had hung around
 With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:

Of,

In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls, 305
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound :
 " Come, sister, come ! " (it said, or seem'd to say)
 " Thy place is here, sad sister, come away ! 310

Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
 Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb :
 She thought she heard him summon her away,
 Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay. Dryden.

Ver. 306. He might have in view a passage of *Dryden's*
Palamon and Arcite, much inferior in delicacy and beauty :

Pray'rs that e'en spoke, and Pity seem'd to call ;
 And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall.

Ver. 309. So in the hymn of the *Dying Christian* :

Methinks they whisper : Angels say,
 " Sister spirit ! come away."

But in this part our poet's imitation of the passage in *Ovid*,
 similar to the above from *Virgil*, is still more palpable : *Epist.*
wi. 109. and let me observe in passing, that this epistle of *Dido*
 to *Aeneas* is one of the first of poetical performances : nor is it
 improbable, that *Ovid* was animated to unusual exertion from
 emulation of his illustrious predecessor.

Est mihi marmoreâ sacratus in æde Sichæus :

Appositæ frondes velleraque alba tegunt.

Hinc ego me sensi noto quater ore citari :

Ipse sono tenui dixit, " Elissa, veni ! "

Nulia mora est ; venio : venio, tibi debita conjux,

My husband's marble statue decks the dome,

Where boughs and fleeces shade his hallow'd tomb :

Hence his known accents summon'd me away :

" Elissa, come ! " the whisper seem'd to say.

I come without delay : I come ; for mine

Art thou, and I henceforth am only thine !

" Once

" Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 " Love's victim then, though now a fainted maid :
 " But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
 " Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep ;
 " Ev'n Superstition loses ev'ry fear : 315
 " For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow ; 320
 Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day ;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand ;
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see !
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !

Ver. 316. A noble satire on the impiety of priestcraft, presuming to *absolve from sin* in Protestant as well as *Romish* churches.

Ver. 321. *Æneid*, vi. 223. *Triste ministerium !*

Dryden, *Æn.* xi. 322.

Perform *the last sad office* to the slain.

Ver. 323. This exquisite couplet is plainly imitated from Oldham's translation of *Bion* on the death of *Adonis* :

Kifs, while I watch thy swimming eye-balls roll,
 Watch thy last gasp, and catch thy springing soul.

Till

Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O death all eloquent! you only prove 335
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine, 341
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350

Ver. 338. *Faerie Queene*, i. 4. 45.

Cause of my new griefe, cause of new joy.

Ver. 341. He frequently uses the word *glory* in the scriptural sense of *brightness*. Cowley on *Isaiah xxxiv*.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,
 And from it streams a dismal ray.

Ver. 343. *May one kind grave, &c.*] Abelard and Eloïsa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monastery of the Paraclete. He died in the year 1142, she in 1163. P.

When he died, being a monk of *Clugni*, she requested his body of the abbot; and, having obtained it, she interred it in the *Paraclete*, and desired that she might be buried in the same tomb. Bayle.

Then

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 "Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"
 From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene, if some relenting eye 355
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And sure, if Fate some future bard shall join,
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost; 365
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

Ver. 354. *Gray* seems to have profited by this passage, in his *Elegy*:

Where through the long-drawn-aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Ver. 358. Nothing can exceed the happiness of this epithet *human* in this place.; thus applied to those, who, though rapt in *heavenly* contemplations, were diverted by such an affecting circumstance to the sympathetic emotions of *humanity*.

MISCELLANIES.

EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

EPISTLE I.

TO MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.*

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own fad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, 5
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:

* This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State, but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works: at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720. P.

There is in this little piece a most happy mixture of elegant description, splendid imagery, unaffected pleasantry, and sublime sentiment. We feel at once our fancy amused, our taste gratified, and our reflections improved.

Huge

Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
 Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they! 10
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

Perhaps,

Ver. 7. By the multitude of *ships* and immensity of *waters*, employed in their *theatrical* exhibitions.

Ver. 9. This, in my opinion, is to be *classically* understood, as proceeding upon *heathen* principles; as if the *Gods*, to whose divinity these temples were dedicated, admired such vast efforts of labour and ingenuity in their *creatures*. Congenial to this idea is that passage in the *Essay on Man*, ii. 31. which is carried to the very verge of propriety, without passing into a levity unsuitable to the subject:

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape;
 And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Ver. 12. *religious rage*. A laudable reproof of that barbarous fanaticism, not yet, I fear, extinguished in the world, but still vigorous in the groveling soul of vulgar superstition, which could endure, I doubt not, to exert it's fury against *religious edifices*; some of the noblest monuments of human ingenuity upon earth, and which every lover of elegance, whatever his *creed*, would think it even sacrilege to profane.

Ver. 14. *Papal piety*. This branch of levelling principle, wearied at length with the violence of it's own rude efforts, took a happier direction; as our poet informs us in the *Dunciad*, iii. 107. with his customary excellence:

See

Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
 Some buried marble half preserves a name;
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: She found it vain to trust
 The faithless column and the crumbling bust: 20
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
 shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.

See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods;
 'Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn:
 See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd.

Ver. 18. This verse is incomparably beautiful: insinuating both the laudable partiality in mankind to aggrandise so good a man as *Titus* even to the injury of his father, and the prevalent disposition in favour of the *young* before *antiquated* merit; according to that animated apostrophe of *Gray*, conveyed in such a pleasing image:

“The swarm, that in thy noon-tide were born?”

“Gone to salute the rising morn.”

Ver. 22. “The wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it *no more* :” says the *Psalmist*, ciii. 16. in a stile of superior elevation, with perfect simplicity.

Ver. 25. The description of this and the five following lines in particular is admirable indeed: that image of *Judea*, *weeping* beneath her *palm*, was selected with exquisite judgement, and exhibits a most pathetic and interesting picture.

Now

Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
 A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
 In one short view subjected to our eye,
 Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore, 35
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40

Poor

Ver. 36. This foppery of taste is of great antiquity. So
Juvenal, xiii. 148.

Pocula adorandæ rubiginis

The massy cups of *rust* adorable.

Ver. 38. A most ingenious and ludicrous mode of exaggeration, still more happily employed in the *Prologue* to the *Satires*, ver. 374.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?

THREE THOUSAND SUNS went down on *Walsted's* lye.

This source of humour could not escape the sagacious and excursive eye of *Butler*: *Hudibras*, ii. 1. 63.

Of men, that walk'd when they were dead;

And cows of monsters brought to-bed:

Of hail-stones, big as pullet's eggs,

And puppies whelp'd with TWICE TWO LEGS.

Ver. 39. At a view of a collection of coins belonging to *Lord Pembroke*, when *Sir Andrew Fountain* and several others were present; a *six-pence* of *Oliver Cromwell's*, which is exceedingly rare,

Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scout'd;
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the vanity, the learning thine;
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine.
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The Verse and Sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars inroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?

Here,

was exhibited among other curiosities. When the cabinet was on the point of being shut, this coin was missing. The company all affected extreme astonishment, and consented to a search; but no discovery was made. In the course of a year or two, a *six-pence* of *Oliver's* appeared in the cabinet of *Sir Andrew Fountain*. It was concluded, that the ambition of possessing an *unique*, as he mistakenly concluded, had induced the *Knight* to commit this precious charge to the temporary custody of his stomach and bowels, which delivered up their trust at the summons of a gentle cathartic; too gentle, however, to purge also his *reputation*.

Ver. 44. He finely ridicules a parallel excess of female attachment in his *Moral Essays*, ii. 167.

She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest.

Ver. 56. There is a pregnancy of expression in this line; characteristic of our author: for no poet ever concentrated so much

Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
 There warriors frowning in historic brass;
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60
 Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 Then shall thy CRAGGS, (and let me call him mine),
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
 With aspect open shall erect his head, 65
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read;
 "Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 "In action faithful, and in honour clear;
 "Who

sense in the same compass of words; as *Swift* somewhere truly testifies in the most honourable manner. *Vanquished realms* are not only recorded on gold, but furnish the gold, which records their subjugation.

Ver. 57. *honest face*. The colloquial familiarity of this phrase unfits it for dignified poetry. *Dryden* was still more unhappy in his version of the following line in *Virgil*:

Et quocunque deus circum caput egit *honestum*:

On whate'er side he turns his *honest face*.

Ver. 58. So Mr. *Addison* himself in his *Letter from Italy*, but in a style sufficiently languid and prosaic:

Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,

And emperors in Parian marble frown.

Ver. 61. A most elegant compliment to this illustrious writer in a couplet of supreme excellence. No man more forward to commend contemporary worth than our author.

Ver. 67. *Statesman, yet friend to truth, &c.*] It should be remembered, that this poem was written to be printed before Mr. *Addison's Discourse on Medals*, in which there is the following censure of long legends upon coins. "The first fault I find with

"a modern

" Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 " Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend; 79
 " Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 " And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

" a modern legend is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes the
 " whole side of a medal over-run with it. One would fancy the
 " author had a design of being Ciceronian—but it is not only
 " the tediousness of these inscriptions that I find fault with; sup-
 " posing them of a moderate length, why must they be in verse?
 " We should be surpris'd to see the title of a serious book in
 " rhyme."—*Dial.* iii. P.

Ver. 67. So little is this property of *truth* in veneration with the
 description of men here specified, that a *political* *lye* is now ranked
 even among their *virtues*, and is in reality, generally speaking,
 the least of their innumerable *vices*.

Ver. 68. Dryden's translation of *Perfius*, Sat. li. 3.

White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear.

Ver. 72. *And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.*] It was
 not likely that men acting in so different spheres as were those of
 Mr. Craggs and Mr. Pope, should have their friendship disturbed
 by envy. We must suppose then that some circumstances in the
 friendship of Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison are hinted at in this
 place. See vol. ii. p. 111. in the notes. P.

EPISTLE. II.

TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL

MORTIMER.*

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung.
 Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
 Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
 Bless'd in each science, bless'd in ev'ry strain!
 Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear—in vain!

For

* This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parrnell's poems published by our author, after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721. P.

This epistle is, in my opinion, a first rate composition; not inferior to the best pieces of our author. It reflects equal honour on the poet, the patron, and the panegyrist. Genius is never occupied with greater credit to herself, than when she is celebrating congenial accomplishments. The too common antipathy of *bard to bard*, as ancient as the days of *Hesiod*, contributes to recommend the generosity and magnanimity of such a conduct.

Ver. 3. This is an imitation of a passage in *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 870.

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, nec ultra

Esse finent:

which

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
 For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,
 The sober follies of the wise and great;
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning, croud to quit,
 And pleas'd to scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear);
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days;
 Still hear thy Parcell in his living lays,

which I will present to the *English* reader in Dryden's most exquisite translation:

This youth, the blissful vision of a day,
 Shall just on earth be shewn, and snatch'd away.

Pope, however, offends against grammatical propriety, as in many similar instances unnoticed, by writing *beheld* for *beholden*, which is the regular participle of the verb *behold*.

Ver. 7. *Attend* is not a well-chosen word for the occasion. The thought is in *Horace*, Epist. ii. 1. 4.

Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.

Ver. 10. There seems to my judgement an incongruity in this association of characters. Should he not have written,

The sober follies of the proud and great?
 no otherwise distinguishable from the freaks of Bedlamites, than as acted by men not literally frantic.

Ver. 14. So in those enchanting lines of Homer; Od. A. 197.

Τὸτο νῦν καὶ γὰρ αἶψα οἷόν τι μοι φησὶν ἄνθρωπος·
 Κρίσσειν τε μοῖραν, βάσειν' αὖτο δάμνηναι.

What more alas! can love, to deck the bier,
 Than hear a lock, and drop a tender tear?

Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20

And sure, if ought below the seats divine
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
 The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death. 25

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade;

'Tis

Ver. 18. A compliment as finely turned, as it is dextrously introduced; and pregnant with morality and pathos. I deem it scarcely inferior to that happy effort of his pen in celebration of another illustrious public character; which, with the exception of one languid and undignified expression, is a specimen of true sublimity:

Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
 More silent far! where kings and poets lie;
 Where Murray, *long enough* his country's pride,
 Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!

Ver. 26. A vigorous line, in which the alliteration has an excellent effect. The common expression, "the fear of death," would have been far less nervous and emphatical. And our poet frequently employs the term *lust*, to denote the *vicious excess* of any passion, with peculiar force and felicity. So, for example, in his *Temple of Fame*:

Drive from my breast that wretched *lust* of praise!

Ver. 28. It is amusing to compare the serene majesty of this sentiment on the present occasion with the sarcastic humour of the same sentiment in another place; and to admire those powers of intellect,

'Tis hers the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
 When Int'rest calls of all her sneaking train,
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays, 35
 (No hireling she! no prostitute to praise!)
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day;

intellect, which could dignify or disparage with equal facility
 and success.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide;
 By land, by water, they renew the charge;
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.

Prologue to the Satires.

How lively the thoughts, how appropriate the diction of this
 passage! And the reader must excuse my zeal for a favourite
 author, if I solicit his attention to the superlative merits of this
 conclusion to the little poem before us, to which no commen-
 dation can do justice.

Ver. 36. So Mr. Gray in a similar strain, and with equal
 beauty, in his *Ode on the Installation*:

Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band;
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, She
 No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings.

Ver. 38. *Various day*. A similar epithet is used by Dr. Jortin
 in his excellent *Ode on Time*.

Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40

Obscura cœco facula silentio,
Diesque plumis verficoloribus,
Annique, volventesque menses,
Fulmineum comitantur axem.

Ages, that glide their silent way;
Th' unequal month, the rolling year,
In variegated plumes the day,
All, all attend thy thundering car.

EPISTLE III.*

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE.†

A SOUL as full of worth, as void of pride,
 Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
 Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
 A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
 That darts severe upon a rising lie,
 And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.

5 }

All

* *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, after a long sojourn amidst the baleful streams, the mournful plains, and all the horrors of gloomy *Tartarus*, is at last refreshed by the luminous æther and verdant meads of the mansions of the blessed. The reverse of this process must now be experienced by the reader of Mr. *Pope*. For the incomparable beauties of the preceding *epistle*, he must exchange, by no *sweet transition*, the meanness of the present; which appears, to my taste, wholly destitute of that elegance of thought and gracefulness of language, so eminently characteristic of our author. Had this *epistle* been anonymous, *Pope* is the last poet in the world, to whom I should have ascribed a production, unworthy even of a *Grub-Street* bard.

† In the year 1720. P.

Ver. 5. Thus *Gray*, in strains worthy of his own genius and the munificence of the *Duke of Grafton*:

Thy

All this thou wert; and being this before,
 Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways, 10
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a Minister, but still a man,
 But not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me: 15
 The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

Thy liberal heart, thy *judging eye*,
 The flower unheeded shall descry;
 And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
 The fragrance of it's blushing head.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.*

TO MR. JERVAS,

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESENOX'S
ART OF PAINTING,

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line:

* This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717. P.

Ver. 2. *venal*. "His effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. He never exchanged praise for money." Dr. Johnson, of our poet. And of his gratitude, his warm and incessant praise of Dryden furnishes of itself abundant testimony.

Ver. 4. The terms *awakes* and *dawns* are ill associated, and tempt a *parody*, to preserve the consistency of the figure:

Where life *awakes*, and *yawns* at every line.

The next couplet is better, though injured by the imperfect rhymes *mask* and *face*. Gray, in his *Stanzas to Mr. Bentley*, has more successfully adorned the same ideas:

See, in their course each transitory thought,

Fix'd by his touch, a lasting essence take:

Each dream, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought;

To local symmetry and life awake.

Or

MISCELLANIES.

Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
 And from the canvass call the mimic face:
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
 Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
 And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name; 10
 Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
 And each from each contract new strength and light.
 How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away?
 How oft our slowly growing works impart,
 While images reflect from art to art? 20
 How oft review: each finding like a friend
 Something to blame, and something to commend?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!

Ver. 18. A verse of inimitable beauty! So *Virgil*, *Ecl. ix.* 51.

..... sapè ego longos

Cantando puerum memini me condere soles.

I could have once sung down a summer's sun. Dryden.

And, more exactly to our author, *Perfius*, v. 41.

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles.

Ver. 23. This division of the poem is extremely fine, and in his best manner. The twenty-sixth verse, with a small variation, once occupied a station in the *Essay on Criticism*, ver. 226.

Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy.

Together

Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
 Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 With thee, on Raphael's monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
 With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade: 30
 While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome anew,
 Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
 And fading Fresco here demands a sigh:
 Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare, 35
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
 Caracci's strength, Coreggio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polish'd gem, the work of years! *
 Yet still how faint by precept is express'd 41
 The living image in the painter's breast?
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;

Ver. 28. A most elegant allusion to a practice of the *beaten prophets*; mentioned by *Virgil*, *Æn.* vii. 88.

Ver. 30. We have already seen him adorn these ideas, with even a sublimer and more delicate strain of poesy, (which we should scarcely have conceived) in his *Windsor Forest*, ver. 265.

I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove;

I hear soft music die along the grove:

Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade

By god-like poets venerable made.

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his Poem. P.

Thence

Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies, 45
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage; 55
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worley's eyes; 60
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Ver. 47. *Warburton* observes, that "the following verses would have made the finest epitaph in the world:" and, in my own opinion, the world cannot exhibit a specimen of poetry, more warmly glowing, or more tenderly pathetic. The *second* verse especially is inspiration itself; and melts the soul into a silent rapture of inexpressible delight:

"Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead!"

Ver. 62. As I noticed on a former occasion, so on this I may observe, that our poet has touched, with a hand no less masterly, the ludicrous side of the same ideas. Thus in his *Moral Essays*:

That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.

And

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
 New graces yearly like thy works display,
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
 And finish'd more through happiness than pains.
 The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
 Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;

And in his *Dunciad*:

In every loom our labours shall be seen;

And the *fresh vomit* run for ever green.

Ver. 63. This conclusion is highly finished; equally distinguishable for the graces of poetry and accurate felicity of expression.

Ver. 68. *more through happiness than pains.* So, as *Sextus Empyricus* tells the story (*Pyrrh. hyp. i. 12.*) when *Apelles* was painting a horse, and wisht to represent the *foam*; after many repeated trials, the execution fell so far short of his idea, that, in a fit of vexation and despair, he threw the sponge, with which he wiped his palette, at the picture; and this happened to strike so fortunately, as to dash out a most accurate imitation of *foam* from the horse's mouth.

In conformity to the same sentiment our poet delivers himself in his *Essay on Criticism*, ver. 141. with respect to *music* and *poetry*, in remarks alike applicable to *painting*:

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare;

For there's a *happiness* as well as care.

Music resembles poetry; in each

Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,

And which a master hand alone can reach.

}

Yet

Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
 And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
 Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

Ver. 75. *Cicero*, in the beginning of his *second* book concerning *Invention*, relates all the circumstances of this famous picture by *Zeuxis* with great minuteness: to whose narrative I refer the reader.

Ver. 76. It is plain, that our poet was not unmindful of the noble author here celebrated; as the passage before us is a clear imitation of the conclusion of Lord *Lansdowne's* Poem on the *Progress of Beauty*:

O! Kneller, like thy pictures were my song,
 Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil strong;
 These matchless beauties should recorded be,
 Immortal in my verse, as in thy gallery.

EPISTLE V.

TO MISS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
 And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
 His easy art may happy Nature seem,
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
 His

Ver. 3. Because the perfection of *Art* is merely a faithful delineation of *Nature* developed: as he says in his *Essay*, ver. 88.

Those rules of old *discover'd*, not *devis'd*,
 Are *Nature* still, but *Nature methodis'd*.

Ver. 5. This couplet is nerveless and inharmonious.

Ver. 8. The qualities here commended are in themselves of great excellence, and derive more value from the rarity of their occurrence. *Wit*, having a residence in superior understandings, is but too prone to manifest it's superiority by *satire*, which consists in the *disparagement* of others; in aggravating their defects, and extenuating their virtues: and that seclusion from society, which is inseparable from the life of a student, has not

Y

only

His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share;
 His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair. 10
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
 Till Fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
 Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
 And the gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before;
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

only a tendency to inspire a persuasion of intellectual pre-eminence, which leads us to undervalue the endowments and pursuits of others, and thus destroys that attentive condescension, and compliance to their humours and dispositions, in which *true politeness* consists; but also debars us from that indiscriminate communication with mankind, and those amicable collisions of social intercourse, which gradually wear away the asperities of temper and the protuberances of selfish affection; whence originate the chief obstacles to the coalescencies and correspondencies of good breeding.

Ver. 9. The expletive *did* is a considerable blemish^o to this verse, placed as it is next to the *verb.* Not so in verse fifteenth.

Ver. 12. The *morality* of this line should not pass without reprehension. Surely it is no trivial offence to represent the *life* of man, which is the prelude to an eternity of being, an eternity essentially influenced in it's happiness by this previous existence, as a *trifle*; and it is an additional offence to speak with applause of *playing away* this trifle.

Ver. 19. The rhymes of this couplet are wretchedly defective, and the conceit contemptibly puerile: nor have I much commendation in store for the following paragraph.

Let

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious comedy;
 In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
 Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
 And more diverting still than regular;
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
 Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
 Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please;
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to Womankind;
 Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
 By Nature, yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35
 Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
 Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
 But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
 Well might you wish for change, by those accurs'd,
 But the last tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
 Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains:

Ver. 33. It is an ingenious and lively thought, to represent *Custom*, which produces gradually an insensibility to the particularities of manner, as *blind with age*. The next verse is miserably lame and insipid.

Ver. 41. There are a few good lines between this, and the conclusion of the next paragraph; save that *her outward part* in verse fifty-fifth is an inelegant and mean expression: and indeed the general tenour of them falls below the customary correctness and illumination of our author.

Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
 The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
 Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45
 For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
 Nor let false shews, nor empty titles please:
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.
 The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares, 50
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
 And, to complete her bliss, a Fool for mate.
 She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
 Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
 She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart. 56
 But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms;
 Those, age or sickness soon or late disarms: 60

Ver. 53. This is elegant, but infinitely exceeded by a similar passage in his *second Moral Essay*, ver. 251.

That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
 Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.

Ver. 59. The *moral* and *sentiment* of this and the *three* next verses are equally just and important, and excellently delivered. To the same purport in *the Rape of the Lock*, v. 31. he enforces this maxim with much vivacity of humour:

And trust me, dear! *Good-humour* can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fall.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the fight, but merit wins the soul.

Good

Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay;
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
 As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn, 65
 A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn:
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's* early care still shone the same,
 And Monthausier was only chang'd in name: 70
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm;
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flame still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
 Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
 And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you. 76
 The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his muse;
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside. 80

Ver. 73. An allusion to *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 442.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
 Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum
 Silva tegit.

Here the sad victims of Love's wasting pow'r
 In paths sequester'd shrouds the *myrtle bowyer*.

Ver. 80. It is much to be regretted that this beautiful conclusion should go off with such a botching rhyme and so mean a phrase as "the world *beside*."

* Mademoiselle Paulet. P.

EPISTLE VI.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.*

AS some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the town to wholesome country-air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went. 10

Ver. 4. This is ungrammatical. The propriety of the passage evidently required him to write,

And *bears* a spark, yet *thinks* no danger nigh.

Ver. 9. There seems a resemblance here to *Lucretius*, ii. 3.

Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
 Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

Not that another's pain is our delight,
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing fight. Dryden.

* *Coronation*] of King George I. 1715. P.

She

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks :
 She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,
 To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day ;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea ;
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire ; 20
 Up to her godly garret after seven,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Ver. 12. *Old-fashion'd balls.* A part of such a mansion, as Gray has humorously described in his *Long Story* :

Rich windows, that exclude the light ;
 And passages that lead to nothing.

Ver. 17. *cold coffee.* It is amusing to read the accounts given by our early travellers of this beverage. " *The Coffee,*" says *Herbert*, " is a drink, or rather *broth*, black as soot : the *Persians* sip " it, as *hot* as their mouth can well suffer out of small *China* " cups : much drunk, though it please neither the eye nor taste, " being black and somewhat bitter ; or rather relished like burnt " crusts : more wholesome than toothsome : yet, however ingrate " or insapory it seems at first, it becomes grate and delicious " enough by custom." And *Sandys* speaks of it in similar terms.

Trifle. " I have much respect for the *Doctor*. Tell him, if " he will come and *dawdle* with me some afternoon over a dish of " tea, I shall take it kindly." *Dr. Johnson's Letters.*

Ver. 22. The latter part of this line is mere expletive : equally destitute, in my opinion, of propriety and humour. The next paragraph is excellent.

Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buff, and cries,—No words!
 Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
 Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30
 In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;

Ver. 30. Illustrative of this thought is the following *Epigram*:

I've lost my mistress, *horse*, and wife;
 And, when I think on human life,
 Cry mercy 'twas no worse!
 My mistress sickly, poor, and old;
 My wife d—d ugly, and a scold:
 I'm sorry for my *horse*.

Ver. 32. This passage recalls to memory some verses in *Thomson's Seasons*, not less honourable to the generous sensibility of the *man*, than to the delicate imagination of the *poet*. They are worthy to be deeply impressed on the mind of every female reader, as a defence against the most despicable and flagitious of the human species—the selfish deliberate seducer.

..... Ah! then, ye fair!

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:

Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,

Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,

But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,

Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,

Gain on your purpos'd will: nor in the bower,

Where woodbuds, flaunt, and roses shed a couch,

While evening draws her crimson curtains round,

Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

Spring, ver. 970.

In

In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See coronations rise on ev'ry green :
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35
 Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
 While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes ;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls ! 40
 So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme),
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;
 Just when his fancy paints your sprightly eyes, 45
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight ;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now. 50

Ver. 42. *head-achs*. He was much afflicted with this disorder ;
 to which he alludes in the *Prologue to the Satires* : ver. 37.

I sit with sad civility ; I read

With honest anguish and an aching head.

TO MRS. M. B.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.*

OH be thou bless'd with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:
 Not with those toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
 With added years, if life bring nothing new, 5
 But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing through;
 Some joys still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad reflection more;
 Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
 'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year. 10
 Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,

* See Mr. Pope's will, at the end of vol. vi. This Lady, Mr. Pope's intimate friend, died in 1763.

This is a very elegant copy of verses. I should have preferred in the *second* line:

.....*pure* pleasure, and a friend.

Ver. 11. In my judgement, this conclusion is excelled by no equal portion of his writings. It is pensively solemn, and tenderly affectionate.

Joy, or ease: that is, either *positive* pleasure, or *freedom* from pain.

Calm

Calm ev'ry thought, inspire every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come. 20

VARIATION.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh, since Death must that fair frame destroy,
Die by some sudden ecstasy of joy;
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp a sigh of love.

Ver. 17. So in his *Eloisa*:

Then too, when fate shall thy *fair frame destroy*,
That cause of all my grief and all my joy!
In *trance extatic* may thy pangs be drown'd.

He has improved, with much delicacy, the coarseness of his original:

At mihi contingat veneris languescere motu,
Cum moriar; medium solvar et inter opus.

Ovid Amor. ii. 10. 36.

Ver. 19. Nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful, than this concluding couplet. There is a pretty thought in a *Greek* sepulchral inscription, which deserves to be produced on this occasion:

Τῆς Σαων ὁ Διωνῶ- Ανανθῶ- ἱερὸν ὑπνον

Κοιμάται· ὁποῖον μὴ λέγῃ τις ἀγαθὸς.

Lo! Saon, Dio's son, here sleeping lies

A holy *sleep*: say not, The virtuous *dies*.

Ver. 20. "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness:
"I shall be satisfied, when I *awake*, with thy likeness." Psalm
xvii. 15.

TO

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
 With not one sin but poetry,
 This day Tom's fair account has run,
 Without a blot, to eighty-one.
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
 A table, with a cloth of bays;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast, his tow'ring genius marks
 In yonder wild-goose and the larks!

5

10

Ver. 1. So our author, I think, elsewhere :

Resign'd to die, or *resolute* to live :

conveying a singular truth, but one well authenticated by experience, that more resolution is required in many instances to support life, than to brave death. To this effect *Cowley, on the late civil war* :

And cowardice did valour's place supply ;

Like those that kill themselves for fear to die.

And upon the same principle *Shakespeare* says :

..... present fears

Are less than *horrible imaginings*.Ver. 8. *her harp* : that is, the figure of it on the table-cloth.

The

The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden !
 And for his judgment, lo, a pudding !
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout ;
 And grace, although a bard, devout.
 May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise 15
 The price of prologues and of plays,
 Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner ;
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner ;
 Walk to his grave without reproach, • •
 And scorn a rascal and a coach. 20

Ver. 12. A dish devoted to men of *weight* and *solidity*. Hence
W. Pope in his *Wish*, with perfect propriety :

With a *pudding* on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
 And remnants of Latin to welcome the *vicar* :

which lines are admirably translated by *Bourne* :

Sabbata distinguat fartum, conviva sacerdos,
 Docti sermones, interiorque cadus.

Ver. 14. So in his *Imitations of Horace*, book ii. sat. 2.
 And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by shows and forms!

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

5

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er since our Grand-dame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the Devil.

10

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

15

The fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;

Ver. 12. Some kinds of *snakes* are called *worms*.

Ver. 17. The expression here is not accurately correspondent to the intention of the author. He should have written,

The fops, *those* painted butterflies,
with the sense suspended to the *third* line.

First

First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

20

The flatterer an Earwig grows ;
Thus worms suit all conditions ;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen,
By all their winding play ;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

25

Ah *Moore* ! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void,
The worm that never dies !

30

O learned friend of *Abchurch-lane*,
Who sett'st our entrails free ;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

35

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more !
Ev'n *Button*'s wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

40

Ver. 27. An assertion not less applicable to modern statesmen of every country, than to their predecessors ; if their conscience be capable of torment from a violation of all the duties of disinterested and philanthropic governors ; from innumerable murders, and incessant rapine.

THE

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.*

 CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Basset-table* spread, the *Tallier* come ;
 Why stays SMILINDA in the dressing-room ?
 Rise, pensive nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,
 I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
 I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's chair,
 And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
 And those feign'd signs which cheat the list'ning
 fair.

* I must freely own, that I can descry neither humour nor elegance in this *eclogue*. It seems to have been no voluntary effort of his genius, but a task imposed on him : a circumstance, which accounts for the mediocrity of the execution. It is in some measure a parody of *Virgil's third eclogue* ; which has been burlesqued of late in a much happier vein of ridicule by the authors of the *Probationary Odes*, in a dialogue between Dr. *Pretzman*, the present Bishop of *Lincoln*, and Mr. *Banks*, member for *Corf-Castle* ; the right honourable *William Pitt* being umpire.

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains. 10
As you by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd;
One, one bad *Deal*, three *Septlevas* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign!
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone; 15
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost: Oh! who could
guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress? 20

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25
By *cards' ill-usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

Ver. 22. Like a line in *Pomfret*:

Sharp *Juvenal*, and amorous *Ovid* too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew.

Z

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *equipage*, by *Matbers* wrought,
 With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought. 30
 See on the toothpick, Mars and Cupid strive;
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.
 Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face;
 A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
 Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissars shine; 35
 The metal, and the workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER'S
 love,
 When rival beauties for the present strove;
 At *Corticelli's* he the raffle won;
 Then first his passion was in public shown: 40
 HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
 A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
 This *snuff-box*,—on the hinge see brilliants shine:
 This *snuff-box* will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear, 45
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
 And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own lord that drew the *fatal card*.

Ver. 46. From a wish to preserve an exact correspondence in the clauses, he was betrayed into an impropriety: for what less rare than the *oaths* of *lovers*? He should have said,

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
 Have made a soldier sigh, a *parson* swear.

In

In complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
 Though my own secret wish was for the *Knave*. 50
 The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;
 And the next *pull*, my *Sepileva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
 This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing fair, 55
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.
 An aukward thing when first she came to town;
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown: 60
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
 I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
 And, by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her stays:
 Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert, 65
 She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore
 When WINNALL tally'd, I would *punt* no more?
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
 And see the folly, which I cannot shun. 70

SMILINDA.

Ver. 70. " In one of the rooms at *Barb*, my Lord *Chesterfield*
 " met a young nobleman just arrived, who had the same failing,
 " of fondness for *gaming*, with himself. He whispered to his
 " friend (pointing at the same time to some people, who stood
 " round them) *Beware of these scoundrels. It is by flight alone,*

Z 2

" that

SMILINDA.

How many maids have SHARPER'S vows de-
ceiv'd?

How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd, 75
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain: 80
In bright confusion open *Rouleaux* lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all Reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon *Basset*, you who reason boast; 85
And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER'S VOWS?

"that you can preserve your purse." The nobleman quitted the
"room; and, on his return found, the earl engaged at play with
"these very harpies, whom by his advice he had just escaped."
Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield.

Ver. 81. So *Philips* in his beautiful *Epistle* from *Copenhagen*:
The hills, and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

Then,

Then, when he trembles ! when his blushes rise !
 When awful Love seems melting in his eyes ! 90
 With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves :
He loves, — I whisper to myself, *He loves* !
 Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
 I lose all mem'ry of my former fears ;
 My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms :
 Think of that moment, you who prudence boast ;
 For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-porter's* batter'd bullies play,
 Some DUKES at *Marybone* bowl time away. 100
 But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
 To *Basset's* heav'nly joys, and pleasing cares ?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA dotes upon a beau
 PRUDINA likes a man, and laughs at show.
 Their sev'ral graces in my SHARPER meet ; 105
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

Ver. 97. This verse reminds me of that animated and rational apostrophe in *Sterne* :

“ Ye clay-cold heads, and lukewarm hearts, that can argue
 “ down or mask your passions : tell me what sin is it that man
 “ should have them ? or how does his spirit stand accountable
 “ to the Father of spirits, but for his conduct under them ? ”

Alas, poor *Yorick* ! si sic
 Omnia dixisses !

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide:
The *equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's side; 110
The *snuff-box* to CARDELIA I decree.
Now leave complaining, and begin your *tea*.

VERBATIM.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
 Two trav'lers found an oyster in their way;
 Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
 While, scale in hand, Dame *Justice* pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws, 5
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
 Dame *Justice* weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
 There take, (says *Justice*), take ye each a *shell*. 10
 We thrive at *Westminster* on fools like you:
 'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.

Ver. 11. It was an admirable representation of two litigants at law by an humorous artist. The *defendant*, who had *lost* his cause, was exhibited in a sitting posture, weeping, and in *rags*: the successful *plaintiff* was *dancing*, NAKED.

ANSWER

TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is PRUDERY?

'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
 'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miss *Meadows*.
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
 Old, and void of all good-nature;
 Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.
 'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
 That rails at dear *Lepell* and you.

5.

10

Ver. 10. *Lepell*: a lady frequently celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments by contemporary writers.

OCCASIONED

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES

OF HIS

GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE! 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
 And thou shalt live, for BUCKINGHAM commends.
 Let crouds of critics now my verse assail;
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
 This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
 Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain. 6
 SHEFFIELD approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

Ver. 6. How was his application to poetry *thankless pain*; and how was his *fortune lost* in this pursuit, when he says himself in his *Imitations*,

But (thanks to *Homer*) since I live and *thrive*,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive?

PROLOGUE

A PROLOGUE

BY MR. POPE,

*To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old,
blind, and in great Distress, a little before his Death.*

AS when that Hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* slain,
Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of wo!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 5
But pity'd BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier who but clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,
When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies; 10
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
A desp'rate *bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the *Gothic* sons of frozen verse:

Ver. 12. *Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns*] See *Dunciad*, note on ver. 63. b. i.

Ver. 13. *A desp'rate bulwark, &c.*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 268. b. ii.

How

How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own ! 16
 Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the POPE !
 If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn; 20
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage ;
 If there's a senior who contemns this age ;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's*, friend.

Ver. 15. *Æneid*, ii. 274.

..... quantum mutatus ab illo

Hectore

Ver. 16. *And shook the stage with thunders all his own.*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 226. b. ii.

Dennis invented the device of imitating *thunder* by a ball in a mustard bowl. One day, on hearing this mimic thunder at the play-house; he started up in a passion, and exclaimed, "By g— the rascals will act my *thunder*, but not my *plays*."

Ver. 17. *Stood up to dash, &c.*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 173. b. iii.

Ver. 18. *Maul the French tyrant—*] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 413. b. ii.

Ibid. or pull down the POPE!] See *Dunc.* note on ver. 63. b. i.

Ver. 20. *wooden shoes*: commonly worn by the *French* peasantry.

Ver. 21. *If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage*] See *Dunc.* notes on ver. 106. b. i.

M A C E R :

A CHARACTER.*

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
 First saw a poet's fortune in the town,
 'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
 And, with a borrow'd play, outdid poor *Crown*.
 There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little : 10
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
 So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd, 15
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid ;

* I have nothing to remark in commendation of this piece.
 The former part strikes me as *unnatural* : the latter as *indelicate*
 also.

Aukward and supple, each devoir to pay ;
She flatters her good lady twice a day ;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her *simplicity* : 20
In a translated suit, then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own ;
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk, 25
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXIII.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions;
 Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

5

* This *song* is ascribed to *Swift* in *Sheridan's* edition, vol. viii. p. 164. I am not able to ascertain the author, nor would it reflect much honour on the genius of either. It appears disjointed and obscure.

Ver. 1. *Ovid* speaks of *purple Cupid*; and *Milton* says with inimitable elegance, *Par. Lost*, iv, 763.

Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his *purple wings*.

Ver. 4. What is the propriety of this observation? and what it's application to the present subject?

III. Thus

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth : 10
Him the Boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre ;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers : 15
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
War'ring soft Elyfian plains. 20

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Meander*, 25
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Mate, 30
See the bird of *Juno* stooping ;
Melody resigns to Fate.

ON A

CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
 (Envy be silent, and attend!)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour; 5
 Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says), Sir?"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver; 10
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

Ver. 8. Mr. Gray has enriched this thought in his *Ode on the Duke of Grafton's Installation at Cambridge*:

With Freedom by my side, and *soft-ey'd Melancholy*.

Ver. 9. *faults*. This is an error: he should have said *failings*: because neither is the property itself, namely *an insensibility to flattery*, a *fault*; nor yet *deafness*: both which consistency and propriety required. But such *jeux d'esprit* will not bear the rigid scrutiny of criticism, nor is *Pope* equal to himself in these effusions of levity and humour.

ON

ON HIS

GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND
MINERALS.*

THOU who shalt stop, where *Thames'* translu-
cent wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow, 5
And latent metals innocently glow :

* The *description* of this little piece is elegantly picturesque ;
the *morality*, solemn and dignified.

VARIATION.

After ver. 6. in the MS.

You see that island's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels no tyranny.

An elegant allusion to the ill effects of *money* or *metals* dug
from the mine : as in *Moral Essays*, iii. 10.

..... Nature, as in duty bound,

Deep hid the *shining mischief* under ground.

Horace laments their removal from their original station ; and
Ovid stiles them *the incentives to mischiefs*.

A a

Approach.

Approach. Great Nature studiously behold !
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach : but awful ! Lo ! th' Ægerian grot,
 Where, nobly pensive, St. JOHN sat and thought; 10
 Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,
 And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT's
 foul.
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

Ver. 11. in the MS.

To Wyndham's breast the patriot-passions stole.

Ver. 14. Alluding, perhaps, to the apostrophe of *Evander*,
Æn. viii. 364.

Aude hospes, contemnere opes

Dare to be poor. Dryden.

VERSES*

LEFT BY MR. POPE,

*On his lying in the same Bed, which Wilmot, Earl of ROCHESTER,
used at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyll.*

JULY 9, 1739.

I.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
I press the bed where WILMOT lay :
That here he liv'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave or gay.

II.

But in thy roof, ARGYLL, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie

* I have adopted these stanzas from the *Foundling Hospital* for Wit. They appear to me to proclaim their own authenticity ; and display an elegance of diction and an elevation of sentiment, altogether worthy of Mr. Pope. The subject of the poem, however, makes it probable to me, that an error has crept into the third line ; which I suppose to have been thus written by our poet :

That here he *lov'd*, or here expir'd.

We are led to conclude, that the *Earl* died also at this place.

A a 2

Stretch'd

Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof, the sky.

III.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child, or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,

UPON READING THE PREAMBLE TO THE PATENT,
CREATING HIM DUKE OF GREENWICH.*

MINDLESS of fate in these low vile abodes,
 Tyrants have oft usurp'd the style of gods:
 But, that the mortal may be thought divine,
 The herald straight new-modell'd all his line;
 And venal priests with well-dissembled lie, 5
 Preambled to the croud the mimic Deity.
 Not so great Saturn's son, imperial Jove;
 He reigns unquestion'd in his realms above:
 No title from descent he need infer;
 His red right arm proclaims the thunderer. 10

* It is no discredit to the name and genius of *Pope* to ascribe these verses also to his pen on the same authority. Their moral is excellent; and conveys a just and delicate reproof to that irrational vanity, which condescends to receive futile distinctions at the hands of *kings*; a description of beings less frequently the *fathers* and *benefactors*, than the *opprobrium* and *scourge* of the human race.

Ver. 10. *His red right arm*: *rubente dextera*: Hor. Od.
 i. 2. 2.

A a 3

This,

This, CAMPBELL, be thy pride, illustrious peer !
 Alike to shine distinguish'd in thy sphere.
 All merit but thine own thou may'st disclaim,
 And kings have been thine ancestors in vain.

VERSES*

SUPPOSED TO ALLUDE TO DR. FREIND, A CELEBRATED
 COMPOSER OF LATIN EPITAPHS.

FREIND, for your epitaphs I'm griev'd
 Where still so much is said :
 One half will never be believ'd,
 The other never read.

A COUPLET

WRITTEN WITH THE PENCIL OF THE EARL OF
 CHESTERFIELD.

ACCCEPT a miracle instead of wit :
 See two dull lines by STANHOPE's pencil writ.

* From the Life and Anecdotes of Dr. Newton, Bishop of
Bristol, written by himself.

ON

ON TWO LOVERS

KILLED AT HARVEST-WORK IN ONE INSTANT BY
LIGHTNING.

WHEN eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying heav'n that virtue mutual found;
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning and the victim seiz'd.

* From *Pope's Letters*; by which these verses appear to be
the joint production of him and *Gay*.

S O N G.*

I.

SAY, Phœbe, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

II.

Is it because you fear to prove
The ills that love molest?
The jealous cares, the sighs that move
The captivated breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe,
We every bliss must gain:
That heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never felt a pain.

* This beautiful sonnet is taken from the *Annual Register*, vol. xii. where the following is also found. The *second stanza* is defective both on account of the insipid word *prove*, and because of the recurrence of the terminations of the preceding stanza. Perhaps, it had been better thus:

Is it because you fear to *feel*
'The ills that love molest?
The jealous cares, the sighs that *swell*
The captivated breast?

In other respects the diction has an elegant simplicity and easy delicacy essential to these little compositions: and inculcates a moral philosophically just.

SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE.*

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bow'rs, the evening colonnades,
But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind?
Lo! the struck deer, in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart:
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

* This little piece bears all the marks of an extemporaneous effusion: such as the open vowels in the *second* line, when he might have said, *and evening colonnades*: and the wretched phrase *sequester'd part*; not to mention the clumsy arrangement of words in the *fourth* verse, which might easily have been avoided by the slightest care, and which nothing but an improper punctuation can render tolerable.

A FAREWELL

A

FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1714.*

I.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town farewell !
 Thy fools no more I'll tease :
 This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
 Ye, harlots, sleep at ease.

II.

Soft B— and rough C—'s adieu !
 Earl WARWICK make your moan :
 The lively H—k and you
 May knock up w—s alone.

III.

To drink and droll be ROWE allow'd
 Till the third watchman toll ;
 Let JERVASE gratis paint, and FROWDE
 Save three-pence and his soul.

IV.

Farewell ARBUTHNOT's raillery
 On every learned sot ;

* This piece also is from the same periodical publication,
 vol. xviii.

And

MISCELLANIES.

339

And GARTH, the best good Christian he,
Altho' he knows it not. 15

V.

LINTOT, farewell ! thy bard must go ;
Farewell, unhappy TOMSON !
Heav'n gives thee, for thy loss of ROWE,
Lean PHILIPS and fat JOHNSON. 20

VI.

Why should I stay ? both parties rage ;
My vixen mistress squalls :
The wits in envious feuds engage,
And HOMER (damn him !) calls.

VII.

The love of arts lies cold and dead 25
In HALLIFAX'S urn :
And not one Muse, of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

VIII.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd : 30

Ver. 15. This corresponds with a passage in one of his *letters*.
"The best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth ! If ever there
"was a good christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was
"Dr. Garth." An absurd assertion, upon which his great com-
mentator has remarked with equal severity and truth.

Ver. 24. This is humorous enough : and proves, what one
might easily presuppose, his extreme weariness of so long a
translation as that of *Homer's* works. He laments the tedious-
ness and hardship of this task again in the *Dunciad*, iii. 332.

And Pope's, *ten years* to comment and translate.

Poor

Poor Y—r's fold for fifty pound,
And B—ll is a jade.

IX.

Why note I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight;
I need but once a week.

X.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive,
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake, alive.

XI.

Sollicitous for others' ends,
Tho' fond of dear repose;
Careless, or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Ver. 37. This is the unhappy condition of a large proportion of mankind, to be "strenuously occupied in doing nothing." This situation is called by *Horace*, *strenua inertia*, a *laborious idleness*: and by *Phædrus*, in an admirable fable, ii. 5. *multa agendo nihil agens*: *very busy in doing nothing*. The unhappy victims of this restless inefficacy are described with incomparable vivacity by *Lucretius* at the conclusion of his *third* book, and by *Seneca*, *de tranquill. animi*, sect. xii.

Ver. 43. *drowsy*. "When *Pope* wanted to sleep he *nodded* in company; and once slumbered at his own table, while the *Prince of Wales* was talking of poetry." Dr. Johnson. And what presumption shall undertake to censure his drowsiness on this occasion?

XII. Laborious

XII.

Laborious lobster-nights, farewell ! 45
 For sober, studious days ;
 And BURLINGTON's delicious meal,
 For fallads, tarts, and pease.

XIII.

Adieu to all but GAY alone ;
 Whose foul, sincere and free, 50
 Loves all mankind, but flatters none ;
 And so may starve with me.

Ver. 47. " He was too indulgent to his appetite : he loved meat highly seasoned, and of strong taste." Dr. Johnson.

Ver. 49. " *Gay* was the favourite of Pope, and was received " into his utmost confidence. A friendship was formed between " them, which lasted to their separation by death, without any " known abatement on either part." Dr. Johnson.

He mentions *Gay* again in his *Prologue to the Satires*, ver. 236. with all the pathetic sensibility of the sincerest friendship, in strains of supreme excellence :

..... for they left me GAY ;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life, the sole return
 My Verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn !

EPITAPHS.*

*His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani
Munere!* VIRG.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX.

DORSET, the grace of Courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.

The

* These little performances are inferior in general merit to the rest of our poet's compositions; and for this inferiority we appear to assign a sufficient cause in the reasonable supposition of *reluctant execution*, as a task usually imposed on him; according to the remark of *Warburton*. The specific worth of the object of such funeral panegyrics dilates to most disproportionate dimensions through the mist, which overspreads the eye of partial and sorrowful affection. The same indiscriminate admiration is expected from the neutrality of a poet, as exists in the bosom of a disconsolate wife, or doating parent. As *Pope* himself laments,

Each mother asks it for her booby son;

Each widow asks it for the best of men.

But the principal objection with me to the generality of such performances is, that gloomy and formidable representation, which they give of *death*, as a melancholy and lamentable event: an idea not consonant to *rational deism* and repugnant to *genuine christianity*.

The scourge of Pride, though sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state :

Christianity. If we suppose a wise and benevolent superintendant of the universe, we must also conclude his disposition to meliorate the condition of his creatures; and that every change of existence must consequently be productive of additional felicity. And the records of the gospel not only express and celebrate the future glories of the virtuous; but represent the hour of dissolution, as a period to be *watched for* and *hastened to*; not as one to be *dreaded* and *lamented*. And upon this principle, I am of opinion, that such poems as *Young's Night Thoughts*, which dress up the phantom *death* in all the gloom of imaginary terrors, are in their tendency and effect subversive of their virtuous intention, favourable to vulgar superstition, and injurious to the pure religion of the scriptures.

Ver. 1. The first distich of this epitaph, in my judgement, must *kiss the rod* of criticism; nor have I any palliation in store against the severities of Dr. *Johnson*.

Ver. 3. *Though sanctified*: pointing out, I presume, that description of men more distinctly specified in the *second epilogue* to the satires:

“To goad the *prelate* slumbering in his stall:”

in which assertion our poet, doubtless, must take refuge in that *licentious fiction*, which is alike indulged to the artists of the pencil and the brethren of *Parnassus*: for it cannot be supposed, that such an useful and laborious order of men can ever *slumber*; appointed as they are to be *watchmen* over the spiritual welfare of their brethren, and notoriously painful in their disinterested service.

Ver. 4. As Dr. *Johnson* properly remarks, that contradistinction, which the clauses of the preceding verse presume and require, is not preserved in the present; for *sanctified* men and *fops in learning* have no just or necessary connection with each other. Uniformity demanded something like the following couplet:

“The scourge of *vice*, though sanctified or great;

“Of *hypocrites* in *stalls*, and knaves in state.”

Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.

Ver. 5. This is a noble couplet, both in sentiment and poetry. *Severity of satire with native softness* can only be attributed to a meritorious principle; a *virtue*, to which the *Greeks* assigned a specific name, *Μισοπονηρία*, a *hatred of villainy and vice*; which, in this instance, was so vigorous as to countervail the natural propensity to gentleness and praise.

Ver. 6. *His anger moral*: that is, it had for it's object the admonition and reformation of the offender, not the gratification of it's own spleen and malice: it was rather an effusion of *zealous philanthropy*, than the ebullition of *selfish humour*. In the same light are the chastisements of our heavenly Father exhibited by the eloquent writer of the epistle to the *Hebrews* in opposition to the capricious punishments of our earthly parents: ch. xii. 10. "For they verily, with a view to a few days of life, used to chastise us according to their own humour; but he for our benefit, that we may be partakers of his own holiness."

Thus also *Butler* somewhere represents the *immoral anger* of a *schoolmaster*:

As pedants out of school-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry *their own itches*.

His wisdom gay. The union of these two qualities, so different in themselves, in the same subject, constitutes a distinguished commendation, and attains the very summit of poetical excellence, the coalition of *utility* and *delight*; which, in the judgement of *Horace*, secures the suffrage of every reader. Our poet had too much modesty to put in a claim for this qualification in behalf of his own performances, and was content with the *separate* exhibition of these virtues in *sweet transition* from one subject to another:

"Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Bless'd

Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
 As show'd, Vice had his hate, and Pity too.
 Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please,
 Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease. 10
 Bless'd

Ver. 8. He had attained, what *Eloisa* found herself unable to accomplish amidst the predominance of human passion:

"To love the offender, but detest the offence."

When a *Greek* philosopher was once reproved for giving alms to a person of vicious character, he replied: "I give my benevolence, not to the *man*, but to *humanity*."

Ver. 9. There is a general resemblance in the turn of this couplet to one of *Dryden's* in his character of *Zimri*:

"Blest madman! who could every hour employ

"With something new to wish, or to enjoy."

Ver. 10. No man in a similar situation is equally entitled to this praise, of maintaining his *friendships* with the great without the sacrifice of his own ease and independance, with *Horace*: who was indebted both for life and fortune to his illustrious patrons *Mæcenas* and *Augustus*, and yet asserted the liberty of consulting his own comforts and enjoyments. It were impertinent and unnecessary to point out the various proofs of this assertion from his writings, which will readily present themselves to the readers of that poet; but I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of specifying a particular example of this magnanimity. In that most delightful narrative concerning his own education and the events of his early life, which he has given us in the *second epistle* of the *second book*, after speaking with rapture of the happy time, which he past in the pursuit of knowledge at that emporium of letters, *Athens*; he laments, that the tide of civil war should have swept him from that blissful retirement into the din of arms. Here an opportunity presented itself of adulation to *Augustus*; and the plea of *gratitude* might have been urged with perfect propriety in behalf of no ordinary panegyric. But our poet was too much enamoured of the cause of *liberty* and his *country*; he

Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
 Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
 And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

had imbibed too deep a veneration for his captain *Brutus*, the great votary of *Freedom*, thus to betray the favourite principles of his life. He simply says:

Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
 Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis:

"I, a stranger to such tumults, was borne away by the general
 "enthusiasm for liberty in the breasts of students, into that
 "army, which was unable to cope with the vigour of Augustus
 "Cæsar."

Ver. 11. I dissent from Dr. *Johnson's* censure of this couplet. Some superiority of character may reasonably be supposed in connection with exalted rank, from education and hereditary sentiment: and that a *peer* should reflect from his own person the graces of his ancestors, and be himself reflected in his posterity, is no trivial praise and no ordinary felicity. Such an encomium, therefore, if justly applied, must be esteemed highly honourable to the subject of it.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

*One of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III.
who having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement
at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716.*

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:

Ver. 1. The *two first* couplets of this *epitaph* are insipid and prosaic in the extreme. The vilest poetaster could not have acquitted himself more miserably on this occasion. They are utterly unworthy of specific criticism. The *third* distich, saving the meanness and imbecility of the rhyming word *too*, is a little superior, and but a little. The *seventh* verse is introduced by a most prosaic phrase, sufficient to impoverish a much richer couplet:

" Fill'd with the sense of age."

What follows, to the conclusion, is somewhat better, but does not rise above *mediocrity*. The last couplet is almost literally repeated in the epitaph on *Rowe*: and this barrenness of thought is an indication of the difficulty and embarrassment, under which he laboured, in attempting to gratify his friends on these reluctant subjects.

An honest courtier, yet a patriot too; 5
 Just to his prince, and to his country true:
 Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
 A gen'rous faith, from superstition free;
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny; 10
 Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
 At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

Ver. 12. This verse is formed on the notion of the *Platonic*,
 and *Stoic* philosophy, that the æthereal vigour of the soul is
 blunted and oppressed by the sluggishness of *matter*; so that *death*
 becomes a *deliverance* from the *bonds* of corporeal incumbrances.

III. *

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT; at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the Son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide;
Or gave his father grief, but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak! 5
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

* This *epitaph*, though of a superior character to the majority of this collection, is not free from defect. The first line in particular is languid, unmeaning, and unappropriate; equally calculated for every *epitaph* in the world. The *third* verse is destitute of all grammatical construction; and you collect the sense from the scope of the passage, and not from the propriety of expression.

Ver. 4. I cannot approve this line, the grief intended, arising from *vicious conduct* in a son, is totally dissimilar to that of *dear*; so as to be included with no congruity under the same description. The thought itself seems to be borrowed from *Cowley's* elegy on the death of his schoolmaster Mr. *Jordan*:

"Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear;

"All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here."

Ver. 6. That is, I presume; "if the poet must describe the
"extent and severity of that loss, which even the conscious feel-
"ings of an affectionate parent cannot delineate in language ade-
"quate to the subject."

IV. ON

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
 ET CONSILIIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
 PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
 VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
 ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
 OR. FEB. XVI. MDCCLXX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,

In action faithful, and in honour clear!

Ver. 1. *Friend to truth.* A rare and valuable accomplishment in such a station! There is an apposite passage in *Swift's* second letter to my Lord *Chesterfield*. "As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself; and that, as in my time, the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances; so that single slight one of your lordship may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities." Other curious specimens of the veracity of statesmen may be found in Bishop *Newton's* Memoirs of his own Life.

Who

Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd, 5
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

Ver. 4. This sport of words between *gain'd* and *lost*, without a consonant antithesis in the sentiment, is both puerile and absurd.

Ver. 5. *Ennobled by himself*. He probably had in view the celebrated words of *Juvenal* :

..... nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus ;

Virtue alone is true nobility.

EPITAPHS.

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest! 5
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

Ver. 1. There is something pleasing in the *four first* lines of this *epitaph*, which gives them a preference to the concluding *four*. The stroke of satire, which finishes the composition may be true, but is unsuitable and ill-timed.

Ver. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this epitaph,

"This SHEFFIELD rais'd. The sacred dust below

"Was DRYDEN once: The rest who does not know?"

which the author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of that great poet.

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS
POSUIT. P.

Ver. 6. Tickell in his Letter to a Gentleman at Avignon:

"Blest in thy husband! in thy children blest!"

*It is as follows, on the MONUMENT in the ABBEY,
erected to Mr. ROWE, and his Daughter.*

Thy reliques, ROWE! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy SHAKESPEARE place thy honour'd bust.
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear;
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave; 5
For never BRITON more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd. 10
To these, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life!
The childless parent, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

Ver. 1. This effort is more excellent than the former; and notwithstanding some imperfections, breathes an air of tenderness and friendship, which is extremely soothing to the mind.

Ver. 11. This is an imitation of a line in *Dryden's* epitaph on the Lady Whitmore:

"So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd."

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,*

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense;
 No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd;
 Nor arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown, 5
 Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;

* Dr. *Johnson's* encomium on this *epitaph*, as the best of the collection, is equally just and noble, and will command the assent of every reader.

Ver. 5. *Passion*: by this word, it's connection with the following verse will not suffer us to understand *anger* or *turbulent emotion* of any kind; but simply an ardent and immoderate attachment to *external objects*.

Ver. 8. There is a general resemblance in this verse to the celebrated lines of *Denham*; which he has parodied with such successful humour in the *Dunciad*:

"Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 "Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Heav'n,

Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd. 10

Ver. 9. Every reader, conversant with these subjects, will recollect the same comparison to the *fiery trial* of gold, in the *Psalms*, and in *Ovid*.

Ver. 10. This verse is supremely excellent, no less in pregnancy of diction than sublimity of conception. Her fortitude and resignation were equal to the support of those tortures, by which the frailties of humanity were overpowered. The thought is originally found in that kind apology of our Saviour for the remissness of his disciples: Matt. xxvi. 41. "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." Those noble lines of *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 730. contain precisely the same sentiment:

Igneus est ollis vigor, et cœlestis origo
Semiribus; quantum non noxia corpora tardant,
Terrenique hebetant artus, moribundaque membra.

These seeds invigorates an active flame,
Which speaks the clime cœlestial, whence it came:
Save that their motions clogs a fleshly chain,
And loads of dull mortality restrain.

When *Nicocreon*, the tyrant of *Cyprus*, ordered the philosopher *Anaxarchus* to be put into a vessel, and pounded with iron hammers: "Thump as you please," says he, "the *bide* of *Anaxarchus*; for *Anaxarchus* himself you cannot thump."

In the same spirit, and upon the same idea, *Tydeus* in his last moments thus expresses himself in *Statius*, *Theb.* viii. 738.

..... neque enim mihi cura supremi
Funeris: odi artus, fragilemque hunc corporis usum,
Desertorem animæ.

No tears, no rites funereal, I require;
But grieve to feel these limbs, this sluggish clay
My vigorous soul, still unimpair'd, betray.

VII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HONOURABLE

ROBERT DIGBY,* AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

*Erected by their Father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church
of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.*

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
 Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great:
 Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere, 5
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
 Of

* See lett. 18. of *Letters to and from Mr. Digby.* P.

Ver. 2. *Pacific truth*: in whose defence too many of her votaries are apt to be tenacious, self-willed, and *clamorous*. The epithet is appropriate, and the property a just subject of commendation. There is a beautiful passage, and pertinent to the present criticism, in Dr. Ogden's *tenth* sermon on the articles of the *christian* faith. "The possession must be very valuable, which is not dearly purchased at the expence of *peace*. TRUTH is indeed of an awful presence, and must never be affronted with the rudeness of direct opposition; yet will she consent for a moment to pass unregarded, while your respects are offered to her sister *Charity*."

The *four first* verses of this *epitaph* are, in my opinion, of considerable excellence; and sufficiently elevated for the subject.

Ver. 5. *Just of thy word*: this expression is inelegant and unusual: and he starts, with great awkwardness, from the *person*, in the next verse,

Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :
 Go live ! for heav'n's eternal year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine. 10

And thou, blest Maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !

verse, writing *knew* for *knew'st* : an impropriety that perpetually disgusts, even in our best authors. For the *thought* itself, he might have in view the beginning of *Perfius's second satire*, thus rendered by *Dryden* :

“ Pray ; for thy pray'rs the test of heav'n will bear :
 “ Nor need'st thou take the gods aside to hear.”

Ver. 7. This couplet is good. The following verse is borrowed from *Dryden's* ode on Mrs. *Killegrew* :

Since heav'n's eternal year is thine.

See the note on the *Messiah*, ver. 104.

Ver. 10. This line is censurable for a foolish error, not peculiar to *Pope*, but to the whole tribe of our *divines*, who attempt an absurd and groundless distinction between *morality* and *religion*. *Morality* is a *virtuous modification* of *human conduct* ; and *perfect morality* is the *perfection* of that *conduct*, which is no other than all possible conformity to the *will*, and correspondence to the *actions*, of OMNIPOTENT DIRECTION and SUPREME BENEVOLENCE ; inculcated by the doctrine of CHRIST as the consummation of human excellence. “ Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” *Morality* therefore and *Religion* are one and the same thing.

Ver. 11. These *six* lines, relative to the *sister*, are beautiful, and flow in a soothing strain of melancholy ; but certainly enforce no truths, but such as are equally applicable to the death of any virtuous person whatsoever.

Go then, where only blifs sincere is known ! 15

Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take thefe tears, Mortality's relief,

And till we fhare your joys, forgive our grief:

Thefe little rites, a ftone, a verfe receive ;

'Tis all a father, all a friend can give ! 20

Ver. 16. Because no *delay* or *difappointment* will intervene the *defire* and the *enjoyment*.

Ver. 19. *Thefe little rites*. The expreffion is void of dignity : Gray has much improved both the expreffion and the fentiment :

“ Yet e'en thefe bones from insult to protect

“ Some frail memorial ftill erected nigh ;

“ With uncouth rhymes and fhapelefs fculpture deck'd

“ Implores the paffing tribute of a figh.”

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures Thought,
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

Ver. 2. The proper expression, if the rhyme had permitted, would have been,

..... and whose pictures *live* :

for good *paintings* are rather said to *live*, or *breathe*, than to *think*.

Ver. 3. *Two ages* : that is, two *generations* of men, or *twice thirty years* : as *Nestor* is said by *Homer* to have continued in vigour after living *three ages*.

Ver. 6. *Brave thirst of praise* : which is exactly *Virgil's*

..... *laudumque immensa cupido* ;

Æn. vi. 824. for *brave*, in the old acceptation, is *great* and *noble*.

Ver. 7. Imitated from the famous epitaph on *Raphael*.

Hic situs est Raphael ; timuit, quo sospite, vinci

Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori. P.

On his monument in the *Pantbeon* at *Rome* : see *Ray's Travels*, vol. I. p. 299. an encomium of pure bombast and pedantry ! mere puerility of conceit ! more worthy of an affected sophist, than a real genius. It reflects no honour either on the poet or the artist : not to mention, that our author, in consulting *brevity* and *closeness*, has set all *grammar* and *perspicuity* at defiance.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
 Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
 Oh born to arms! Oh worth in youth approv'd!
 O soft humanity, in age below'd!
 For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear, 5
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age: 10
 Nor let us say, (those English glories gone),
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

Ver. 3. *Oh born to arms!* that is, born to spread havoc, desolation, and misery, through the globe! When will the day arrive, that the name and character of a *soldier* shall be delivered over to contempt and execration, as a *MURDERER BY profession?* Till the arrival of that day, we may have those, who stile themselves *religious kings*, and *christian people*; but they are in reality no *better* than sanguinary heathens, and *worse* than brutes.

Ver. 4. A just subject of panegyric: for the tender affections seem to languish with declining years; as if gradually worn away by the attrition of passing *time*.

Ver. 6. *Feels the sigh*: a most unhappy and improper expression. It were obvious to have written:

“And the gay courtier *heaves* the sigh sincere.”

This *epitaph*, on the whole, may rank, in my judgement, among the best of this collection.

X. ON

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED IN BERKS, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
 A poet, blest'd beyond the poet's fate,
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

Ver. 6 Such imperfect rhymes as *ease* and *peace* are not venial in these short and delicate compositions. Gray has a similar passage in the *elegy*:

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Ver. 9. This is from *Horace*, Sat. i. 1. fin.

Indè fit, ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum
 Dicat, et, exacto contentus tempore vitæ
 Cedat, uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.

Which fate allots them, few commend the part;
 And quit life's banquet with a thankful heart.

XI.

ON MR. GAY.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
 With native humour temp'ring *virtuous rage*,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:

Ver. 1. A clear distinction subsists between *gentle manners* and *mild affections*; for though the *latter* quality cannot fail to produce the *former* as it's natural operation; men of *turbulent affections* are frequently found kind and gentle in all the circumstances of external demeanour. Their ferocity does not appear, but accidentally; and when peculiar provocation removes the disguise.

Ver. 2. This seems derived from Dryden's elegy on Mrs. Anne Killegrew:

"Her wit was more than man; her innocence, a child."
 And who will deny with Dr Johnson, that *manly sense* with *infant simplicity* constitute a rare and amiable union in the human character?

Ver. 3. *Virtuous rage*: Silius Italicus, vi. 52. has the same expression:

Virtutis sacram rabiem:

The sacred rage of virtue.

A safe

A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust; 10
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies GAY.

Ver. 7. A more empty, prosaic, and illaudable distich than this, can scarcely be imagined; and we wonder at the poet's inattention on this occasion of writing a funeral encomium for his most beloved friend.

Ver. 11. *Worthy* and *good* are prosaic epithets, and would flatten the most poetical conception.

Ver. 12. *Here*: "in this bosom. Others may be repositd
 "in tombs and sepulchres, as their proper memorials; but *Gay*
 "is enshrined in the bosoms of the virtuous."

XII.*

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

QUEM IMMORTALEM†

TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, COELUMI

MORTALEM

HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
 GOD said, *Let Newton be !* and all was light.

* There are two defects in the *Latin* part of this *epitaph*. The *immortality*, for which *Newton* is here celebrated, is a *metaphorical* immortality of *fame*; and is therefore most improperly opposed as a contrast to the mere literal *mortality* of the *body*; and, though the words *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cælum*, will point out the *Chronology*, and the *Principia* of this unrivalled philosopher, some specification is wanted of his *optical* discoveries, which the addition of the word *Lux* would have pertinently supplied; and his capital invention of the *fluxional* process is totally disregarded in this inscription.

† IMMORTALEM: *Young*, Sat. vii. ver. 143.

“Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
 “And *Newton* lifts above a mortal height;
 “That *key* of *Nature*, by whose wit she clears
 “Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.”

XIII. ON

XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER; WHO DIED IN EXILE AT
PARIS, 1732.

[*His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she
arrived in France to see him.**]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside!
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N!
—He said, and dy'd.

* See lett. xxv. of *Letters to and from Dr. Atterbury*, vol. v.

XIV.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
 And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
 Could save a parent's justest pride from Fate,
 Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
 This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear, 5
 Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
 The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
 The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.

Ver. 1. *Crown'd*: this is the classical use of the word, which is employed in the *Greek* and *Latin* languages to signify *completion* and *perfection*; a metaphor derived from the summit of a *wall* or *turret*. The phrase, therefore, *with reflection CROWN'D*, by no means approaches to nonsense, according to the edict of Dr. *Johnson*; though it may be possibly thought by some too formal and stately for the simplicity of the subject. In my opinion, the whole *epitaph*, notwithstanding some petty blemishes, rises above mediocrity, and is not altogether unworthy of it's author. The latter of the levities, which follow, is beneath the dignity of criticism, and reflects dishonour on the writer, who could wanton, in a stile of puerile gaiety, on such a momentous subject.

Yet

Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM: IO
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to heav'n.

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HEROES and Kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Ver 9. *Virgil*, Georg. iv. the end:

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti.
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of *less noisy praise*. Dryden.

ANOTHER,

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this fill,
 Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, and stills cares not a pin 5
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within:
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

NEAR THIS PLACE LIE THE BODIES OF
 JOHN HEWET AND SARAH DREW,

AN INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MAN
 AND VIRTUOUS MAIDEN OF THIS PARISH;
 WHO, BEING AT HARVEST-WORK
 WITH SEVERAL OTHERS,
 WERE IN ONE INSTANT KILLED BY LIGHTNING
 THE LAST DAY OF JULY, 1718.

THINK not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
 A pair so faithful could expire:
 Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
 And snatch'd them in celestial fire.
 Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
 When God calls Virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis Justice, soon or late;
 Mercy alike to kill or save.
 Virtue unmov'd can hear the call;
 And face the flash, that melts the ball.

THE END.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

Page 43. note on ver. 31. It is *dropping* even in the first folio edition by *Pope* himself; but I am persuaded it must be a typographical error, undetected by the poet; not only because of the passage in *Oldham*, which is undoubtedly imitated, but because of the obvious elegance of the word *drooping*, and the insignificant tautology of the present reading. *Drooping trees* present a most beautiful and correspondent image, as a proper attitude of *sorrow*, and analogous to the natural phenomenon of boughs *bending* beneath the drops of dew dependant from them.

P. 76. ver. 151. It may be thought, that I have committed a most egregious blunder in asserting that *Pope* had never read *Statius*, when he has translated the *first* book of that poet's *Thebais*. I should have expressed myself with more exactness. I think it probable, that he had no acquaintance with that author beyond the limits of his own translation; and at least had not proceeded so far as book vi. ver. 400. where the passage in question is found. With *Pope*'s slender knowledge of the ancients, it is by no means likely, that he should have cultivated a very intimate acquaintance with an author of such difficulty and so inferior a reputation as *Statius*. Impartiality, however, requires me to observe, that a transformation, similar to that of *Ladona* in this very poem of *Windfor-Forest*, ver. 172. is recorded in the *third Thebais*, ver. 204.

..... aut verso quod sanguine fluxit

In subitos regina lacus :

nor, to the best of my recollection, is this *metamorphosis* related by *Ovid*.

P. 156. in the note on ver. 412. for *jokes* read *jakes*.

P. 184. ver. 6. for *latus* read *lays*.

P. 236,

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

P. 236. in the last sentence but one of the note omit the word *both*.

P. 279. ver. 18. The following passage from *Statius, Thebais*, i. 170. is a pertinent illustration of my remark on this verse :

.....jam murmura serpunt
Plebis Echionæ, tacitumque à principe vulgus
Diffidet; et, qui mos populis, venturus amatur.

P. 294. ver. 47. In these divine verses the *sorrows* of the *musè* are most happily denominated *sacred*, from their power of *consecration* to an immortality of fame in the temple of Wit and Genius.

Some improprieties of punctuation, and other errors, that have doubtless eluded the imperfect sight of the editor, are resigned to the indulgence of the reader.



THE
FOLLOWING WORKS BY THE EDITOR,

*Sold by SHEPPERSON and REYNOLDS, No. 137, Oxford-Street,
and KEARSLEY, Fleet-Street.*

1. SILVA CRITICA, five in Auctores sacros profanosque Commentarius Philologus. Cantabrigiae, typis et sumptibus Academicis, 1789, *boards*, 3s. 6d.
2. Silva Critica, part II. 1790, *boards*, 3s. 6d.
3. Silva Critica, part III. 1792, *boards*, 3s. 6d.
4. Silva Critica, part IV. 1793, *boards*, 5s.
5. The Evidences of Christianity, or Remarks on the excellency, Purity, and Character of the Christian Religion; second edit. much enlarged, *boards*, 4s. 6d. 1793.
6. Virgilii Maronis Georgicon, lib. IV. 1788, *boards*, 3s. 6d.
7. Poemata, Latine partim scripta, partim reddita, quibus accedunt quædam in Q. Horatium Flaccum Observationes Criticæ, 4to. *sewed*, 2s. 1776.
8. A New Translation of St. Matthew's Gospel, with Notes, Critical, Philological, and Explanatory, 1781, 4to. *boards*, 10s. 6d.
9. An Enquiry into the Opinions of Christian Writers of the first Centuries, concerning the Person of Jesus Christ, 1784, 8vo. *boards*, 4s.
10. An Essay on Inspiration, considered chiefly with respect to the Evangelists, 1781, *sewed*, 2s. 6d.
11. Four Marks of Antichrist, 1s.
12. A Sermon preached at Richmond, in Surry, July 29, 1784, a public Thanksgiving-Day, 6d.
13. Remarks on Dr. Horsley's Ordination Sermon, in a Letter to the Bishop of Gloucester, 1788, 4d.
14. A New Translation of those Parts only of the New Testament which are wrongly translated in our common Version, 2s. 6d. 1789.

15. A Short

Books published by SHEPPERSON, &c.

15. A Short Enquiry into the Expediency and Propriety of Public or Social Worship, *third edit.* 1s. 6d. 1792.
16. Short Strictures on Dr. Priestley's Letter to a Young Man, concerning Mr. Wakefield's Treatise on Public Worship, 1792, 6d.
17. A General Reply to the Arguments against the Enquiry into Public Worship, 1792, 6d.
18. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of St. David's, on Occasion of a Pamphlet relating to the Liturgy of the Church of England, ascribed to him, 1s. 1790.
19. Memoirs of the Author's Life, written by himself, with Portrait, boards, 6s. 1792.

By KEARSLEY, Fleet-Street.

20. The Poems of Mr. Gray, with Notes. 3s. 6d.
21. Horatii Opera : with Notes and a corrected Text, in two small pocket volumes, elegantly printed: a few copies on fine paper : in the course of a few weeks.

By EGERTON, Whitehall.

22. In the press, and will speedily be published, a Selection of Greek Tragedies, for the Use of Schools, in two vols. 8vo. some copies on fine paper.